Collier's

JULY 23, 1949
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New-Style
Political Boss

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Studebaker Commander 4-door sedan

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Here's help for a "WHISK-BROOM HEADACHE"

A HEADACHE INDEED! . . . that ever-lasting brush . . . brush . . . brush . . . to rid coat collar of those telltale flakes of infectious dandruff! And so futile, too!

A lot of smart men, fastidious men, have found quite a way to put infectious dandruff "on the run". It is Listerine Antiseptic and massage. That quick germ-killing action sure gets results as countless men and women will attest.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

If you have the slightest sign of the condition—flakes, scales, itching—better start with Listerine Antiseptic and massage at once. The treatment is as simple as it is delightful. Just douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp and follow it vigorously with finger-tip massage. Immediately Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs on scalp and hair. Most important of all, it kills the stubborn "bottle bacillus" (P. ovale) which so many dermatologists say is a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Just see how quickly ugly flakes and scales begin to disappear. Note how fresh and healthy your scalp feels. See how clean and natural your hair looks.

Avoid "Overnight" Cures

If you have the slightest symptom of the infectious type of dandruff, don't fool around with so-called "overnight" remedies devoid of germ-killing power. Start with Listerine Antiseptic and keep it up. You'll be delighted to see how rapidly you show improvement.

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For more than 60 years the chief use of Listerine Antiseptic has been as an antiseptic mouthwash and gargle. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Listerine Antiseptic for INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF

P. S. IT'S NEW! Have you tried Listerine TOOTH PASTE, the MINTY 3-way prescription for your teeth?

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July 23, 1949

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Week's Mail

Keeping Up with the Non-Jonese

EDITOR: So you wish your name was Jones (Wish My Name Was Jones, by Richar Gehman, June 4th.) I acquired the nam Jones some five years ago. For the years be fore that time I was Mabel Rhodes Manter

My mother had a record of the ways thi simple name was misconstrued by variou tradesmen, friends and makers of the well known sucker lists. I added some good one through my penmanship. Just for a laugl or two here are some. Manta, Mauter, Men tor, Mauler, Waster, Master, Wanter Hunter, Decanter, Marter, Minter, Munter Monter, Mantler and at least 57 other varia tions.

So I thought getting into the Jones clar might help a bit. I'll grant you they can' begin to misspell it much. I've had Chone and Johns—so that shows some possibilitie for further abuse.

Believe it or not, two or three of my friends have erred once or twice by address ing mail for me as Mrs. Fred Smith.

MABEL RHODES MANTER JONES
Hartford, Conn

. . . I ran around with the magnificent title of Madeline Mamoulian for 18 years—by that time I was ready to marry the first Smith that asked me. The last name I won't even go into, but just plain Madeline has been Madlyn, Madelon, Madeleine, etc.

Smith never asked me so I married a charming guy with a nice simple name. I am now Mrs. Lewis Morrison. Nobody ever heard of spelling his first name any way but Louis and they just look blank and say, "How do you spell it?" when I mention "Morrison."

I really wonder what they could do to Jones?

MADELINE MORRISON, Cincinnati, Ohio

. . . My maiden name was Beevers, a seemingly easily pronounced name. But, oh, the names I had to answer to: Bieves, Beeveles, Reeves, Reavers, Weavers. The last straw came one day when a lady, trying to remember, decided it sounded like an animal beginning with the letter B, so she very graciously addressed me as "Miss Badger."

MRS. T. J. FISCHER, San Francisco, Cal.

. . . Please extend my sincere sympathy to Mr. Richard B. Gehman.

MRS. J. D. FINFROCK (FRINFROCK, FRINIFROCK, FRINNIFROCK, FINIFROCK, FINNIFROCK, FINEFROCK, FINNEFROCK, PROFROCK, PRUFROCK, FROFROCK, ZINFROCK, and many others that I can't think of at the moment),
Piqua, Ohio

. . . Oh, sad is the plight of R. Gehman
When citizens rhyme him with lemon
And other times curdle the cream in
His coffee by calling him Gehman,
Though any illiterate layman
Should know that his monicker's Gehman;
He knows it—we know it—we read it—
But we didn't know till he said it
And otherwise wouldn't. But shehman
The morons who can't pronounce Gehman.

CHARLES MCCORMACK, New York City
(just call me CHARLES MCCORMACK)

. . . You don't have to tell *me* about ways to spell Gehman.

HARRY M. GEHMAN, Buffalo, N. Y.

Civilian Control

EDITOR: May we offer congratulations to Collier's for its courage and astuteness in publishing David Lilienthal's article, What *Good* Is the Atom? (June 11th).

We veterans of the last three wars pray to Almighty God that we will never have to experience a fourth holocaust. We therefore have been bewildered and confused as to who should control and hold trusteeship

(Continued on page 41)

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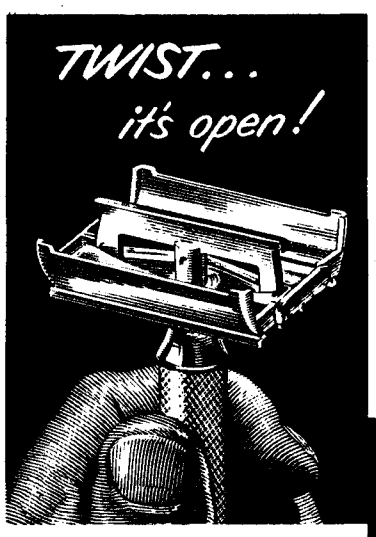

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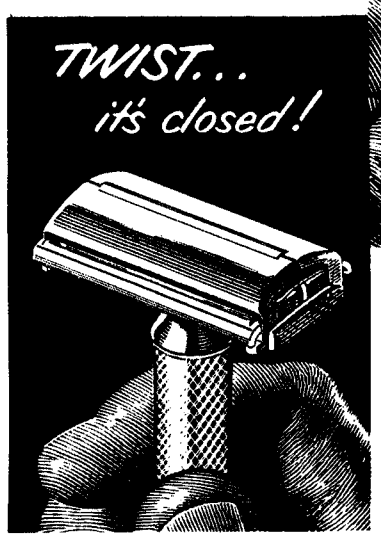

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Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

The most disastrous sports event of its kind was the 1903 Paris-to-Madrid automobile race in which 216 cars started on the morning of May 25th. Instead of staying off the road, spectators kept crossing it so that many drivers, in trying to avoid them at 70 to 80 miles an hour, skidded, wrecked their machines, and killed or injured themselves as well as innocent bystanders. The casualties mounted so rapidly that the race had to be stopped at Bordeaux, after only 343 of the 863 miles had been covered. Eyewitnesses claimed that the race left behind an average of "one corpse a kilometer" and, therefore, it must have caused the death of some 550 persons.

★★★★★★★★★

Human beings, like cats and some other mammals, are known to possess eyes that glow in the dark when illuminated by a bright focused beam of electric light. The phenomenon occurs only in certain rare types of human eyes and is seen only under certain conditions. The eyes must be in such position that the retina and the choroid act together as a mirror, and the light must come from—and the reflection be observed from—a particular angle. The glow is "a most uncanny tawny orange" according to a British official who has found it, in recent years, in three individuals in India.

★★★★★★★★★

The costliest strip of motion picture film ever exhibited, on a per foot basis, was a newsreel flash of Scott and Black, a few minutes after they had won the 11,360-mile International Air Race from England to Australia on October 23, 1934. To transmit the strip by a radio facsimile machine from Melbourne to London cost $50,000, although it was only ten feet long and ran on the screen for only *ten seconds*.

★★★★★★★★★

On the afternoon of October 16, 1906, in Koepenick, a suburb of Berlin, a number of German soldiers waiting at the railroad station were confronted by a Prussian army captain who ordered them to follow him. Whereupon, he marched to the town hall, arrested and ordered the burgomaster jailed, examined the financial books, confiscated $1,000 in ready cash and mysteriously disappeared. That night, it was learned that the man was an impostor; and the police shortly found and apprehended him He was William Voigt, a cobbler who had perpetrated the hoax to ridi cule the influence of military uni forms on his countrymen. Amused by the prank, Kaiser Wilhelm promptly pardoned Voigt when he was sen tenced to four years in prison for im personating an army officer.

★★★★★★★★★

When sent to Cochin China in 183: to negotiate a commercial treaty, the American diplomat, Edmund Rob erts, was unable to see the sovereign being considered unimportant by mi nor officials because his name was no followed by any titles in his letter of introduction. Sensing the situation Roberts returned the next day and accomplished his mission. He had given himself a dozen titles, using place names in his native state of New Hampshire. While not on record, they were something like the Caliph of Concord, the Sultan of Sullivan County and the Maharaja of the White Mountains.

★★★★★★★★★

Of all alcoholic beverages, absinthe is the most feared, has the worst reputation and is the only one whose sale is prohibited in many countries. Besides containing wormwood which helps to induce delirium, absinthe is generally retailed at proofs of from 140° to 160°, or an alcoholic content of from 70 to 80 per cent, and thus is by far the strongest drink ever created. Furthermore, it is the only liquor whose excessive use produces a diseased condition that has a name of its own—absinthism.

★★★★★★★★★

Probably no mammal ever migrated in larger herds than the springbok, a small South African antelope or gazelle 30 inches in height. One of the last and largest of these hordes, seen in 1900, was estimated to cover an area 15 miles wide and 140 miles long, and to contain about 300,000,000 animals.

★★★★★★★★★

The 11th year is the safest in the life of male and female Americans because at that age they have survived most of the dangers and diseases of childhood and are not yet susceptible, to any appreciable extent, to the chronic ailments of adulthood.

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*Prepared in cooperation with specialists of the American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.

The **MONARCH**, our only regularly migratory butterfly, is identified by a double row of white spots around the wing margins. It winters in the south and spreads northward with warmer weather.

This saucy blue fellow is not a bluebird. The crest on his head and his raucous cry proclaim him to be a **BLUE JAY**.

A fluffy, bushy tail and a gray coat identify the friendly **GRAY SQUIRREL**.

Cute, isn't he? The five black stripes on a reddish-hued body mark him as an **EASTERN CHIPMUNK**. A Western variety is even more vividly marked, the stripes being separated by white bars.

Phew! A black coat striped with white and a plume-like tail mark the common **SKUNK**.

When you go on a picnic

THE "TRADE-MARKS" OF NATURE*

identify the wildlife you meet

Deep, yellow to orange petals surrounding a dark button-like center identify the **BLACK-EYED SUSAN**.

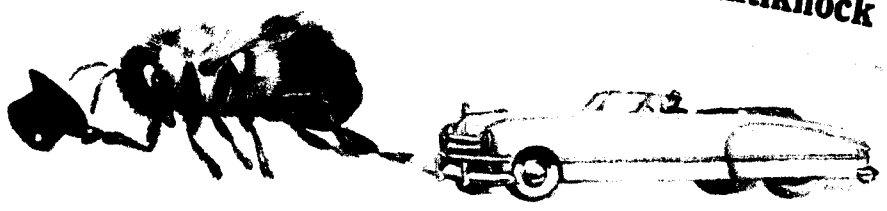
"Leaves three, let it be!" Three shiny oval leaves mark **POISON IVY**.

Buzz-zzzzz. Short, whirring wings and a yellow "sweater" identify the **BUMBLEBEE**, who'll mind his business if you mind yours.

When you buy gasoline

THE TRADE-MARK "ETHYL"

identifies gasoline stepped up with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid



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to get top performance that makes summer driving more fun . . .

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MIRACLE DRUGS CANNOT CURE THIS SICKNESS

We only wish there *were* a miraculous drug to stop a man from worrying.

Hundreds of thousands would buy it because constant worry over money literally makes sufferers *sick!* (And if you think that's an exaggeration—ask any doctor.)

It's a sickness, moreover, that miracle drugs cannot cure.

Yet . . . something 'way short of a miracle can!

That's saving! Saving money . . . the surest, wisest way . . . the automatic, foolproof way. With U. S. Savings Bonds.

All you do—if you're on payroll—is join your company's Payroll Savings Plan. Or, if you're in business or a profession, enroll in the Bond-A-Month Plan at your local bank.

You'll be pleased to see those savings grow. Ten years from now, when your Bonds reach maturity, you'll get back $40 for every $30 you invested!

Is it peace of mind you want?

Start buying Bonds today!

AUTOMATIC SAVING IS SURE SAVING—
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Jacob Arvey works in his of urrounded by pictures of his colleagues in Illinois politics. The picture behind him shows himself, Governor Stevenson, ex-
Mayor Kelly, Senator Scott is, Mayor Kennelly and Senator Douglas. The photograph at Arvey's right is of Chicago's reform mayor, Martin H. Kennelly

ARVEY of ILLINOIS

New-Style Political Boss

By STANLEY FRANKEL and HOLMES ALEXANDER

POLITICAL bosses, it has been said, are the only aristocracy we recognize in America. Like courtiers of old, these lordlings keep their privileged position near the throne by making themselves indispensable to the monarch, both in terms of service and flattery. A smart courtier will anticipate and deliver what the monarch wants.

Jacob M. (Jack) Arvey, boss of Chicago and Illinois, is the ultramodern, postwar courtier, and his monarch is the voting public. Arvey operates on the theory that today's electorate wants clean government with "prosperity and security for all." He adds: "We underscore that *all*."

In 1947-'48 Boss Arvey gave his city and state the very best service and flattery. Almost entirely by his insistence and largely through his personal leadership, Chicago got a reformer-businessman for mayor, Martin H. Kennelly. A year later Illinois got U.S. Senator Paul H. Douglas, a massive figure of intellect and integrity, and Governor Adlai E. Stevenson, a blue-blood dynamo who greatly intrigues Democratic Presidential scouts. This was super service. The flattery was there, too. Boss Arvey operates on the assumption that the people of Illinois deserve nothing but the best.

Who is Jack Arvey? He is a taut, bald politician-lawyer who stands five feet, six inches, weighs 150 pounds and has a tigerish belief in Roosevelt New Dealism. At fifty-four, he has reached the top rung on the slippery ladder of practical politics. He is a patriot with over-age, overseas military service, and a family man who has reached the doting grandfather stage. He is loved, respected and envied in Chicago by men-on-the-street, little and big businessmen and fellow lawyers. Few fear him, except in election years, and he has taken great care to insure that nobody hates him. Finally, he is a man who several times has kept a rendezvous with his political destiny.

It is no accident that when his phone rings, day or night, a ward heeler, a Cabinet member, a Supreme Court justice or the President of the United

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY EDWARD RINKER

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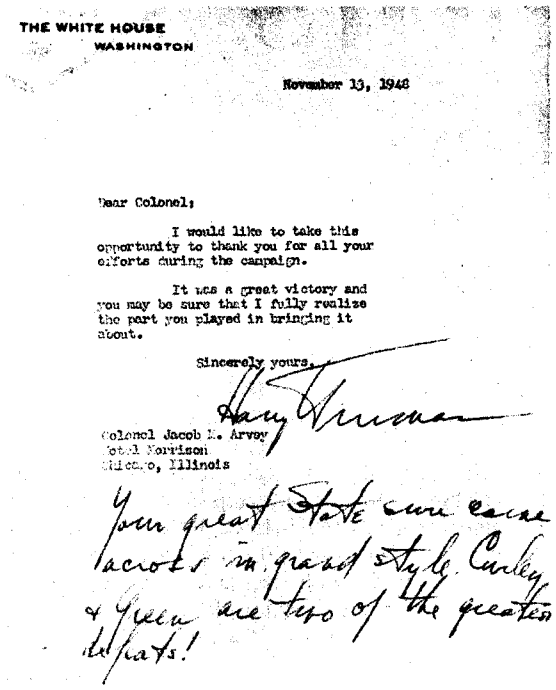
COLLIER'S PHOTO BY EDWARD RINKER

The political boss, who has risen to prominence by demanding that his office seekers put the people's interests before the machine's, poses for a three-generation family portrait. Left to right: Mr. and Mrs. Howard Arvey, their son Rickey, Jacob Arvey, Erwin and his son Terry, Mrs. Jacob Arvey and daughter Helen



THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

November 13, 1948

Dear Colonel:

I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for all your efforts during the campaign.

It was a great victory and you may be sure that I fully realize the part you played in bringing it about.

Sincerely yours,

Harry Truman

Colonel Jacob M. Arvey
Hotel Morrison
Chicago, Illinois

Your great State can raise Cain across in grand style. Curley & Green are two of the greatest Democrats!

Briefly an Eisenhower-for-President man, Arvey nevertheless pulled Illinois into Truman's camp

PETER FISH STUDIOS

A week before the 1948 election Arvey introduced candidates Stevenson and Douglas to Democratic party workers in Chicago's Morrison Hotel. Left to right are Stevenson, Douglas, Barkley and Arvey

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States may be on the other end of the wire, asking advice, seeking help or thanking him for services rendered.

Diverse elements go to make up every complex man, but the elements themselves are things which most people easily recognize and understand. When one is aware of Arvey's intense ambition, immigrant parentage in poverty-ridden circumstances, razor-edge mind, real love of people and sense of opportunity, his career is logical enough.

Politics and the legal profession were the two legs he strode on. He started growing them when he was born, November 4, 1895, in a now-gone frame house on Harrison and LaSalle streets. Always called Jack, never Jake, he was a bright, winning boy at Jones Grammar School with an all-nations student body. At thirteen he began taking debate and essay prizes, and to be conscious of the quiet pride of his mother. She was to live till 1943 and never, as Arvey remembers, to pay him a spoken compliment, though he always knew that she was glowing inwardly at his every success.

Only once he remembers that she took an active part in his career. In 1923 he was a maiden candidate for the city council, and enemies spread the rumor that he was not really Jewish. Mrs. Arvey, mother of Jack and eight others, allowed herself to be brought to a rally where she mounted the platform and submitted to the direct question: Is Jack Jewish? She answered in Yiddish, "What else?" and then retired forever from public life.

One result of this silent approbation was to make Arvey a noiseless worker. He always felt that there was no need to raise a clamor to signal his accomplishments, that he would get his reward in quiet acknowledgment. Another was to make him positively uncomfortable in the presence of overt demonstrations. Shortly after the 1948 elections he was vacationing in Florida when Mr. Truman dispatched the Presidential plane and Brigadier General Graham, the White House physician, to whisk him over to the little White House at Key West for a visit. There was such a fuss about it among Arvey's friends that he mysteriously vanished, and Mr. Truman's plane went back without him.

A Substitute for Compliments

Another noticeable result of the maternal influence has been that Arvey never burdens his associates with compliments. "I don't like them myself," he says, "and I think they cheapen a man." His token of approval is to bestow some nomination or appointment that speaks for itself. His mode of censure is the removal or withholding of the same. In 1938 he ran across a young do-gooder, an active member of the Big Brother Group. The man, Abe Marovitz, had been trying vainly to get somewhere as a Republican, specifically in an effort to help Jewish boys get into the state law and medical schools.

Instead of telling Marovitz that he admired him, Arvey got him the Democratic nomination and election as state senator. Conversely, there was an alderman, Arvey's substitute during the war years, who showed signs of stirring up a palace revolt in the boss's absence. Arvey got him out of there, and put in a faithful wheel horse of 20 years' service, Louis (Chip) London. It was all done with scarcely a harsh word.

Still another result of the mother's influence was to give Arvey an appearance of shyness, which is only skin-deep. Among friends, family and let-him-alone strangers, Arvey is talkative, recollective and mildly epigrammatical. He will answer specific questions by reciting clichés: "If you can live with your conscience, that's good enough." "Everybody should be of public service—and wartime offers the easiest way." But he does not like to be crowded. A profuse introduction at a public dinner is the surest way to keep him from making a long speech. In case of such an emergency, he gets off his feet and out of sight quickly.

By the same token he takes relatively subtle means of squelching a boor. When he was in the Army, a fellow officer rated a telephone which he always locked away from his companions. The officer fell ill and was taken to a base hospital. Arvey obtained use of the telephone and called the invalid, inquiring solicitously about his health. When the sick man gushed thanks for this attention, Arvey said, "Enjoyed using your telephone, too," and hung up.

Before and after school hours, Arvey helped his father in the family's bakery- and dairy-goods shop just across from Chicago's grimy LaSalle Street Station. He often rode with his father, whom he remembers as being extraordinarily strong and fearless, on the delivery cart which traveled through some tough neighborhoods on the southern end of the Loop. If his mother made him gentle and subtle, the father made him confident. Arvey would come to know quite a number of gunmen and killers in the years ahead. The bold character of his father gave him an easy way with these hoodlums. He felt superior to them in an oddly protective fashion. He once reformed a young gunman by observing: "I've been threatened and I've had kidnap notes about my children, but I never carry a gun because it would make me lose my self-respect."

Arvey gets along with tough guys whom he regards as transparent but goodhearted show-offs. In the 1947 election campaign a group of them came into his district carrying placards, "A Vote for Kennelly is a Vote for the B—— Jacob Arvey." There was some talk of turning loose a gymful of boxers on them, but Arvey got them off the street and into a saloon where he stood drinks by proxy, and the trouble evaporated in alcohol and bon homie.

Law and politics entered Arvey's life in his mid-teens about the time he became delivery boy, after his father's death, for John Harper & Company, a tailor concern. One of the customers was Alderman John Horne who took a fancy to the boy and sent him to see the ward committeeman with some idea of a political job.

Arvey was not much enticed, because simultaneously he was under another spell. The bookkeeper of the Harper firm was a man named John Young who had a curious inhibition. Young had studied for the law and then lost his nerve when it came to plunging into perils of self-employment. For that reason Young had taken this safe position with a sure income, but his timidity haunted him. He was constantly urging Arvey to study law and make a name and fortune for himself.

Arvey began taking night courses at the John Marshall Law School. Young was his tutor. In 15 months, about one third of the normal time, Arvey felt ready to take the state law exams, though not the exams for a diploma. One of the questions had to do with the state's right to condemn and take over private property. Knowing little about the legalities of eminent domain, Arvey let himself roll on the moral equities, as he saw them. In the course of a 20-page answer, he wrote:

"I feel the government's right becomes a duty, not only in the commercial sense but in the sense of human values. Some pigpens are cleaner and more sanitary than many of our slums. In cases of this nature it becomes the immediate duty of the government to condemn such property, and pay those who live there enough money to build homes in near-by neighborhoods. This is not altruistic; it is sound investment in the public interest. The decrease in crime and disease, the increase in property values, the attraction of new population, all more than pay for the cost of the condemnation."

The Professor Explains a Grade

His law school professor, William J. Lindsay, wrote on Arvey's paper: "You don't know a damn' thing about the case referred to in the examination. For that you would flunk. But you show an amazing instinct and feel for laws and for their ultimate purpose. For that you would get an A. The two grades average a C, so you pass. Just between us, Arvey, you're mighty lucky you've got a professor who agrees with you."

By the time he passed the bar exams Arvey had been advanced from delivery boy for Harper & Company to an assistant bookkeeper's post at $13 a week. But part of his arrangement with Tutor Young had been to quit the store and get started in law. Arvey surveyed the field with an eye to the future. There was a lawyer in town named John McInerney, a brilliant Irishman who associated with political-minded members of his race, such as Pat Nash and Ed Kelly. People were already saying that John McInerney and/or Tony Cermak would be mayor of Chicago before long. Jack Arvey signed on as law clerk with McInerney at $5 a week.

It was quite a sacrifice because at this time Arvey was serious about a neighborhood girl named Edith Freeman. On the way to work of a morning Arvey would ride the streetcar and study lawbooks. Coming home, he would walk to save money, but late into the night he and Edith would stay up together and bone away at books. Lawyers, then and later, would say of Arvey that he had a second nature for the law, although he never became a profound student. It wasn't until 1946 *(Continued on page 65)*

COLLIER'S PHOTO BY EDWARD RINKER

Arvey rewarded Alderman Louis London in old-machine style in spite of his new-machine ideals

PETER FISH STUDIOS

Although he was over age and was offered a war job in Washington, Arvey chose overseas duty

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The girl had hardly [illegible] stool and was already [illegible] She was [illegible] and the excitement [illegible] gambling [illegible] dental [illegible]

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Just like I hate MONEY

By JAMES ATLEE PHILLIPS

They said Kerry Garnett would have been a great golfer if it hadn't been for his nerves. He blew up under pressure. He did crazy things—like missing a $3,000 putt, like throwing his drink into a gambler's face, like getting mixed up with Francia Layne

PART ONE OF TWO PARTS

THE afternoon was waning, and the ancient trees fringing the last green were rooted in shadow. Fading sunlight slanted through their branches and dappled the rolling green lawn. Kerry Garnett paused at the edge of the big green and glanced across it. When his caddie handed him his putter, Kerry's little fingers twitched; they jerked against the smooth leather wrapping.

Not so good, he thought; there'll be two breaks in this one. To the right, over the roll, and then, about the first shadow line, a sharper one back to the left. As he stood gauging it, motionless in a dark shirt and trousers, the gallery came trampling up and flowed around the edges of the green.

Murmuring, they waited while Garnett took off his cap and put it back on, a little too straight across the eyes. His little fingers went on knocking against the shaft of the club. As he cocked his head slightly and started to walk forward, the pressure that had been piling up for four days exploded under his cap, like a burglar alarm going off in an empty house.

The putt was worth $3,000, if he could make it. Kneeling, he sighted carefully from behind his ball. That far away, he could not see the cup, but his caddie was holding the pin in place. The gallery was humming like a hive of bees, and out in it, somewhere, a woman laughed. Kerry glanced up briefly, his face drawn, and then back down at the fifty curving feet that separated him from his first major tournament break.

On the other side of the green, Speed Hendricks was waiting, smiling faintly. Hendricks was—technically, at least—a pro, but his grandfather had found himself sitting on an oil dome one day around the turn of the century and Hendricks' air was supercilious, as though this business of golfing for dollars was, after all, pretty vulgar.

Kerry arose from his crouch and waggled the putter. He had meant to walk the putt line, but a nerve puckered in his tanned cheek and sickness was turning his stomach sour. The shot was no sportsman's gesture to him—it spelled food for his belly. It meant the difference between sleeping in a soft bed or a hard one. Dropping his cigarette, he hooked his putter back of the ball, and then drew it smoothly forward. The pattern was well-remembered; he was a precision machine going through a rhythmic ritual, and he brought the blade back.

That was when the camera clicked, whirring like a rattlesnake behind his bent head. His mouth tightened and his wrists stiffened. The ball was badly topped. It skittered across the green, going too fast to take either break, and lodged in a trap. Kerry stood watching it with his head still lowered. Under the visor of the cap, his eyes were shadowed and his lips drawn back over his teeth. The gallery held a frozen quiet, and it was not until Kerry wheeled and threw his putter at the cameraman that the great stillness was broken.

The man with the camera went scuttling backward. He shouted and threw up his arms, and the hurtling club angled across his turned hip and fell to the ground. Scattered boos welled out of the gallery as Kerry walked over to the trap. He did not address the ball, just pivoted his heels into the sand and exploded out, thirty feet past the pin.

Someone had thrown his putter back on the green, and he picked it up and hit the ball again, almost before his feet were in place. This time it was short, and he walked up and canned it. Then he turned toward the clubhouse. The crowd made way for him in silence, and as his cleated shoes scuffed over the terrace, he heard a big roar go up. Still walking, trying to get out of sight, he knew Hendricks had dropped his putt. . . .

The usual crowd was jamming the locker room. Moving sideways, Kerry went through it patiently, past the greetings and the cries of derision. He walked purposefully past the doors of the shower room, through the curls of steam vapor, and crossed to the men's room beyond. There, in the narrow cubicle, he retched thoroughly and stood leaning against the marble wall. It was not something he did after every round, but it was not unusual. His stomach was the barometer.

When he blew a big chance, as he had done with increasing frequency this season, his agony seemed to center in his stomach. His hands and head, by dint of endless practice, could be counted on to hold their kinetic skill. It was the nervous system that turned traitor.

WHEN he went out into the locker room again, he stopped by the poker table at the far end of the hall. DeWitt, the wiry, mustached P.G.A. champion, looked up from his cards, not smiling.

"Blow it?" he asked.

"Yeah." Kerry did not know the other men; they looked like prosperous merchants. "Where's Paul?"

"Out on the practice green." DeWitt clicked blue chips into a stack and strewed them in the center of the table. "All right, gentlemen. It went up."

Kerry walked back to his locker and undressed. The shower room was filled with other pros and local club members, shouting at one another through the hiss of falling water. When he came out and toweled himself, Kerry noticed idly the sharp contrast between the mahogany color of his face and forearms and the milky white of his stocky body.

Going back over the rattan carpet to his locker, he thought of all the fairways that had burned his face and arms so black. Caddying from the time he was ten, making the west Texas tournaments in a blinding heat that pulled the salt right out of his skin, and left white rime on his clothes. Sitting down to dress, he went on remembering those long amateur years.

It had been a big thing, then, to smooth out the sand greens and rack up a 64 on some pitch-and-putt course. He remembered one kid named Hammett who had taken a 57 on one of the small courses. And Kerry thought of his own long parade of fill-in jobs—sorting mail and working in gas stations and pipe-lining. Playing golf on Saturday afternoons and Sundays until it was too dark to see. The driving course on the Dallas highway. And then the war, playing golf with the colonels. No combat orders for a private who could hit the ball 280 or 290 yards. . . .

AFTER his discharge, Kerry had started around the winter circuit. In his first five tournaments, he had won exactly $75 before his money ran out. The next two years had been better; he had begun to manage travel money, occasionally closing fast to grab a couple of hundred. Always practicing and taking his game apart, always watching the headliners. Most of the time, watching Paul Shelley. Kerry's name had begun to creep up the list; he had been third in the tournament before this one, and tied for sixth in the one before that.

When he was through dressing, Kerry walked down the hall and turned out the side door toward the practice course. It was almost full dark, but he could make out a dim figure down the fairway. It was Paul Shelley, practicing iron shots. Kerry could see the slight hitch of the hips and hear the scrape of the blade as it took turf cleanly. The balls came pitching up, thudded to the green, and backspin kept them from running far. As he watched, Kerry heard the shooter call, "All right, Jesse, that's it," and saw him slouching toward the clubhouse.

Paul Shelley was a spare man with sloping shoulders. "Prince Paul" to the sports writers, he was crowding forty, and currently U.S. and British Open champion; but years of tournament play had siphoned off all his vitality. His hair was graying, ruffed in short wings over his leathery ears, and the flesh on his moon face was creeping around his eyes and sagging in ripples along his jawline. It was a ruined, weathered face, fit for a man twice his age, and when he was playing, it was almost cowlike in its absolute repose under pressure.

There are always footling arguments about leading sports figures; they bubble up as each new golden boy comes striding to acclaim. But even the most argumentative did not challenge Paul Shelley's position as the finest long-iron shot maker in golfing history. Shelley had been a Texas caddie himself, before beginning his long march through the major tournaments of the world.

Now he came through *(Continued on page 43)*

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Our Shameful Record in VETERANS' HOUSING

By FRANK D. MORRIS

A Collier's survey shows that four years after the war a million and a half veterans and their families are still living in substandard housing

The kitchen sink serves as a bathtub for the family of Navy veteran Edward Morgan at the Duwamish Bend project in Seattle, which houses the families of 748 ex-servicemen. Houses are barracks-type, have showers, but no baths

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MR. G.I. VETERAN, in case you've forgotten, is the fellow to whom we promised a decent American home; a place where he could settle down to citizenship and family life. Does he, after four years of peace, now have that home or even a reasonable facsimile thereof?

We raise this provocative question because we have the answer in fact and detail. For four years we have heard this question answered by national and local legislators with hem-and-haw generalities. Like a good many other citizens we have not been satisfied with these answers. To get at the truth Collier's conducted a survey of veterans' housing conditions in 30 cities. We now intend to spell out that truth for all Americans who have the stomach to take it and conscience to feel ashamed. Let's begin with some regional pin points:

Middle West: A veteran and his wife with three children found themselves sharing an apartment with a prostitute who used the parents' bedroom for her trade.

New England: A Navy veteran's two-month-old baby nearly died of bronchial pneumonia because the kerosene stove, a smelly fire hazard which cost $25 a month to operate, did not heat the jerry-built onetime Army barracks.

Deep South: Veterans' families manage to live in a trailer camp where four toilets serve 75 people each, and the baths (says one of the wives) "are just too filthy to use; we're afraid we'd get a disease." This family bathes in the sink or crosses the city, where a friend lets them use the tub.

East Coast: In a rat-happy, garbage-scented project, there are rows of two-story Army barracks, each holding four families. The barracks have only one exit, the front door. In case of fire, says one tenant, an ex-Marine, "We'd just have to jump out the windows. Four families would never be able to get out that one door in a hurry." Then he began talking in a haunted sort of way about a Quonset hut fire he'd read about in another city. Three children, all under five, were burned to death. The authorities began an investigation and decided to install extra exits in the one-door huts. But before they got around to it, there were three more fires and two more children were burned to death.

West Coast: In an area of larger barracks, each housing 14 veterans' families, sewage backed up into the bathtubs and formed pools under and around the buildings. This caused an epidemic of eye, ear, throat and sinus infections. Medical attention cost the families an *average* of $400 each over a period of six months. "That amount would have given us a big step toward a down payment on a home," says one of the wives.

These are not isolated or hand-picked cases, as we shall show. There are approximately 1,500,000 ex-servicemen who live under appalling conditions. We cannot shrug off these people (as a congressman recently did) with the convenient Biblical quote: "For ye have the poor always with you." Some of these slum-dwelling veterans are hard up, and many may be shiftless, but many more are making good wages and trying to get ahead.

This is no problem of what to do about incompetents and no-accounts who can't take care of themselves in a land of opportunity. These fellows were among the 12,000,000 who were in uniform, mostly overseas, when swarms of factory workers from country and town hit the big industrial cities. The migration overloaded and wore out thousands of living places which were already in bad shape. The veteran wasn't around when this was going on. He was in his particular foxhole dreaming about the girl he wanted to marry or the wife he wanted to rejoin. Weddings and babies were the natural consequence of his joyous home-coming, and luckily there were plenty of jobs at good wages in the early postwar years. *(Continued on page 53)*

Meals in this tiny kitchen are a tight fit for veteran Al Newlander, wife Vivian and six children. A half partition separates the kitchen from a living room of the same size. They've lived two years in this three-bedroom house

The most redeeming feature of the Duwamish project is the medical care that is provided at a free clinic once a week for all residents. Curtis Robinson, eight months old, is a patient

Wives of veterans must lug coal for kitchen stoves from outdoor bins. Duwamish residents complain of dirt and fumes from stoves

Dilapidation is typical of the plasterboard and tarpaper barracks which veterans at Duwamish call home. These ten-unit buildings were built in 1943

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB AND IRA SPRING

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Sister Act

By RUTH ADAMS KNIGHT

The telephone rang just as she pushed the covers aside. Frances stumbled toward it in the dark, with her heart pounding. She reached for the receiver

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Frances Farnum didn't really become a mother until her daughter was seventeen—and in serious trouble

FRANCES FARNUM counted every fretful tick of the small alarm clock on the table beside her bed, but she refused to look at the luminous dial. Frances knew that it must be very close to morning. She had lain in the darkness for hours without closing an eye, and sleep was further away than ever. Her fair hair was damp and tumbled from restless turning on her pillow. Her slender body was tense, and her head throbbed with fatigue and anxiety.

This was a new experience for Frances. She had heard other mothers tell of wakeful hours of waiting for their daughters to come home. And Frances had laughed at them as fossils and fuss-budgets; as mothers who borrowed trouble for themselves because they had forgotten what it was like to be young.

Now it was happening to her—and for once in her lighthearted life Frances Farnum was unable to laugh. The anxious-parent role was not for her, she'd often said blithely. And even now she could hardly believe what was happening.

It should have happened very differently. Frances was to have gone to the country club dance with Bob Stanley. But Bob had been called out of town. Otherwise, Frances would have arrived at the dance at the same time as her young daughter, Susan.

If all had gone well, Frances would have worn a black taffeta that was a duplicate of the one Susan was wearing. Their short blond hair would have been done in the same new fashion. And, as usual, their friends and their dates would have teased them about looking and acting like sisters.

Instead, Susan had gone out and her mother had stayed home. But at the usual hour Susan hadn't come home. At first Frances had been almost amused by her own uneasiness. Then she had been annoyed. Finally, and for a long time now, she had been thoroughly frightened.

Suddenly she felt she couldn't bear the anxiety alone for another moment. She certainly didn't want to make an idiot of herself. But shouldn't she get up and call Eleanor? Years before, she had chosen Eleanor Davis as her partner in the Style Shop because Eleanor was pleasant, sedate and practical.

The problem was what to tell Eleanor that made sense. You couldn't rout a person out of bed just to report that your daughter hadn't come straight home from a dance. And certainly Frances wasn't going to tell Eleanor about the queer telephone call this afternoon. It probably had nothing at all to do with Susan's tardiness, anyway.

But all these long hours she hadn't been able to forget about that man's voice, demanding Susan. It was a deep voice—but rather theatrical, Frances had thought. At one time, Frances had known all of her daughter's friends; but Susan was studying voice at the conservatory this year and had made many new acquaintances.

Frances supposed this was some young singer Susan had met there—a young man preparing for a career in opera or musical comedy. He'd sounded a little hammy.

Susan—waving a bottle of her mother's hair tint—had come out of the bathroom to take the call.

"If this is a beau you're not using, I'm free tonight, remember," Frances said with a grin.

"Get lost, will you, darling?" her young daughter said pleasantly. Frances made a grab for the hair tint bottle.

"Stop using that stuff," Frances said, "you're blond enough. I'm the one who's got a gray hair. I found it this morning."

Susan yielded the bottle, yanked the belt of her terry-cloth robe tight about her diminutive middle and said, "Hi," into the telephone. Frances saw her smile suddenly stiffen.

"Fade, please," Susan told her mother. "This is private."

There was nothing unusual about her affectionate impertinence. Under their code, eavesdropping was out. Frances had gone quickly toward her own room. But before she reached the door Susan had said, "Yes. All right. I'll be there." And that was all.

The code didn't permit personal questions. Susan came into her mother's room soon afterward. But Frances didn't even lift an eyebrow. Susan said, "Don't fix dinner for me. I might eat at the club."

Frances went right on sewing and only observed, "You'll be there for the dance tonight, of course. If that fat Mr. Stevens cuts in on you, step on his toes for me."

Her daughter pulled on her gloves and smoothed the collar of her jacket. "Sorry to walk out on you, Fran, when your favorite boy friend's away," Susan said.

"One Saturday night at home will do my character and my wardrobe good," Frances said. "I've meant for weeks to mend these slips."

SUSAN'S farewell kiss was rather too casual; and Frances guessed that something out of the ordinary was happening to her daughter. It was the strain of a new untried unproven date, probably. Frances would hear about him when Susan came home from the dance. They'd go into their regular Saturday-night ritual then—sip hot chocolate and talk over the club dance. Until then, Frances would have to wait.

Now the dance had been over for hours and still she was waiting. She would have to call Eleanor, she decided, even though Eleanor probably would say the Farnum girls had no more sense than a pair of kittens and this was what came of treating a youngster of seventeen like an equal. Eleanor belonged to the old school and for years she'd been full of the direst warnings. "After all, you *are* her mother," Eleanor would say.

Yes, Frances was Susan's mother—and her father, too, and all the family she'd had in her seventeen years. When Susan was small, they sewed doll clothes and rode bicycles as if they both were a couple of kids. As Susan grew older, they played tennis and went skiing together. Now they were at the college-roommates stage—swapping dresses and snitching each other's gloves.

Frances heard the distant town clock strike. She counted. One, two, three, four! Four o'clock in the morning. She felt real terror now. She *would* call Eleanor.

THE telephone rang just as she pushed the covers aside. She'd imagined its sound so many times already that for a second she doubted it was real. It shrilled again. Frances stumbled toward it in the darkness, her heart pounding. She lifted the receiver.

"Mrs. Farnum? This is Bennie," said a rich Italian voice. "Bennie—you know me? You come sometimes to my café on the River Road."

Frances remembered. Bennie's was a pleasant Italian restaurant where she and Bob Stanley often drove for spaghetti and red wine. Bennie, friendly and middle-aged, always served them himself. They'd been there only a few weeks ago and taken Susan.

"Yes, Bennie. What is it?"

"Mrs. Farnum—" He hesitated. "Mrs. Farnum, your *girl*—the little Miss Susan. Has she come home yet?"

Frances caught the excitement in his voice. Something *had* happened; something that concerned Susan. Instantly and instinctively, Frances was defensive. If Bennie believed Susan were home, he would think she already knew about it—whatever it was. He would talk freely. She made herself say calmly, "Must you talk to her, Bennie? It's pretty late."

"That is why I am scared when I found she had disappeared—poof—like smoke. I look for her every place. But she is gone." He spoke with pathetic earnestness, as though he were close to tears. "Mrs. Farnum, believe me—such a dreadful thing never before has happened in my restaurant."

Such a thing? What? *What?* Frances waited for him to explain, afraid to ask the questions forming in her mind.

"Mrs. Farnum, how was I to know?" Bennie said. "Maybe the first time they came here together, I should have said to you something. Believe me, thinking of that woman I have not been happy. But the Signor Paul is a big man—a teacher. So I told myself there can be nothing wrong—that even a wife like *(Continued on page 61)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD FORSBERG

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The author foolishly pulled the shark aboard and found himself in serious trouble. The monster came alive and began to sledge-hammer the boat to splinters

Voyage of the PAGAN

One Man's Struggle with the Sea

By JOHN CALDWELL

The author had an appointment in Australia with his bride. He bought a sailboat in Panama and launched on a harrowing journey that nearly took him an eternity

PART ONE OF THREE PARTS

AT DAYBREAK, as the sun peeped over the scalloped mountains of Panama, I confidently released my mooring chain. The Pagan, a 29-foot sailboat, was under way for the first time since I had bought her a fortnight before. Destination: Australia.

Ahead was 7,800 miles of open, silent, mysterious sea. I was going to be alone on the Pacific for perhaps four long months. The purpose of my trip: reunion with my wartime bride, an Australian girl. The Pagan was my only immediate hope of getting back to her again, after a two-year separation.

My sole sailing companions were two gray kittens, castaways picked up on the Balboa water front, and christened "Flotsam" and "Jetsam." Flotsam was a boy, Jetsam was a girl.

Although I knew nothing about sailboats, I had spent two weeks studying a book, How to Sail. The maneuver of getting Pagan from her anchorage into the Gulf of Panama had been rehearsed in my mind a hundred times. I had mentally gone through the procedure in minute detail—the set of the sails, jib, staysail and mainsail; a wind from the north quadrant; a run down mid-channel to the gulf.

Unexpectedly that first morning out, the wind

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ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.

About the Author of this True Adventure Tale

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY ought to be titled I Married My Jailer. I was a junior in the University of California at Santa Barbara when the United States entered the war. In January, 1944, I landed in Australia as a member of the Merchant Marine and managed a transfer to the Australian Air Force. While training at Canberra, romance overtook me.

I was confined to the barracks on K.P. duty for a minor infraction and the officer who directed my work was a W.A.A.A.F.—businesslike, blue-eyed and beautiful. My jailer's name was Mary.

We announced our engagement a few weeks later, and planned to marry as soon as possible. But first I had to get a stake so I rejoined the U.S. Merchant Marine and boarded a Liberty ship for a quick round trip to Borneo. We were married in Sydney on my return and had a three-day honeymoon before my ship sailed again. We kissed good-by, thinking we would be together every few weeks till the war's end—then forever.

But my luck ran out. The ship hit a hurricane and wound up months later in the San Francisco Navy Yard. I was assigned to another ship, but it was not in the Australian service. Eventually I was discharged in Panama with $1,600 in my pocket.

I hoped to get a boat to Australia, but none came, so in May of 1946 I finally decided I would provide my own transportation. I heard about a 29-foot sailboat with an auxiliary engine that could be purchased for $1,000.

Against all advice I bought her, confident that I could find a couple of experienced sailors to accompany me. For two weeks I searched for volunteers. Finally I could wait no longer. I had four months to outrace the hurricane season to the Tasman Sea and Australia—just about sufficient time, if I could get away quickly.—J. C.

was from the south, a light breeze. Tacking into it was a more difficult maneuver than the one I had planned. I had to cast off on the port tack, run to the bar on the right of the channel, then come about to the opposite bar.

The wind freshened as I swept out of the yacht anchorage and into the channel. The Pagan took on more speed than I had expected. I judged she was making almost five knots in the direction of the sand bar. I was almost on the bar before I knew it. I put the helm well down, as explained in the book, to bring her about. She turned jerkily up to the wind, luffed her sails for a moment, then fell back on the port tack.

I thrust my helm again to leeward. She rounded into the wind, faltered and fell off as before. Then, almost imperceptibly, she eased to a noiseless halt, heeling at an unseemly angle. I was aground on the sand bar.

The kittens reacted nervously, clawing uphill over the tilted deck. I tossed them below to the safety of my bunk in the low cabin.

I doused all sail, started the engine, put her full astern. No response. I stumbled to the bow, plunged from the low deck into the shallow water and fitted my shoulder against the stem. I lunged at it with all my strength, again and again. I climbed back on deck to rest, watching the falling tide, wondering how long before I would be high and dry.

Just then the wake of an outbound steamer passed under my boat, wafted her high, then dropped her roughly on the sandy bottom. I gave the engine full throttle astern, leaped over the bow, and in a moment of joyous strength, aided by a surge of wake, shoved her free.

I leaped across the sail-strewn decks to the tiller. Relying entirely on the engine, I moved into mid-channel and headed outbound to the wide gulf.

When Panama saw me last, the decks were flowing their overload of sails and sheets into the water, the boom jerked from side to side, and halyards flew at loose ends in the rigging. In general appearance the Pagan was not quite shipshape, but she was on her way.

All day long I practiced with my sails: I hoisted them and dropped them, reefed them and double-reefed them, maneuvered my boat at every angle to the wind, drifted and butted aimlessly over a large circle of empty sea. In the end I knew my boat better, but I didn't know it well enough. I wasn't overconfident of my ability to meet every emergency. Thank God for the engine. Old Reliable I called it.

Came dusk and evening. I was limp from hunger, and my eyes ached for sleep. But how could I go to sleep right in the middle of a fairly busy steamer channel? Straight ahead was the rocky island of Pedro Gonzales, first of the Pearl Islands, which lies like a cork in the neck of the Panama Gulf.

I decided to work out a plan while I ate my first meal of the day. The boat was well stocked with provisions. I had bought my supplies carefully—foods that were inexpensive, easy to prepare, not likely to deteriorate. In big cider bottles, I had a gallon each of the following: rice, flour, oatmeal, corn meal, hominy grits, tea, coffee, honey, jam, oleomargarine and sugar. The bottles, with lids screwed on tightly, were wrapped in blankets and stowed under my cabin bunks.

For bread I carried five-gallon tins of hard, heavy sea biscuits. I had quart jars of dried prunes, apples and peaches. From the ceiling hung the largest ham and the biggest side of bacon I could find in Panama; they swayed with the roll of the boat and freshened the cabin with a richly appetizing smell.

The bulk of my food stores consisted of a heavy load of canned goods, 248 cans, mostly large ones. There was infinite variety—meats, vegetables, fruits, pork and beans, *(Continued on page 71)*

John Caldwell, his wife Mary, and their children: John, 14 months; Jim, two and a half months. John has just graduated from University of California at Santa Barbara where he was president of the student body

FOR COLLIER'S BY MURRAY GARRET

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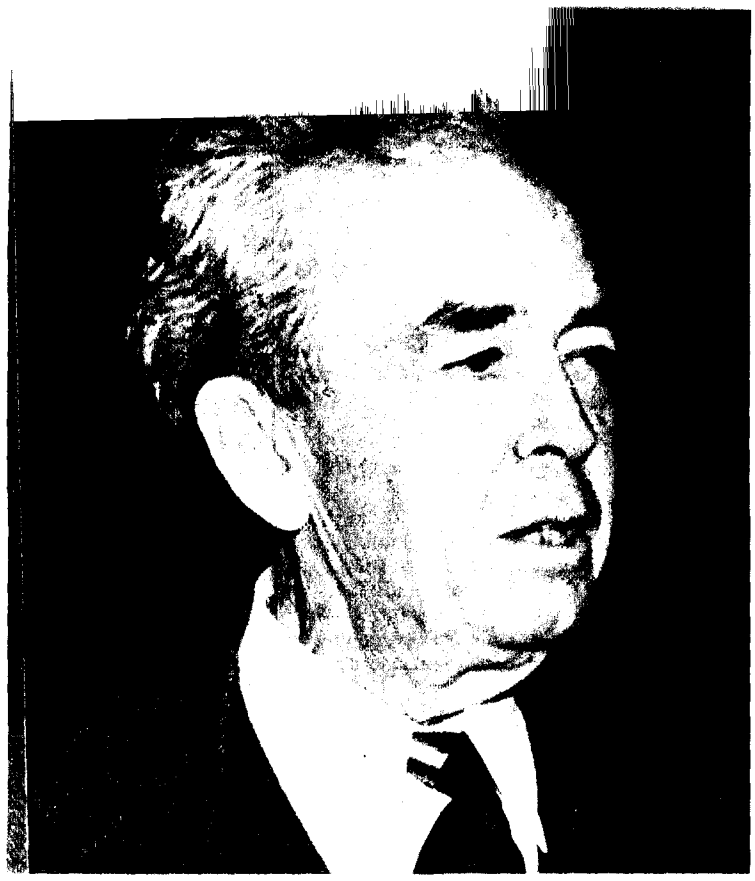

WIDE WORLD

Rep. John Rankin, who introduced the $72-at-65 bill, heads the parade of congressmen in favor of cash rewards for vets

HARRIS & EWING

Pro-pensioners: Reps. James Van Zandt (above), veteran of both wars, and Leo Allen (below), World War I sergeant

ACME

After PENSIONS

By SAM STAVISKY

Marine Corps combat correspondent, who saw action across the Pacific from Guadalcanal to Dutch New Guinea and won six battle stars

Congress is caught in the middle by the latest drive for veterans' cash benefits. The shadow of the bonus lurks behind the pension bill

THERE was a time, back in the gimme-heyday of the Grand Army of the Republic, when Union veterans of the Civil War could demand and obtain a pledge from the U.S. Commissioner of Pensions that he would "drive a six-mule team through the Treasury." That was the era when veterans' votes were bought and sold, openly and without shame.

Since the twenties, however, the veterans' organizations have, for the most part, avoided headlong charges into the Treasury. Instead, they've developed the less crude and more effective foot-in-the-door technique. This subtler approach, of pushing the door open inch by inch, has brought the modern-day ex-servicemen greater and larger benefits than any of their predecessors.

Even now a pension is coming for the Yanks of both World Wars. In addition a bonus for the G.I. of World War II looms on the horizon. The pension and the bonus are on their way; it is only a question of time until they are a reality.

At the moment, the foot-in-the-door strategy of the major veterans' organizations calls for establishing the principle of a general pension for all veterans of the World Wars when they reach the age of sixty-five, regardless of their need.

General pensions, based on age alone, have been distributed to the veterans of the United States' earlier major wars. Congress passed the last general pension—for the Spanish-American War veterans—with but 16 dissenting votes in both houses of Congress. It is as inevitable as an accompanying rise in taxes that Uncle Sam will someday award general pensions to the men who fought in the two World Wars.

If you ask: "What about the $1,000 bonus Uncle Sam gave to the ex-doughboys of World War I?" the veterans' champions reply: "The bonus was merely adjusted compensation to make up for the low service pay during the war. What's that got to do with a pension? Is our government less grateful to the veterans of the first World War than it is to the ex-servicemen of previous wars?"

So you say: "What about the ex-G.I. of World War II? Uncle Sam was more than generous with him, wasn't he?" And then you list some of the benefits that have accrued to G.I. Joe:

Basic service pay raised from $21 a month to $50, plus dependency allotments for men with families.

Mustering out pay, amounting thus far to more than 3.6 billion dollars in cash.

Terminal leave pay, 2.7 billion dollars in cash and bonds, to compensate him for furlough time he didn't use while in service.

Readjustment allowances, $20 a week for as long as 52 weeks, currently nearing the four-billion-dollar mark.

Education, training and vocational rehabilitation, amounting so far to more than seven billion dollars.

Then you ask: "Does the veteran of World War II, after getting all these wonderful benefits, still want a pension in addition?"

Well, it's a little early to talk to the ex-G.I.s about pensions. Right now they're more interested in such things like an extension of the G.I. Bill of Rights and in keeping a sharp eye on the possibility of getting a whopping bonus. After all, didn't the veterans of World War I get a bonus?

It's simply a question of age. The average veteran of the first World War is fifty-six and he is

How Collier's Feels About Veterans' Benefits

AMERICA has certain clear obligations to the veterans who helped fight and win its wars. It must help the needy and care for the disabled. It must give to the youngsters who missed out on education, jobs and decent housing a chance to make up for war-lost time and opportunities. And it must meet those obligations as fairly, decently and generously as it can.

But Collier's does not believe in indiscriminate pensions and bonuses. The country's wealth is not inexhaustible. Its debt is tremendous. Its present, urgent commitments abroad must be met. Here at home there are long-delayed programs that need immediate action.

One of America's biggest problems today is trying to balance a limited supply of dollars with almost limitless demands. Curtailing foreign aid might invite war. Postponing domestic improvements indefinitely might seriously weaken our national strength. Levying higher taxes or going back to deficit spending would be flirting with economic disaster.

Yet, in the face of all this, the House of Representatives turned down an estimated

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-The BONUS?

concerned with security in his declining years. To him, the veterans' pension appears to be the answer.

The veteran of World War II, on the other hand, is thirty-one years old on the average and he is anxious to enjoy the fruits of living. A fat bonus—he's asking for a maximum of $5,000—would come in mighty handy.

As in the case of most veterans' benefits these days, the drive for the pension is being organized and led by the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars. The V.F.W., spawned in the Spanish-American War, is the older outfit and limits its membership to men who served overseas. However, in purpose and goals—for God, country and veteran—the two organizations differ only in minor details.

The smaller, more volatile V.F.W. (1,300,000 members) usually acts as initiator for the nation's score or so of veterans' groups; the more conservative, more powerful American Legion (3,100,000 members) serves as the battering ram.

Legion Influence Long Withheld

The V.F.W. first began plugging for the World War I pension ten years ago. But it was not until the Legion came out for it, in the summer of 1948, that the issue came to a head. Because of its numbers and widespread influence, the Legion is indiscriminately credited, or blamed, for all the unceasing demands of the veterans. Yet, curiously, the Legion leadership tried as hard to keep from joining the pension march as it did that for the bonus. Only when the Legion high command failed to quell a rank-and-file revolt at its last convention did that organization commit itself to pushing the pension.

A few weeks prior to that convention, outgoing National Commander James F. O'Neil had attacked the general pension plan on the grounds that it would overburden the veterans' network of benefits to the detriment of seriously disabled ex-servicemen. But the delegates rejected leadership efforts to shelve the resolution and demanded the pension by a two-to-one vote. So the new national commander, Perry Brown, swallowed his own antipension convictions and declared: "Governments that lose wars never have to pay pensions . . . Loyalty must beget loyalty."

The Legion drafted, and rushed to Congress, a bill providing a pension for all veterans of both World Wars; it provided for $60 monthly at the age of sixty, $90 at the age of sixty-five. Disabled veterans already receiving compensation from a grateful government would get the pension as an additional benefit when they reached the proper ages. Other provisions of the bill promised the veterans of both World Wars, as well as their widows and orphans, all the benefits accumulated over the years by the veterans of the Spanish-American War and their dependents.

Annoyed at having the ball taken away from it, and suspicious of the Legion leadership's abrupt burst of enthusiasm for the pension, the V.F.W. raced to Capitol Hill with its own, less magnanimous pension legislation, screaming that the Legion was trying to kill the whole idea with kindness.

The resulting clamor was bewildering. The country generally, and members of Congress in particular, were at a loss to understand this newest demand of the veterans. And no wonder!

Uncle Sam's whole system of rewarding the men and women who have served in uniform in time of war is as jumbled as a dish of spaghetti. The U.S. government grants different benefits to the veterans of the various wars, and there are varying degrees of these benefits for the several groupings of veterans of the same war—get it? In addition, there are some benefits available to the veterans of World War I not given to the veterans of World War II. And Spanish-American War veterans have a number of benefits which are not awarded to the veterans of either World War.

This lack of uniformity is partly the reason for the pension fog. More misunderstanding is created by the terminology used in veterans' benefits. To most of us, the term pension refers to lifetime monthly payments made by Uncle Sam to his former servicemen. But the agents who swarmed over the countryside in the wake of the Civil War, promising to get claimants their benefits in return for a fee, gave the word "pension" an unsavory connotation.

For a long time the Legion shunned the term. Several years ago, at the behest of the veterans' groups, Congress made a clear distinction between *compensation*, payment for service-connected disability or death; and *pension*, *(Continued on page 49)*

ACME

Rep. **John Byrnes** is one of the few nonveterans to join the ex-servicemen in Congress who oppose pensions-for-all

HARRIS & EWING

Veterans against the bills are Reps. Glenn Davis, who won nine battle stars; Olin Teague (below), who was wounded

WIDE WORLD

An Editorial

$125,000,000,000 pension bill this session by the margin of only one vote. It now has before it another pension plan which, with benefits already being paid, would cost an estimated $100,000,000,000 in the next fifty years. This would put a heavy and dangerous burden on American taxpayers—including taxpaying veterans. For the majority of them it is doubtful that the ultimate benefit would be worth the sacrifice.

Collier's does not believe that our millions of veterans should be set apart as a separate class and treated like mercenaries.

It does not believe in congressmen making a political issue of pensions and, in effect, trying to buy veterans' votes with the public's money.

Collier's does believe in concentrating payments to veterans where they are actually needed.

And since a choice must be made, Collier's also believes that it is far wiser to spend billions in trying to prevent the creation of the veterans of World War III than in paying a general bounty to the veterans of World Wars I and II.

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The Feast of SAINT RESTITUTA

By JOSEPH C. FRANKS

It is not easy to be married, when your families hate each other, and the whole neighborhood has taken sides in the feud. Not easy — but not impossible

IT WAS twenty years ago in a Manhattan neighborhood, saved from being called slum by the color and vigor and local pride of its inhabitants, most of whom were Italian, that the following occurred.

It surprises me how some of the details—the smells, the cries—stay fresh, even yet. And many, many things have since happened to Manhattan, the world, and to me.

A group of us sixteen-year-old kids were ambling through the hot streets of the neighborhood one night. Suddenly we saw Carmela Vignali run past us, her very pretty face all twisted with grief and tears. We stared, and some of us might have run after her to help, but the thought of Johnny Santise restrained us.

Johnny, her boy friend, was a very jealous guy. And we also knew Johnny's people were furious because he went with Tony the iceman's daughter. The whole neighborhood was taking sides over the thing.

We soon saw why Carmela had run past, crying. Johnny was caught in the center of a noisy bunch of his relatives down at the corner of the block. They were intent on keeping him from running after Carmela.

The dim-lit walls of the red-brick row of tenements had the bulky forms of two and sometimes three people leaning out each window, watching the action below, which was certainly audible up to the top floors.

"A girl like Lucy D'Annunziata, with two, maybe three thousand dollars isn't good enough for you?" an uncle exclaimed.

"Aw, leave me alone, you foreigners," Johnny answered wearily. His sparkling black eyes were looking over the short heads of his kinfolks, searching for Carmela. But she had disappeared into her house.

"The daughter of a drunkard, is that your American way of wisdom? A father who could not even so much as rent a wedding dress for his daughter?"

Another said, "Your father and mother, well bred and educated, with a good business, deserve a very fine daughter-in-law—with parents also of good standing and a bank account."

Johnny, from his six-foot height, looked contemptuously around the group. "Doesn't anybody here think of anything but money?"

"A home costs money, babies cost money —everything costs money. What you think? Your mother grew your clothes in a flowerpot?"

All of us younger kids worshiped Johnny and we suffered now to see him bothered this way. He was the pitcher for the "Aggies," our local team, and all this fussing around might affect his arm, we feared.

One of the shadowy forms above called down sympathetically to Johnny, "Tell them to become Americans and forget that old-country stuff!"

From across the street, another shadowy form retorted, "Shut up, you crazy Irishman!" (Everyone who wasn't Italian was an Irishman in this section.)

The hubbub lasted, and later my mother and I could hear it boiling up from the streets into our flat.

Anxious to instruct my mother, I told her, "Johnny and Carmela have every right to their own happiness in this country. Anyone who stands in their way should be hit on the head and sent back where he came from. They should just run away and get married and the heck with both their relatives!"

My mother firmly recommended that I shut my big mouth. "If you were Italian-born, you would be able to understand their viewpoints."

And I learned later that I should have obeyed Mother's tart instructions.

NEXT day, at Lucy D'Annunziata's birthday party, I told some of my punch-sipping peers that *I* thought Johnny and Carmela should run off to Connecticut and get married, adding, "When the thing is done, it's done."

I turned to look over the pink-paper-decorated refreshment table to see if I had missed any of the goodies on display. When I returned to my friends I found them gone. They had joined together in smaller, whispering groups.

Silence was suddenly creeping over the once-noisy afternoon party. I heard only some sounds back in the kitchen, like scuffling, and then the kitchen door closed violently, and footsteps could be heard rapidly going down the stairs outside.

Lucy's mother, a kindly lady, approached the table, with the pretext of straightening the crepe paper. Speaking softly to me, she said, "You had better leave, I think. For your sake. Johnny Santise's cousin, Victor, says he will fight you for what you just said. He is gone now, I made them take him home. Go, please, before he comes back!"

"What?" I asked, indignantly.

"Shhh! Please. Don't let there be any trouble in my house. You go like a nice boy. I explain to your mother, later. Please?"

In the Italian manner, she clasped her plump hands before my face, begging my obedience.

There being no other thing to do, I grumbled thanks, and left. As I closed the door behind me with a slam, I could hear a wave of loud chatter resuming within.

HALFWAY down the spice-scented hallways, I heard Victor's deep voice rumbling angrily below.

Victor was in the vestibule with a couple of friends. They all glared angrily as I slowly approached them. Two were holding Victor's arms. He bellowed at me, "You think, you dope, that a Santise should marry such dirt as one of those Vignalis, hey?"

I had no chance to reply with soft words of reason. Victor broke loose, and I immediately felt a hailstorm of sharp punches on my face and chest. By reflex action I countered furiously until apparently enough of *my* blood spattered the yellow-stippled hall. The fight was stopped by Victor's friends, who seized him and dragged him down to the tiled floor.

Someone guided me out into the blinding sunlight and led me dazed and bleeding to my own door. My mother ministered to me with scalding antiseptics and equally burning reproofs, as I sprawled on a kitchen chair. . . .

At this time of general ill-feeling, the annual four-day Feast of Saint Restituta was begun. For this event, one of our dead-end streets, bounded on the west by the New York Central Railroad yards, was closed off to traffic. In the middle of this street beside Colucci's Café Expreso a two-story-high altar to the saint was erected of white- and gold-painted wood.

At first-story level of each of the old tenements jutted poles from which hung colored bulbs draped in *(Continued on page 63)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

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Johnny's OUR BOY

By COLLIE SMALL

Paramount, in Hollywood, and Rochester, N.Y., thought Johnny Lund had holes in his head as well as his shoes. But now Paramount finds him a handsome investment, and his home town claims him for its own

WHEN John Lund, a bright young $1,500-a-week actor with holes in his shoes, kissed Jean Arthur, the spinster congresswoman in the movie, A Foreign Affair, a number of innocent bystanders were injured by falling chips. Among them was a spinster cinema reviewer in London who came completely unstuck at the moment of contact. Hours later her indignation was still burning fiercely.

"I fly into a towering rage," she wrote, flying into a towering rage, "at the suggestion, frequently made by Hollywood, that a man can reduce a spinster to a state of doting, dithering little-womanliness simply by giving her a calculated kiss."

That was a dangerous thing to say. The lady's indignation was presumably academic, but Lund, being a sensitive young man, was on the verge of coming unglued himself when he read the review. He has only lately been sprinkled with Hollywood star dust, and he has not yet been able to gait himself to the contradictions involved. Reviews such as the above have a way of setting up a roaring in

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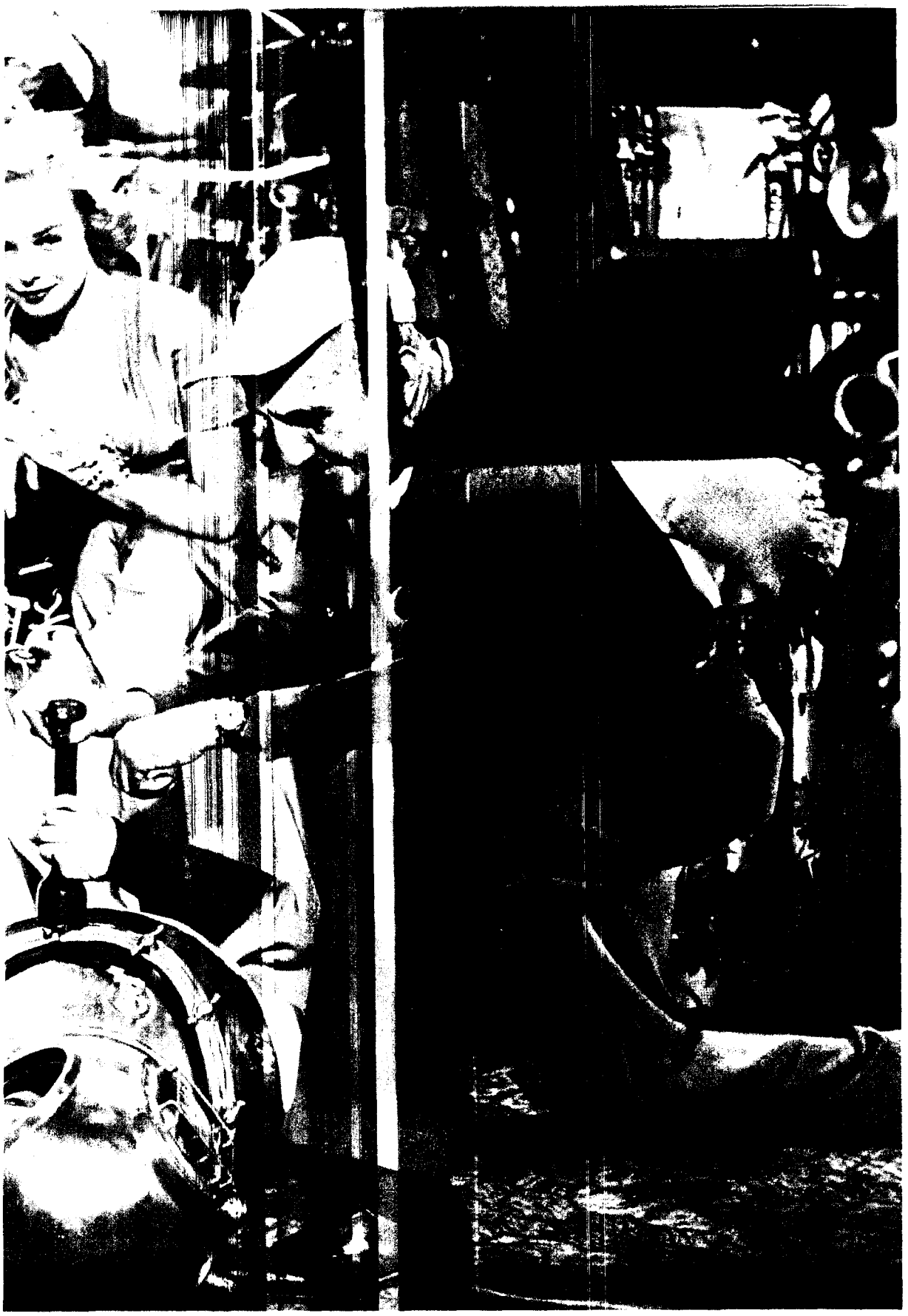

John Lund and Diana Lynn on the set of My Friend Irma, to be released in October, watch Director George Marshall tighten the helmet of a diving suit in which Marie Wilson (Irma) reclines

his head, and in these moments of pain and stress he is seized with an almost uncontrollable desire to rush down to the Los Angeles railroad station and buy a return ticket to New York, whence he came, before it is too late.

Luckily, Paramount has an antidote for these attacks. Hollywood's new leading man is simply given a heavy dose of favorable reviews to counteract the unfavorable ones. This stops the noises in his head and settles his stomach. Thus, in the case of the disgruntled spinster's review of A Foreign Affair, an alert studio employee was on hand to revive Lund with a counterreview insisting that the picture was a "jolly romp" and that Lund was "the most talented newcomer to films in several years," which, indeed, he may well be.

In a similar situation after the picture, To Each His Own, another, unusually churlish, critic observed that, so far as he was concerned, Lund photographed like a floor mop. Almost immediately there were disconcerting noises under Lund's forelock. A call went out for more reviews. This time he was saved by a review hailing him as "the new Gable." This is a popular form of reincarnation in Hollywood which always raises the sticky problem of what to do with the old Gable, but it may be that Lund is all of these things.

So great is Lund's dexterity that only once has he been caught in a truly desperate position. After the picture Perils of Pauline, in which he was cast in about as unrewarding a role as can be imagined, he not only suffered grievously from the wounds inflicted on him by the critics, but he also received a letter from a gentleman in New England who estimated that Lund had given one of the ten worst performances in movie history. A week or so later, the gentleman wrote again. "I have reconsidered," he said. "I am now convinced that your performance was one of the worst *five* in history."

This very nearly signaled the end of Lund the actor. The roaring in his head indicated full flight from Hollywood. Miss Hedda Hopper, who had already put the official seal of approval on him in her column, angrily accused Paramount of trying to ruin his career. Lund himself was so shattered that he refused to see the finished picture after viewing the rushes. He was, in fact, on his way to the railroad station again when he was intercepted and led dazedly back into the fold.

He now appears to have recovered fully from the disaster which overtook him in Perils of Pauline, and since his appearance in Bride of Vengeance, a 16th-century epic in which he takes on the entire Borgia family, poison and all, it looks for all the world as though he has arrived as a genuine star. In any event, he is scheduled to play opposite Barbara Stanwyck in the forthcoming picture—I Married a Dead Man—and as any red-blooded American boy knows, there are only two things in life that are really worth while: carrying Ted Williams' bat and playing opposite Barbara Stanwyck.

It may be that Lund thinks too much. In Hollywood, this can lead to all sorts of complications, and Lund's head literally teems with ideas. He is, for example, the only actor on the entire Paramount lot who is permitted to join Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder, two of the deeper thinkers at Paramount, in a complicated word game which is played daily at lunch and frequently involves an exchange of money in Lund's favor.

Script Suggestions Are Respected

He is also one of the few actors in Hollywood whose occasional suggestions for script revisions are greeted with respectful consideration. Lund once wooed the fickle muse as a radio writer and was so expert at it that he earned as much as $600 a week with his typewriter. Even now he is working on an original screen play.

Lund is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that he summarily renounced formal education at the age of fourteen and, figuratively speaking, took to the hills. His subsequent education was largely synthetic, being derived from whatever volumes of learning happened to be handy, but it was so skillfully compounded that people are invariably startled to learn that he is not even a high-school graduate, let alone a college graduate. His reading, which consumes most of his spare time, along with his writing, embraces all printed matter from the Los Angeles telephone book to scientific dissertations on the sand fly, but he is particularly at ease with the English poets.

At one stage in his career, when he was playing on Broadway in The Hasty Heart after a long struggle to establish himself as an actor, his picture appeared in a magazine as that of one William Lund. Seizing a pen, Lund summoned the ghost of Othello and wrote a stinging rebuke to the editor: " 'But he that filches from me my good name robs me of that which not enriches him and makes me poor indeed.'

"In identifying me as William Lund in your pictorial report on The Hasty Heart," Lund added bitterly, "you have curdled my spine, desolated my wife, anguished my ancestors. Here I'm in the first hit of my life and you flatten me with an alias. May your caption writer fry in hell."

As an actor, Lund tends to minimize his ability. To the discomfiture of his studio, he has compared himself unfavorably with a mountain goat, and has said that his "peculiar" face, his blond hair, his blue eyes, and his 175 pounds add up to nothing more spectacular than the minimum amount of equipment needed to play "tough guy" roles.

His opinion is shared neither by Hollywood nor Broadway. As a screen actor, he was understandably awkward at first, particularly since he had difficulty in remembering to stay in front of the camera. Now, however, *(Continued on page 48)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HALSMAN

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The Eyes of Mr. Lovides

By JOHN GODEY

IT WAS a quarter to ten, and the breakfast was over. But Joey dawdled, inventing aimless tasks for himself, dreading the moment when he would have to approach Mr. Lovides, although Frank had assured him there would be no difficulty.

Even after a year in the employ of Mr. Lovides, Joey still feared him. Mr. Lovides had olive skin (much darker than Joey's own), and hollow cheeks with sharply etched lines. He was a taciturn man who never smiled.

But it was the eyes of Mr. Lovides that made Joey afraid. They were black eyes, not bright and polished as eyes should be, but like pitch, set deep and hot in the bony sockets. Joey did not understand these eyes; they appeared always to be threatening. He had mentioned this once to Frank. Frank had laughed and said that in his opinion the eyes of Mr. Lovides seemed rather gentle and compassionate.

Joey glanced at the clock once more and became panicky. If he did not leave soon he would be late, and the ceremony would be delayed.

He straightened his shoulders, wiped his moist hands on his apron and walked forward on the slat platform to the cashier's desk at the front of the luncheonette. Mr. Lovides sat behind the desk, with a sheaf of statements and his big checkbook before him. He looked up at Joey.

Joey's gaze wavered before Mr. Lovides' flat stare. He wet his lips with his tongue and managed to blurt out, "Frank said he speak to you, ask you to let me off for his marriage. To be witness."

Mr. Lovides' lids flickered for a moment, concealing his eyes. "Be back by eleven thirty," he said.

Joey turned away quickly and went back to the kitchen. He dressed swiftly but with care, putting on the powder-blue suit with the thin stripes running through the cloth like rich veins of gold.

Mr. Lovides did not look up from the cashier's desk as he hurried by.

Joey waited impatiently on the el platform for a train. When it came, he took a seat beside a window.

The train moved rapidly in its halting, deceptively antiquated way, and in another ten minutes he would be there. The realization that he would soon be seeing Frank for the last time filled his eyes with sudden tears. He brushed them away angrily. A wedding day was not a day for tears, but for rejoicing.

Yet for Joey it was a day of sorrow. Without Frank he could not hope to hold the job of counterman. Soon he would be back in the sweaty kitchen again.

In the beginning, he had not minded the dishwashing. He had left Puerto Rico only a week before he got the job. Any job was fine which would pay enough to live on, to buy the splendid, sharp clothing worn by his compatriots in the States. The trays heaped with soiled dishes were a heavy load. The smells of the kitchen were sometimes overpowering. The hot, greasy dishwater reddened and wrinkled his hands. But in spite of everything, it had seemed a fine job—then.

He could not now recall the first time Frank had spoken to him. Joey's English had been very poor then, and he would not have understood him anyway. But he did understand the friendly tone of Frank's voice and the warm smile of this tall counterman with the blond, unruly hair. It was the first friendliness he had encountered in the teeming, hostile city.

He cherished the countless instances of Frank's warmth and helpfulness—but the most memorable of all came on the day Ralph, the second counterman, quit. Frank went to Mr. Lovides and asked him to try Joey at the job. Mr. Lovides had at first been unwilling to do this, but he had much respect for Frank. The next morning Joey came out of the kitchen and took his place proudly behind the second counter.

Joey was polite and cheerful, and he soon built up his own circle of special customers. Many of them were girls—stenographers and file clerks from the big office buildings—who enjoyed making him blush by remarking on his long black eyelashes. Oh, it was a wonderful job. He was no longer a menial, an unskilled boy from Puerto Rico, but a personage of some importance. . . .

The train had come into the City Hall station. Joey got out and went slowly down the stairs to the street. Even now, he found it hard to believe that Frank was going away, though he had known for a long time that his friend planned to be married and then return to his home in Worcester to live.

As Frank's last day at the luncheonette came closer, Joey had grown increasingly morose. He had even been rude to one of his regular customers. Mr. Lovides had witnessed the incident. He said nothing, but the look in his eyes had burned fear into Joey's heart. The fear was still with him as he entered the building where Frank was waiting. . . .

The marriage didn't take long. A white-haired man intoned the phrases, while Frank and his girl looked at each other with glistening eyes. Frank and his new wife smiled at Joey warmly and insisted that he must come up to Worcester often to visit them. He stood there and nodded, his eyes filled with tears, the smile on his lips fixed and stiff. Then they were gone, and he walked back to the el and returned to the luncheonette.

His legs trembled as he opened the door and went in. His eyes picked out the wall clock: 11:25. He started toward the kitchen and then stopped, as abruptly as though he had come up against an invisible barrier. Behind the counter—the second counter, *his* counter—there was another man, wearing a fresh linen jacket.

FOR a long time, Joey stood still feeling the heat of unreleased tears behind his blinking lids. Nor did he move when Mr. Lovides came out of the kitchen and walked toward him.

He was only dimly aware of Mr. Lovides' voice: "Got a new man to work the second counter . . ."

It happened already, so soon. The very day of Frank's departure he had become again a Puerto Rican boy of no consequence, fit only for the kitchen, the greasy suds. Without Frank, he was nothing.

The eyes of Mr. Lovides drilled into him, but his voice was lost in the roaring that filled Joey's ears. A wave of self-pitying resentment surged up in him. But suddenly Mr. Lovides' voice penetrated Joey's anguish. Joey stared at him in disbelief.

Mr. Lovides, somewhat impatiently, repeated himself: "So from now on you work the first counter. Understand?"

He could not trust himself to reply. He nodded his head in mute, overwhelming happiness. Now he could bear the going away of Frank, now he could bear anything that might come. He was no longer an alien, but a man who could stand alone, in confidence and pride. He had lost much today, when Frank had gone away. But he had gained even more than he had lost.

Before starting for the kitchen, Joey looked directly into the eyes of Mr. Lovides. They were gentle, compassionate eyes, and he was astonished that he could ever have feared them. THE END

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GRETCHEN VAN TASSEL

When Admiral Denfeld isn't running the Navy, he spends his time with his wife gardening and tending the flowers at his Observatory Hill home in Washington

The Navy's Uncle Louie

By ROBERT S. ALLEN

The enlisted men love Admiral Louis Denfeld, Chief of Naval Operations. So does the high brass. His prowess in war and his diplomacy in peace have paid off big for the U.S. Navy

THE long line of sailors was standing at ease on the deck of the U.S.S. Missouri awaiting the visit of the admiral commanding Battleship Division Nine. The division had supported the Okinawa landings and was lying off Leyte, wartime supply base, preparing to take part in the spectacular shore bombardments of the Jap home islands.

Making a final check of his men, a junior lieutenant said jokingly to Donald Nason, radar technician first class, "I suppose the admiral is coming aboard to see you?"

Nason joined in the good-natured laughter. "I wouldn't say that, sir," he defended himself. "But I really do know him. Everybody in Westboro knows him. That's nothing back home. He's just one of the folks."

"Well, we'll see," the lieutenant said, grinning.

He did see, a few minutes later. As the two-star admiral marched down the line, he stopped in front of young Nason, extended his hand and said, "Hello, Donald. How are you coming along? How are your folks? Have you heard from them recently? After you are dismissed, come to my cabin. I want to get all the news from Westboro."

Today Nason is back in Westboro, Massachusetts, assisting his father in the grain business. The two-star admiral is now four-star Admiral Louis Emil Denfeld, Chief of Naval Operations and the most deft and potent member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, although, publicly, the least known.

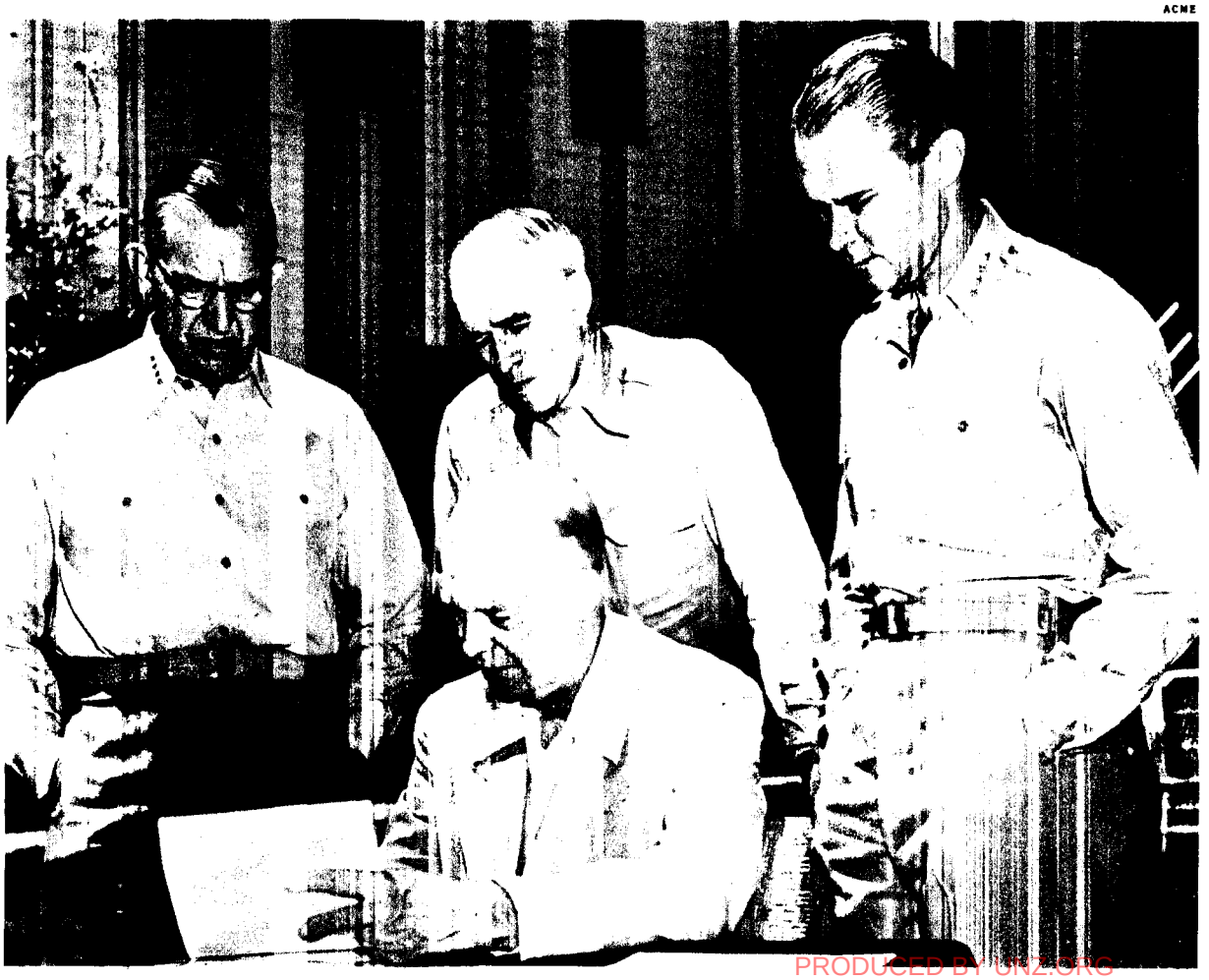
Also, he is the same informal, amiable and popular "Uncle Louie" that he was to all ranks before becoming commander of the entire U.S. Navy. In a service that is ordinarily not given to the use of surnames, Denfeld's nickname is significant. It reveals a great deal about the kind of person he is, the warm esteem in which he is held, and why he was selected as the successor to glamor-glittering Admiral Chester W. Nimitz.

Denfeld's name was last on a list of three submitted to President Truman in the fall of 1946 as the Navy Department's preferences for Nimitz's replacement. The other two were Admiral William H. P. Blandy, who headed the list, and Admiral DeWitt C. Ramsey. Blandy, now commander of the Atlantic Fleet, was then chief of Operation Crossroads, the historic Bikini A-bomb tests. Ramsey was Vice-Chief of Naval Operations, and Denfeld was Navy commander in the Pacific.

The three were about the *(Continued on page 59)*

The admiral (left) in conference at Key West with General Eisenhower, presiding officer of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Bradley and General Vandenberg

ACME



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She edged carefully to the side of the bar and peeked out into the living room. Jack April was not moving

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The Iron Butterfly

By JAN FORTUNE and WELLS ROOT

CONCLUDING THE GAY ADVENTURES OF A GRACIOUS LADY IN THE UNDERWORLD

The Story: When BOB CHARLES, a pilot without a job, and his gay, irresponsible stepmother, MRS. ROBERT LEE CHARLES II, descended on big-time gambler JACK APRIL'S plush Jacaranda Hotel in Las Vegas, things began to happen. Mrs. Charles promptly got herself into a jam. She assisted materially in the killing of a man named AL CONEJO, who was on the verge of killing April. And Bob fell in love with LOUISE JONES, the hotel's pretty hostess. He took a job flying April's airplane, even though he had been warned by JOHNNY O'CROTTY, a wartime buddy of his, that the job was hazardous and involved conveying crooked money about the country. O'Crotty's warning didn't disturb Bob too much at first, but then O'Crotty disappeared and Bob and Louise found his body buried in some fresh concrete behind the hotel. They learned that he had been a Treasury agent who was trying to get evidence on April for income-tax evasion. Bob reported at once to the local Treasury man; and April and his henchman, GOLDIE, when they realized they had murdered a government agent, prepared to flee the country.

Mrs. Charles remained unruffled by events. Charming and dauntlessly cheerful, she blundered out of one tense situation and into another. A kleptomaniac and confirmed tippler, she was an irrepressible flirt—and secretly hoped that Cousin BARTHOLOMEW RICHARDS, a wealthy aircraft manufacturer, would someday ask her to marry him. . . .

CONCLUSION

MRS. CHARLES was perched in a secluded booth in the Jacaranda dining salon, listening with wide-eyed eagerness as a gaunt, travel-beaten old gentleman with a cane poured out his tale of woe.

The travel-beaten old gentleman was Bartholomew Richards. Bartholomew had just escaped from Pasadena by the skin of his teeth, and wearing a pair of borrowed pants.

Mrs. Charles had been trotting elegantly through the jam-packed Jacaranda lobby, en route to the elevators, when she heard the angrily belligerent voice rising above the crowd. "Listen to me, young man. I didn't ride that bus from Los Angeles just so I could sit up all night in Las Vegas!"

Mrs. Charles whirled, sideswiped a plushy matron from Klamath Falls, Oregon, bumped into a leggy oil heiress from Ardmore, Oklahoma, and skidded precariously around a pair of potted plants in her determined dash for the desk. Bartholomew was leaning against it, brandishing his cane. His face was purpling dangerously.

"I don't give a damn about your waiting list!" he yelled into Mike's face. "I demand service!"

Mrs. Charles gave him a poke from the rear. "Ssh! Cousin Bartholomew, please control yourself."

"I will not!" Bartholomew shouted. "After what I've been through, this is the final—" He broke off and swung around.

"Your blood pressure, Cousin Bartholomew," Mrs. Charles cut in breathlessly. "You must be calm. Let out your breath and count ten."

Obediently, Bartholomew let out his breath and opened his mouth to count. Then he got hold of himself. "Confound it, honey," he roared, "I will not have *you* pushing me around! What sort of a hotel is this, anyway? This young nincompoop refuses me accommodations—me, Bartholomew Richards!"

"I didn't refuse, sir," Mike said firmly. "I said there weren't any."

"I'm afraid you don't understand who this gentleman is, Mr. Mike," Mrs. Charles said regally.

"If he were President Truman, I still wouldn't have a place to put him, Mrs. Charles," Mike said. "There isn't a room to be had in the whole hotel."

"We wouldn't want to bother Mr. April personally with our petty problems," said Mrs. Charles in an ominous tone. "Would we?"

Mike was familiar with the results of Mrs. Charles referring problems to Mr. April. He knew his chances of getting in bad were very good. "Of course," he said uneasily, "I'll be glad to abide by Mr. April's decision, but—"

He was speaking to a void. Mrs. Charles was towing Bartholomew toward the house telephones. Unfortunately, Mr. April was accepting no calls. Mrs. Charles trotted upstairs to the royal suite on the mezzanine, still towing Bartholomew, and knocked crisply. Inside, Mr. April, preparing for flight, was feeding armloads of incriminating papers into the blazing fireplace. He just went on burning papers when the knocking came.

"Dear, dear," fussed Mrs. Charles. "Mr. April is out. Perhaps we'll find him in the gambling rooms."

"Damn it all!" Bartholomew growled restively. "I've come through hell and high water to get you, honey."

"Oh, Bartholomew!" Mrs. Charles gave a delighted little chirrup.

"And I'm still weak as a kitten. My heart won't stand all this bouncing around."

"What you need is your dinner." Mrs. Charles put a motherly arm through his and took him into the dining room.

"And now, dear Bartholomew," she cooed comfortably, after drinks had been poured and dinner ordered, "what wonderful wind blows you to Las Vegas?"

"My life, as you know," Bartholomew said, "was despaired of!"

"Poor Cousin Bartholomew!"

"Well," Bartholomew conceded, "things *couldn't* have been *worse*. It was my confounded heart, you know."

"No," said Mrs. Charles, surprised. "I thought it was a stroke."

"No. That was a damn' lie!"

When his life was despaired of, Bartholomew disclosed, his apparently saddened sisters had incarcerated him in his bedroom. They installed a twenty-four-hour detail of male nurses, with orders not to let him up or out, nor any visitors in. The first day of his illness, his bedside telephone had been unplugged. When his heart rallied, Alice refused to have it plugged in again. She had dismissed all his doctors except the osteopath, who, under the leaky laws of California, had the authority of a physician, first class. The osteopath and Louisa and Alice, Bartholomew concluded, were in league.

"But *why?*" gasped Mrs. Charles.

"Alice and Louisa were after my money!"

"But that's not legal!"

"They were scheming to make it legal," Bartholomew rumbled. "Do you know how, honey?"

"No," said Mrs. Charles breathlessly. "How?"

"By committing me to a rest home!"

"You!"

"One of those quiet bird hatcheries around Pasadena with eight-foot brick walls, and broken glass on top of them," said Bartholomew bitterly. "They said I was behaving irrationally!"

"You weren't, of course!" Mrs. Charles said firmly.

"Of course, I *was*," said Bartholomew. "Who wouldn't, after what they'd put me through? But I fooled 'em!" With pardonable pride, he pulled a druggist's bottle out of his pocket. "Sleeping pills—saved 'em up for two weeks and put 'em in the night nurse's beer," he concluded triumphantly. "And twenty minutes later I borrowed his pants! So before I had another heart attack, I hightailed it for Las Vegas. 'You're a smart woman,' I said; 'and a warmhearted woman.' If my heart starts playing tricks, you'll take care of me. And you'll find a way to scuttle those harpies!"

"That's touching," said Mrs. Charles, and her voice trembled. "Wonderfully touching. And I *will!*"

"I know you will," Bartholomew said gruffly. Then all at once he sighed and leaned across the table like a small, tired boy. "You're the only person I can trust, honey. I lay it all in your lap."

"Oh, Bartholomew!" Mrs. Charles gulped, reaching for her handkerchief. "I've never had it put so beautifully!" She dabbed at her eyes.

"Huh?" Bartholomew looked startled.

Mrs. Charles blew her noise daintily, and regained control. "It's certainly high time you had a little happiness—a little love and devotion—and a nice long rest. I think a trip to South America would be just the thing!"

"For God's sake, honey," Bartholomew trumpeted. "Will you get down to earth and make sense? Here I come to you with a big personal problem—"

"Now, now," Mrs. Charles cut in. "You surely don't expect me to believe that your personal problem was your *only* reason for asking me to marry you?"

"Marry you?" Bartholomew bellowed, jerking upright. He was breathing hard; he felt his face purpling dangerously. He closed his eyes and began to count aloud hoarsely.

"I think, dear," Mrs. Charles murmured, reaching for the pillbox, "that you'd better have a sedative."

RIDING back to the Jacaranda Hotel, Bob Charles was deeply preoccupied. The federal boys had been tough to deal with. However, when Bob first came to work for April, he had been given a clean bill of health by Johnny O'Crotty. So the T-men gave him a short survey of the setup.

Johnny had been trying to get his hands on income tax evidence incriminating enough to put April behind bars. The motel cabin had served as photostat headquarters, and here, the night before, Johnny had come with the green-bound book. It had contained conclusive evidence when last Johnny had checked it. But when the Treasury men in the motel cabin had examined it carefully, they had discovered that some valuable and vitally necessary pages were missing. They could have slipped out in the vault, Johnny had said. Or they could have been taken *(Continued on page 34)*

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AUTOPSY

By MARGARET BLAKE EWING

A shocking subject, but your peace of mind or your life may depend on it

AT AN informal social gathering in Chicago an attractive young woman approached Dr. Ludvig Hektoen, dean of American pathologists. "I've wanted so much to meet you," she said, introducing herself, "because you once saved my life."

The doctor repeated her name, eyed the bright, pretty face with appreciation, then regretfully shook his head; there must be some mistake. As a pathologist, he explained, he was a laboratory rather than a bedside doctor. Working with tissue specimens and samples of body fluids, a pathologist rarely comes into personal contact with the patients themselves.

But there was no mistake, the young woman assured him. A few years earlier she had entered Presbyterian Hospital, where Dr. Hektoen was then chief of the pathology service, to have a long-awaited first child—a child she was never to see. It was dead at birth. Her doctor told her what he could: that the baby appeared to be completely developed, and there had been no complications during labor to account for the tragedy.

She had looked forward with such joy to the arrival of the baby that she had never really faced the possibility that it would be anything but perfect. Later, tormented by frustration and grief, she had begun to reconstruct in her mind each trivial mishap she had had during the last months of her pregnancy. She remembered rearranging furniture one day, on a whim, and recalled having experienced a sharp pain afterward. That could have been it, she thought, and bit by bit she became convinced that she had actually killed her child. In a nightmare of irrationality and despair, she determined to take her own life.

That was when Dr. Hektoen had saved her. He performed an autopsy on the child—a post-mortem examination, the careful, detailed study of the body after death. The operation showed that though the baby was without visible bodily defect, its heart was hopelessly malformed. Her doctor, in explaining the autopsy report to her, made it clear that nothing she had done—or had failed to do—had caused this faulty development. He further emphasized that there was nothing to prevent her giving birth later on to a completely normal child.

This autopsy-gained knowledge helped banish her feeling of self-accusation and despondency and kept her, she was sure, from taking her own life. Moreover, by giving her courage to venture into pregnancy again, it indirectly helped her replace the lost baby with a perfectly healthy one.

This is a selected—but not an unusual—case of an autopsy. Autopsies are being performed every day in hospitals throughout the country. Requested as a matter of routine in many of our hospitals on all deaths—not just on unexplained ones—autopsy studies are daily bringing people comfort and life-saving knowledge.

But few of us are aware of the tremendous value of these examinations. Nor do most of us understand the peace of mind they can bring. A case in point is a certain woman who insisted that her brother "have something done" about his varicose veins. Forty-eight hours after he was treated by injection, the man was in a hospital, coughing severely and spitting blood. Within a few more hours he was dead. The doctors were puzzled by the death but thought it possible that a blood clot, caused by the injection, had lodged in a vessel of the lung.

The autopsy showed that this was not so, and turned up evidence that the man was the victim of an exceptional type of pneumonia. He had apparently walked around four or five days unmindful of his condition.

This autopsy, in addition to relieving the conscience of the sister, added a little more to the doctors' storehouse of knowledge.

In another instance, twin babies, apparently healthy at birth, became mysteriously ill and died in a hospital a few days later. In both babies, autopsies located identical internal abnormalities that had prevented elimination. As a result of this case and similar ones attended by other pathologists, it is now possible to recognize this abnormality soon enough to correct it by an operation. So important are autopsies in supplying valuable and varied information that they are considered the unquestioned basis of all medical teaching.

> We have reviewed the article on autopsy and are glad to see this information being brought to the public. We would like to congratulate the editors on being courageous enough to approach the subject which has for so long been neglected. We are certain that publicizing this information will encourage greater reliance upon this type of study by the public and thereby advance medical education, as well as result in better medical service for all of us.
>
> Editorial Committee
> College of American Pathologists
> Chicago, Illinois

But most of us shy away from the subject and seldom think of autopsies in connection with ourselves or our families. We accept these investigations in a matter-of-fact manner when violent or suspicious death is involved. But when we are approached directly by a doctor or a member of the hospital staff who wants permission for such an examination of someone close to us, more than half of us say, "No, he has suffered enough." Or, "It won't do her any good now." Or just, "No, I can't bear the thought of it."

Perhaps this is because we are approached at the wrong moment. Our doctors are theoretically in the best position to explain this difficult, delicate matter, but generally limit their efforts of discussing the subject until death has occurred, when the relatives are in a state of emotional shock and cannot give the matter proper thought. The only way to avoid this is by advance education. Some doctors have seen the value of this approach and have worked to interest various nonmedical groups in publicizing the importance of autopsy examinations.

Some hospitals have conducted drives to increase acceptance of autopsy examinations in communities. During one such campaign the staff doctors of a Philadelphia hospital added weight to their words by signing papers giving permission for autopsies to be performed on themselves.

In spite of these attempts, many of us remain badly informed on the subject. The most fundamental value of the autopsy is that it determines the exact cause of death. Only by the close and complete scrutiny of the whole body can the cause be ascertained positively. Case after case is demonstrating that the cause of death is not always as diagnosed.

A woman in a small Middle Western city discovered this when her husband, found dead in the closed-up family car, was looked over by the coroner and quickly pronounced a suicide. Unable to believe this, the woman had an autopsy performed at her own expense. She found that death had been caused by a burst blood vessel and not by the unnatural act of self-destruction by carbon monoxide.

The pathologist's fee for a special autopsy like this is about $200. There is no charge, however, when the deceased has been a patient and dies in the hospital, the cost being absorbed by the laboratory budget.

The following incident illustrates yet another way in which this service can directly affect the lives of a family. An elderly man was admitted to a Milwaukee hospital in the last stage of a long sickness. Death came before there was time to make more than a preliminary examination, and its cause was attributed to cancer of the lungs. But an autopsy identified the killer as tuberculosis. Knowing they had been exposed to a communicable disease, all the members of the deceased's household could be tested for possible infection. If found in this early stage, the disease can be treated and its fatal progress halted.

The autopsy operation is performed under clean, rigidly regulated conditions that closely parallel those of ordinary surgical procedure. The pathologist, on call day and night, is highly skilled and works with the utmost consideration for the final appearance of the body. Unless it is an unusual case, he makes only one incision, and that at a place that can be covered by clothing.

The organs are thoroughly inspected; whatever tissue and fluid samples are needed for completion of the study are saved. Any additional incisions necessary are made with care and, like the main one, are expertly closed when the operation is over. The good autopsy surgeon has so mastered his technique that ordinarily no evidence of his examination is visible on the clothed body later. The operation itself may take from one to two hours. The rest of the analysis, done in the laboratory, can run into many days of work, the length of time depending upon the complexity of the case.

There is, of course, a sense of dignity and reverence throughout the operation. Those allowed to be present—the family doctor, members of the hospital staff interested in the *(Continued on page 40)*

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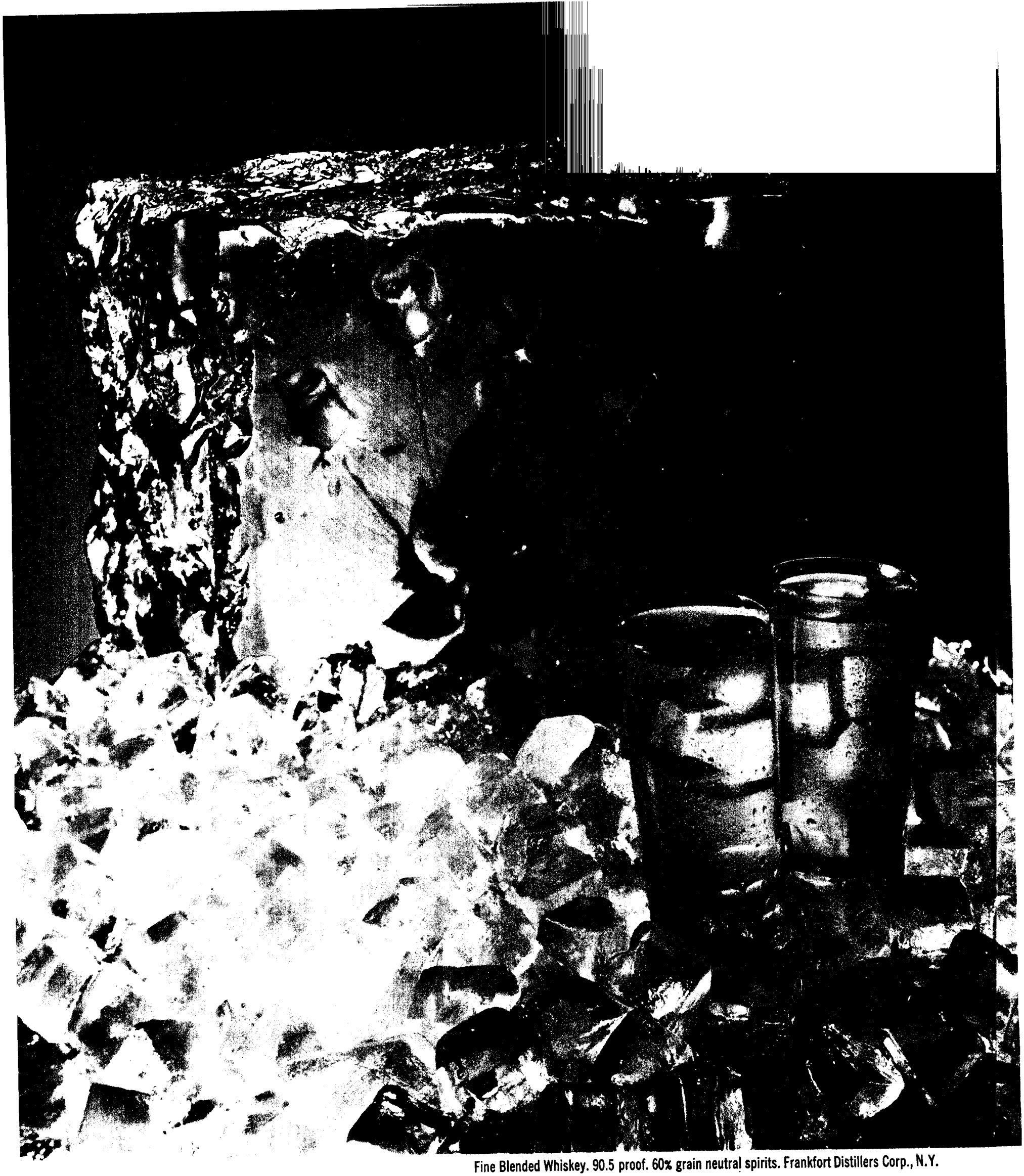

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Dick Cooley's Comeback

By JOHN STUART MARTIN

There is more than a sports story in this account of a young athlete who lost his arm in the war

DICK COOLEY of Rye, New York, is a rangy Yale athlete who went to the final of the intercollegiate squash rackets championship in 1942. Experts marked him then as a comer who combined accuracy and stamina with a big power game. He was a right-hander. What is making the indoor court world sit up and rejoice now is that Dick Cooley is again playing a top-flight game, with his *left* hand. He parted with his right arm in the war.

There are a few thousand squash rackets addicts who understand and appreciate what this performance of Cooley's involves technically; but there are several hundred thousand World War II brachial cases who join in the general applause for what a one-winger can do—and how quickly—if he puts his mind to it.

TOMMY WEBER

Dick is again a top contender in the squash rackets competition

The only way to get Dick Cooley to perform for the camera was to persuade him that his comeback has been unusual and that an account of it would be of value, practically as well as inspirationally, to a large number of men whose physical equipment has been suddenly altered as his was.

The clinical and therapeutic treatment and literature supplied by the government are good as far as they go. But nothing can be as instructive and encouraging as the actual, visible facts of a comeback like Cooley's. The extraordinary aspects of his case are the entire change-over from right-hand to left-hand functioning, the speed with which he has made this change-over (two years) and the mental attitudes that have brought these results.

A lot of one-armed people have achieved great dexterity over a long period of years, and by perfecting the use of what was their master hand and arm before amputation. Many of the instructors and demonstrators who help rehabilitate brachial cases are people who lost an arm in childhood, and so had no matured capabilities to *un*learn to make way for new ones.

Dick Cooley was a well-developed individual of nineteen when he left Yale in December, 1942, his junior year, to enlist in the Army Air Forces. His body movements, his co-ordination, his timing were pretty well grooved. He had made the varsity football team as an end. Runner-up in the national intercollegiate squash rackets championship, he had begun to play in the larger tournaments. He played a strong game of golf and of tennis.

After training "all over the lot" Lieutenant Cooley wound up in P-38s at an advanced field in Belgium. One day, after his 17th or 18th combat mission, he was asked to test-fly a new-model P-38 which his outfit had received. This craft had new flaps designed to bring it more quickly out of dives. On Dick's ship, these flaps "didn't happen to work" during the test. The last thing he remembers is tearing earthward from an altitude of about 5,000 feet and "thinking I'd better get out soon." He woke up in a French hospital "minus the flipper." He doesn't know how he got out of the airplane or what cut off his arm above the elbow.

The first thoughts that you have when you discover you have lost a piece of your body are important. It is what you do about them at once that counts later. Dick Cooley's first thoughts were: When I go back to finish up college, I won't be able to play football. Also: I won't be able to play squash rackets, and there I was, on my way to being fairly good. Also: This will be as tough for Father and Mother as it will be for me. Finally: I had better begin right now to learn things all over again.

Before he was out of bed, Dick had figured out how he would tie his necktie and shoelaces, shave himself, get tooth paste on his toothbrush, and the like. Every one-winger does that.

What he also learned early was not to be downhearted about slow progress toward accomplishing more complicated effects. He had a leg injury, which required a plastic job at a hospital in Indiana. Then he had to go to Atlantic City to have his arm stump rewhittled so that he could use a mechanical wing. This all took more than a year, during which he was pretty weak, but in the same period he went back to New Haven for four months and earned his B.S. in industrial engineering.

At Haddon Hall, his convalescent spot in Atlantic City, there were two squash courts on the roof. Dick was "appalled at what I could do," left-handed. From then on, through the winter of 1945-46, he "fooled around" with the game so effectively that he won the championship at the Apawamis Club in Rye before spring. That summer he played tennis ("fair") and tried golf ("lousy") to build up strength in his arm. He played golf backhanded and quickly learned to apply power, but with wild effects.

He received invitations to some of the big squash rackets tournaments the following winter (1946-'47) just because he was "a poor little vet" trying to come back, he says.

That may be, but he performed well enough to attract the attention of a former national champion, Don Strachan, who started coaching him the winter after that, when he was invited to *all* the big tournaments.

His doubles game became so good that he was runner-up, with Dave McMullen, in the New York City metropolitan championship, and he played No. 3 on the New York singles team in the national matches at Boston. This was "very distressing." He didn't win one match. But Strachan currently thinks so well of Dick's game that he considers him a potential contender, possibly this winter but more probably next, for the national singles championship, which is and always was Dick's shining target.

Squash rackets is, of course, a very specialized pastime and pleasure. It is also very hard work, and the basic problems involved in mastering it with one's left hand after having always played it with the right are common to all change-overs. There are calls for delicacy of touch as well as strength, and for precise angles, speed, timing. Forcing the mind to give the proper subconscious commands to new muscles (relearning co-ordination) is the first, last and hardest step.

Besides physical proficiency, Dick Cooley could teach other one-wingers several healthy psychological truisms. One is: It is as important not to be bullheaded as not to be downhearted. Don't waste time trying to master little effects that don't really matter, like buttoning your cuff, for example, or cutting your meat or buttering a roll.

If the cuff is so small that you can't get into it buttoned, put it on unbuttoned and let someone else fix it later. If the meat is tough, or the butter hard and the roll bouncy, leave it to the waiter or a helpful friend or relative. Don't be proud and pigheaded about it.

People really like to help you, when you will let them, or if you will ask, and it only makes them uncomfortable if you make them think they hurt your feelings by offering to help.

Another thing, about prosthesis. Dick, who is more acute than most to the reactions of others, notices that if you have an empty sleeve, people can see at a glance you are a one-winger, and that's that. If you wear an artificial, they usually look at you a second time, just to make sure. If you are wearing a hook instead of a hand, the second glance is enough to satisfy their natural curiosity; but if you have an artificial hand, especially one of those jobs with simulated skin and knuckles and no glove, a third look is often necessary to satisfy curiosity. But don't mind curiosity. "People just want to be sure," says Dick.

Not for this reason, which only amuses him, but for purely practical reasons, Dick wears a hook, not a hand, which is more decorative but not so strong and clever. He can do more things with the hook—carry bags, open doors, pull an emergency brake, pick up a dime, and strike a solid, rather nasty blow if he has to. But in the squash court, and during relaxed hours around home, Dick doesn't wear the arm at all. It is then just a nuisance.

In behalf of himself and perhaps all other lefty one-wingers, Dick has a point about handshaking, to disembarrass others. Most people are confused when they greet him; they think it's rude to offer their left hand, and yet find it awkward to grasp his left with their right. Let them relax, says Dick, and give him a left for a left. What could be fairer and more natural?

Just watch Dick Cooley playing squash rackets, or doing almost anything else, and you will agree. And you will be glad to shake his hand any way, any time.

THE END

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The Iron Butterfly

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

out by April. Johnny went back to the Jacaranda to check. And Johnny never came back to the motel.

Now, they'd have to start all over again, the Treasury men said grimly. Plant another agent in Johnny's place—a man that April would trust.

It was at this point that Bob had eagerly offered to take over Johnny's unfinished job, and been refused. In the first place, Bob was a flier, not an accountant, the Treasury men pointed out. He'd never be able to get his hands on April's private papers. And in the second place, they went on, the department only employed agents picked, checked on and trained by themselves.

"That's it," Bob said. "April would never suspect me! Maybe I'd be able to pick up *something*—find out *something!*"

In the end they had temporized. They could not officially take on Mr. Charles, but if he chose to go back to work for April and see what he could find out, and if he did stumble on a worth-while tip, they'd be glad to know about it.

When Bob had eagerly snapped up this crumb, they had given him lengthy words of warning as to the dangers and the necessity for caution and a closed mouth. April would be very cagey, after this O'Crotty business.

SO BOB was now wondering how he was going to get back into April's good graces. And there was the little matter of Louise's reactions. Louise would raise holy hell unless he told her what he was up to, and even more if he did.

The matter of how to see April was snatched from his realm of worry by the time he was halfway down the lobby. Goldie pounced on him there.

"Hi, Skipper," he said with phony affability, "been looking all over for you. The boss wants you."

An immense relief surged through Bob at this bit of unbelievable luck. At the same instant, he realized that this must be camouflaged. "I'm not working here any more. Remember? I quit." He started to walk past. Goldie grabbed Bob's arm. "Don't gimme no bad time, Charles. April said bring you in and I'm bringing you in, see?"

"If April wants to see me, he can look me up!" Bob snapped. He tensed his muscles.

Suddenly Mrs. Charles popped through the dining-salon door. "Bobby, dear!" she caroled. "Whoever do you reckon is here? Cousin Bartholomew!"

"Cousin Bartholomew?" Bob said. "Since when?"

"Since about an hour ago," Mrs. Charles bubbled. "Come, dear," she latched on to his other arm, "and speak to him."

"He ain't got time," Goldie growled, tightening his own grip. "He's gotta go see the boss."

"Well, I've got to see Mr. April, too, dear," Mrs. Charles said to Bob. "About a room for Cousin Bartholomew. He's absolutely worn out, and he simply *must* get to bed."

Propelled by his mother and Goldie, Bob allowed himself to be rushed along between them. Mrs. Charles was still chattering away when they reached April's private office.

Goldie opened the door and said harshly, "Here he is, boss."

April straightened from a file case. "Well, well, Bob. Come in."

"I think you should know, Mr. April," Mrs. Charles said severely, "that Mr. Bartholomew Richards, president of Richards Aircraft, has been sitting out there in the dining room for hours, because Mr. Mike says there's no room—and he just out of a sickbed! If he has a relapse, it will be all your fault, and I am sure he can sue or something. I've tried and tried to see you—"

She broke off momentarily, because she had tripped on a pile of ledgers lying in the middle of the floor. "Really," she said indignantly, "you should tidy up this office, Mr. April. It looks like moving day."

And that, Bob told himself, is exactly what it is. April must be pulling out.

"Sorry, Mrs. Charles," April was saying, "that I wasn't on tap, but I'm pretty rushed, as you can see—"

"It would only require a few seconds," Mrs. Charles said, still indignant, "to speak to Mr. Mike."

"Unfortunately, there isn't a room to be had, just like Mike told you," April said. "However, I do have a vacant suite. I always hold one suite free for unexpected guests who are very important persons. So I'll trade you. Mr. Richards may have the suite—if you'll do me a favor."

"If I can," Mrs. Charles beamed.

"You may not think it's reasonable. I want you to let Bob here take out a flight for me." He did not look Bob's way. He held his eyes on Mrs. Charles's face.

"Bobby will be delighted to oblige, won't you, Bobby dear?"

"Mr. April seems to overlook the fact," Bob said dryly, "that I quit working for him this afternoon."

"Quit?" Mrs. Charles gasped. "Why, Bobby!"

April was looking at Bob now, smiling a smooth, friendly smile. "We all sort of blew our tops this afternoon, Bob," he said. "I was wrong—we were both wrong."

"Speak for yourself," Bob said.

"Why, of course you were, dear," Mrs. Charles bubbled. "So now let's let bygones be bygones, shall we?" She looked brightly from Bob to April. Neither man was looking at her. They were looking at each other, an odd measuring look. Mrs. Charles tripped over to Bob and took his arm. "Now, Bobby dear, I'll be terribly unhappy if you insist on holding a grudge," she cooed. "You two must make up, dear, and shake hands."

"Come on, Bob," April urged, "we don't want your mother to be unhappy, do we?"

"I'd have to do some talking first," Bob said.

"Okay." April jerked his head. "We'll talk."

"Well, then, dear," Mrs. Charles said with forced brightness, "now that it's all settled, come and help me get Cousin Bartholomew upstairs to bed."

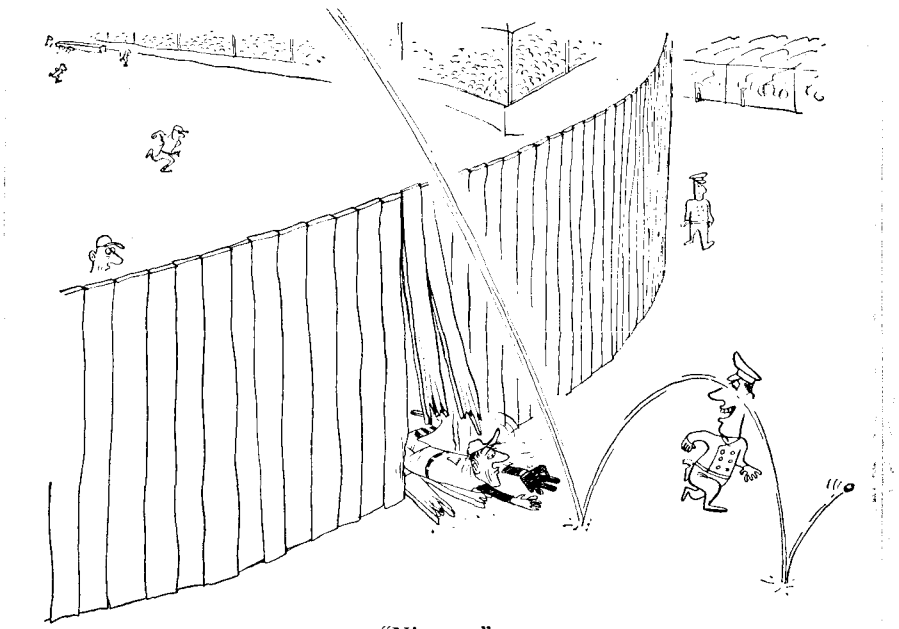
April said, his voice harsh, "Go with her, Goldie. The special suite."

"Right, boss," Goldie said in a relieved tone. "Come along, Mrs. Charles." He opened the door.

"But—Bobby dear," Mrs. Charles sounded a little upset and uncertain, "you really ought to come and just *speak* to Cousin Bartholomew!"

"Cousin Bartholomew will keep," Bob said firmly. "I've got some things to iron out with Mr. April."

MRS. CHARLES felt more than upset as the door closed behind her. Business was business, and women shouldn't mix in it. But never before had she been so pushed about by it. She had an uneasy bewildered feeling about the whole scene—as if she weren't wanted in the room. But that was utterly silly, she told herself. Both Bobby and Mr. April simply adored her society. They were like stubborn little boys, quarreling. And



COLLIER'S "Nice try" VIRGIL PARTCH

Bobby quitting his wonderful job without even telling her. Forevermore!

Back in the office Bob faced April. "I said I wouldn't haul any of your pay-off money, April," he stated evenly. "I haven't changed my mind."

"I wouldn't want you to change it, Bob." April had dragged out the fatherly approach again. "I respect your principles. No, this is strictly on the up-and-up. I want you to fly me to Nogales tonight. Friend of mine's got a big rancho just over the border, and he's asked me down for the holidays. Frankly, Bob, this grindstone's about got my nose down to the bone. So I'm taking him up. Just talked to him on the phone. He's meeting me at Nogales at daybreak. Lots of good hunting down there, he says, so I figure to get in some duck shooting."

Bob gave the dismantled office a slow look. "Using files and memoranda for decoys?"

"Well, you know how it is." April gave a deprecating laugh. "Regular postman's holiday stuff. Take my job along with me. Well, what do you say, fella? Okay?"

Definitely, it was not okay, Bob told himself. He didn't think he had a prayer of coming back from Nogales. Because April wasn't setting down at any border. He was going straight over, and Bob would take him because there'd be a gun in his back all the way. And when he set down somewhere in Mexico—in some cow pasture, likely—the gun would go off. And that would be the end of Bob Charles.

He had to get out of here—and he had to telephone.

"Well, Skipper, what do you say?" April prodded.

"Your port engine's leaking oil," Bob said.

"Since when?" April barked.

"Since this morning," Bob lied. "Noticed it just before I left the field."

"Didn't you tell the mechanic?" April asked.

"Sure," Bob said easily. "But he had a hang-over and said he'd fix it tomorrow."

April swore harshly under his breath. "I'll get him out there," he growled. "By the time you get out there—or before."

Bob said, "Fine," and turned to go.

"Wait!" April ordered. The door behind him opened swiftly, and framed a big towheaded baby-faced bruiser.

"You know Sime?" April asked.

"I've seen him around," Bob said guardedly.

"Sime will get you out to the airport," April said. He held the big man's gaze hard and jerked with his eyes in Bob's direction. The big pale eyes slid from April's face to Bob's.

"I've got to get my logbook and change to flying clothes." Bob tried to say it casually. "See you out front, Sime."

And then there was a gun in his back, and April said, "You'll fly this trip the way you are, Skipper, and without a logbook. Take care of him, Sime!"

LOUISE had long since decided that the thing to do was to occupy her hands if she couldn't her mind. She would pack for the quick departure they would all make as soon as Bob showed up. Because spending another night as guests at the Jacaranda was obviously out of the question. They'd be thrown out if they didn't get out.

When the outer door finally opened, Mrs. Charles entered.

"Have you seen Bob?" Louise demanded breathlessly.

"Just a few minutes ago." Mrs. Charles yawned.

"Was he all right?"

"Of course he was." Mrs. Charles was trotting toward her bedroom. "Such a trying day," she murmured. "Cousin Bartholomew in—"

"Where did you see Bob?" Louise prodded.

Mrs. Charles plumped herself down on the slipper chair, braced the toe of her right shoe against the heel of her left and pushed. "In Mr. April's office, dear." She yawned again.

Louise tensed and leaned forward. "In Mr. April's office? Doing what?"

"Discussing business, child, of course."

"What sort of business?" Louise said urgently.

"Really, I don't know, my dear," Mrs. Charles murmured. "Something about flying."

"That's impossible," Louise said flatly. "Bob is not flying for April any more."

"They're friends again now," Mrs. Charles said. She batted her eyelids at Louise complacently. "I had a talk with them and got everything straightened out."

"Bob can't work for April again, Mrs. Charles," Louise said tensely. "He mustn't. I won't let him."

The telephone jangled suddenly. Mrs. Charles, beside it, automatically reached out for the receiver. "Good evening—Mrs. Charles speaking."

"Mother, this is Bob. Tell Louise—"

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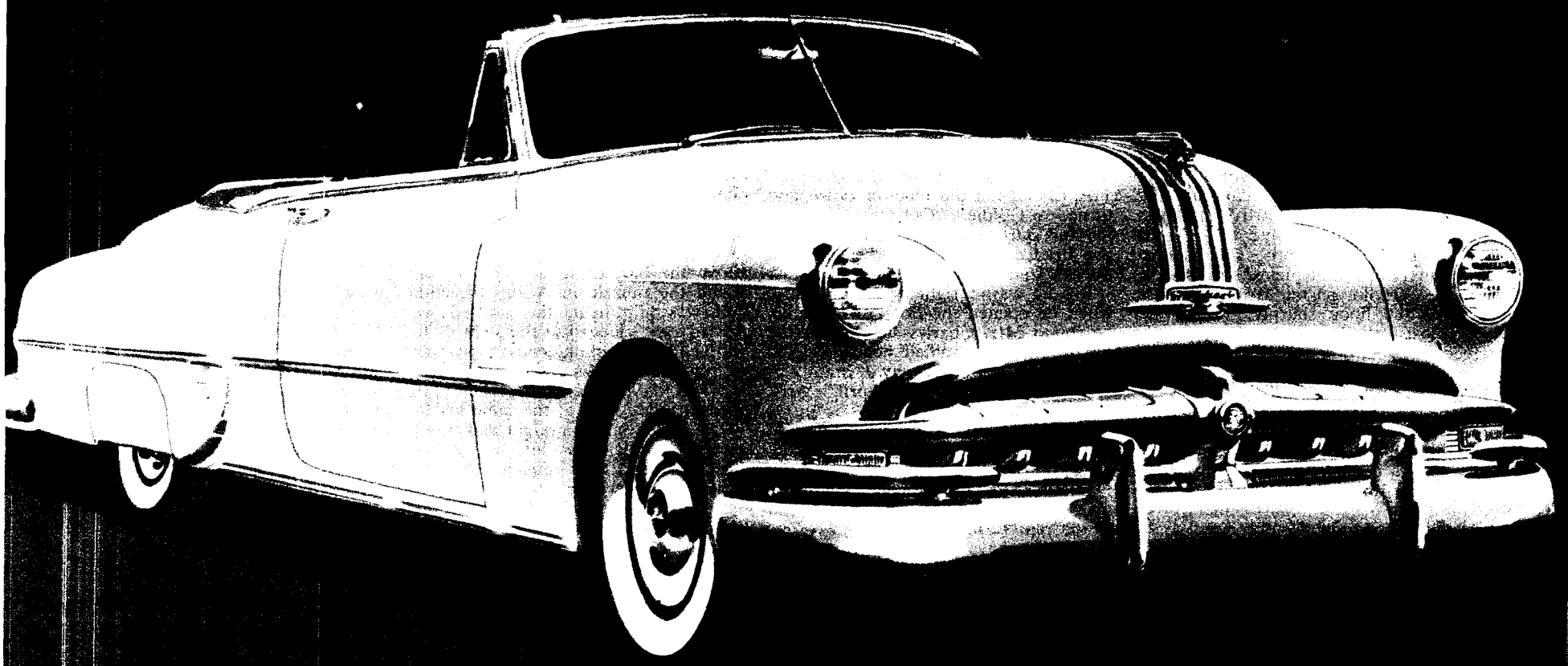
ON WHEELS



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There was a thud. The receiver crackled angrily; a harsh voice muttered, "Smart guy!" Then abruptly the connection was broken.

"Why—that was Bobby," said Mrs. Charles, a little nervously. "He said 'Tell Louise—' and then something seemed to hit him."

Louise snatched the telephone. "Switchboard," she said swiftly. "Where did that call come from?"

"The hotel hangar at the airfield."

"Get it back for me!" Louise waited tensely. She heard the bell ringing distantly and the connection click.

"Hello," said a harsh voice.

"Mr. Charles, please—we were cut off."

There was a slow, maddening silence. The line clicked and went dead.

Louise swung swiftly around to Mrs. Charles. "That was Sime's voice—April's bodyguard! He's got a gun on Bob, I know. They're making him fly!"

"He hit Bobby; I heard him!" Mrs. Charles said indignantly. "Why—this is dreadful." Abruptly she reached around Louise and picked up the telephone. "Hello, get me Mr. April!" She jiggled the hook sharply. Slowly her face lost a shade of color. She put the receiver back.

"This telephone's dead!" she said.

"That's what Bob will be!"

"Nonsense, my dear," Mrs. Charles said. "You—you're imagining things."

"Oh, sure!" Louise raged, and now the words came in a terrific spate: "I imagined Johnny O'Crotty, too! We found him packed in soft cement down in the wash tonight! Bob went to report it to the police! So now you think he's flying Jack April of his own free will? You think he'll ever come back again? He'll end up dead, and it's all your fault. You did it!"

"*I* did it? Why, that's utterly—"

"Yes, you!" Louise was almost shouting now, and she was halfway to the door. "You drove Bob back here to work for April because April would put up with your shenanigans. He had to—you'd done him a big favor—you'd killed a man for him. So now he's returning the favor. He's going to kill Bob! Over my dead body!"

LOUISE was at the corridor door. She jerked it open, slammed it shut, and went racing down the hall toward the stairs.

Mrs. Charles stood a moment. Her mind was working swiftly. She would go first to April's suite, and if his luggage was gone from it, then she would go to the office. But the suite was best for what she had to do.

Two things were needed for this job: the duplicate key to the greenhouse door, and Bobby's present, the thirty-eight-caliber automatic.

She put the door key into one of her housecoat pockets and stowed the thirty-eight in the other. Then she raised the bedroom window and backed carefully out onto the fire escape. She went quickly into Mr. April's greenhouse.

"I was simply positive," she told herself, as she unlocked the steel door, "that I would need this key for some such emergency."

She found April's charming suite in a shambles. Shoes, shirts, socks, vests—bulletproof and prosaic—were strewn over the floor. In the middle of everything stood his big, bright aluminum suitcases. Her quarry had not flown.

She trotted to the bed and poked about. There were at least twenty vests, plain and fancy; and three bulletproof jobs. Mrs. Charles became still and thoughtful. . . .

The telephone in April's hangar at the airport was ringing. The mechanic answered it. He came out to the plane and called up to where Sime held a gun on Bob Charles, while Bob Charles gunned the motors.

"The boss wants to talk to Charles," he said.

"Okay." Sime gave Bob a poke in the ribs. Bob came down from the plane and went into the hangar and said, "Hello."

"Anything I can do for you, Bob—besides bring you your flying clothes?" April asked.

"Yes," Bob snapped. "You can tell this big anthropoid to get his gun off my neck so I can give the plane a taxi tryout. Or don't you give a damn whether it stays in the air or not?"

"Sure, I give a damn," April chuckled. "Know what I'm going to tell him, Bob?"

"I don't care," Bob snapped.

April said. "I'm going to tell him to get in his car—with his tommy gun—and pace the plane down the runway and back. And any time you try to speed up enough for a take-off, I'm going to tell him to riddle the cockpit."

April slapped the receiver down and turned to Goldie. "Get the bulletproof job and start loading." He took up the two brief cases. "I'll get the dough in the safe and be right down."

But he wasn't right down. Because when he opened the door of his suite, he found Mrs. Charles standing at the bar in the pink ruffled negligee. She was daintily sipping a pony of brandy.

"Good evening, Mr. April," Mrs. Charles said.

April's poker face stood him in good stead; it hid his shock. She was, he decided, boiled as an owl.

"Hello," he said brusquely. He swung the brief cases onto an empty chair and strode rapidly into his bedroom.

"We must have a little talk, Mr. April."

April was slamming things into the opened bag on the bed. "Can't you see I'm busy?" he snapped.

Mrs. Charles turned and trotted back behind the bar and refilled her glass. "I do hope," she said conversationally, "that I do not have to take drastic steps."

April reached for the packed handbag and the little black bag, which was also lying on the bed. He strode rapidly back into the living room, tossed the packed bag onto the two brief cases, slid back the wall mirror and started working on the safe before he said, "What d'you mean—drastic measures?"

"There will be no necessity of going into that matter," Mrs. Charles said with gentle dignity, "provided you call Bobby up out at the airport and tell him to come on home and go to bed."

April's long fingers tensed on the combination knob. "*You* go on home and go to bed!" he barked.

"I will not budge from this room," Mrs. Charles said.

"Okay!" April threw down the black bag and straightened belligerently. "If you don't get the hell out of here right now, I'll get on the telephone and start talking—to the cops! And when I get through they'll slap you in the clink for killing Al Conejo!"

"If I am slapped in the clink," she said, and now her voice was coming in little jerks, "it will not be for killing an insignificant little man like Mr. Conejo." Mrs. Charles was having an awful time getting out the thirty-eight. It kept getting stuck in the ruffles of her pocket.

"It will be," she panted, still jerking, "for killing a big front-page gangster like Mr. Jack April."

"Nuts," April said. He lifted the telephone receiver.

WITH a final yank, the gun came free. Mrs. Charles hauled the thirty-eight above the bar, using both hands, and aimed the muzzle in April's direction.

It was like light, the startled way April's eyes widened at the sight of the gun; and the simultaneous appearance of a gun in his own fist.

"Get Goldie for me!" he yelled at the operator. He fired at the same instant.

The bullet zinged straight and true to its mark, which was just above Mrs. Charles's heart. Its impact jarred her uncertain trigger finger and the gun went off. For the briefest of seconds they faced each other, swaying.

Then, like duelists, each with a mortal wound, the two of them went down, Mrs. Charles sliding to the floor back of the bar, April crumpling slowly over the telephone table. The receiver clattered from his hold.

The room was very still for a moment. Then there was a tinny rasp in the dangling receiver:

"Yes, boss? Yes, Boss! Hello! Boss! Boss!"

Not until the sound of the tinny voice had vanished did Mrs. Charles dare to risk an opened eye. She edged carefully to the side of the bar and peeked out into the living room. April was not moving. He was dead.

She scrambled to her feet, turned her back modestly, and untied her house coat. "My, my," she murmured, eying the dent in the bulletproof vest which covered her round little torso. "What a perfectly amazing invention!"

She explored the dent with her fingertip, and was on the point of squatting to retrieve the spent bullet which would, she felt, be a wonderful souvenir, when she heard Goldie's heavy steps thudding furiously down the hallway. Retying her housecoat as she went, Mrs. Charles scuttled into the bedroom.

Gun drawn, Goldie burst into the suite. "Boss!" he cried urgently. "What happened?"

The animal-like caution which had been his for years now deserted Goldie. He ran to April, lifted the inert body from its grotesque drape, and lugged it to the sofa. His gun slid from his hand in the process and hit the floor. He let it lie.

This, Mrs. Charles decided, was as vulnerable a position as she could hope to get. She teetered around the bedroom door, and trained the thirty-eight on Goldie.

"Get them up, Mr. Goldie," she said.

Goldie spun around, his eyes bugging. "You—you mean a frill like you got the draw on the boss?" he gulped.

"Get them up, I said, Mr. Goldie," Mrs. Charles ordered.

Goldie looked wildly about the room and sighted his own gun half hidden under a chair. Then he looked back at April's bloody middle, shuddered, and decided discretion was valor's better part, for the moment, at least. Slowly, his hands went above his head.

Mrs. Charles backed to the telephone, lifted the dangling receiver, and jiggled the hook. "Operator," she said briskly into the telephone, "will you please connect me with Mr. April's hangar?"

THE big plane was idling on the ramp; the pilot's silhouette could be seen, bent over the instrument panel in the cockpit. An overalled mechanic fussed around the landing gear. The high dark hangar seemed empty and quiet, waiting for Jack April's arrival.

It was quiet, but it was not empty. It was crawling with concealed—and heavily armed—federal men. The mechanic was a federal man. And the pilot in the cockpit was not Bob Charles. Bob was sitting in a shiny government automobile, well out of gun range, holding a still shuddering and frightened Louise Jones in his arms.

"Darling," said Louise, "how did you ever get word to the Treasury boys when Sime had a gun in your back?"

"Oh, that was very simple," Bob said. "I just used my head—and the radio. I called the tower and told them to get the federal boys out here in a hurry!"

Inside the hangar, the telephone rang with a loud empty sound.

"Hello," Mrs. Charles cooed to the low-voiced federal man who answered. "Bobby dear?"

"Who's talking?" said the federal man guardedly.

"Mrs. Robert Lee Charles II. I'd like to speak to my son, please."

"He's busy," the federal man said.

"You tell him," Mrs. Charles ordered, "that he can stop whatever he's doing, and come in and get some sleep now."

"Okay." There was obvious haste to be away in the federal man's voice. "Good-by."

"Wait a minute!" Mrs. Charles cried. "Are the officers of the law out there?"

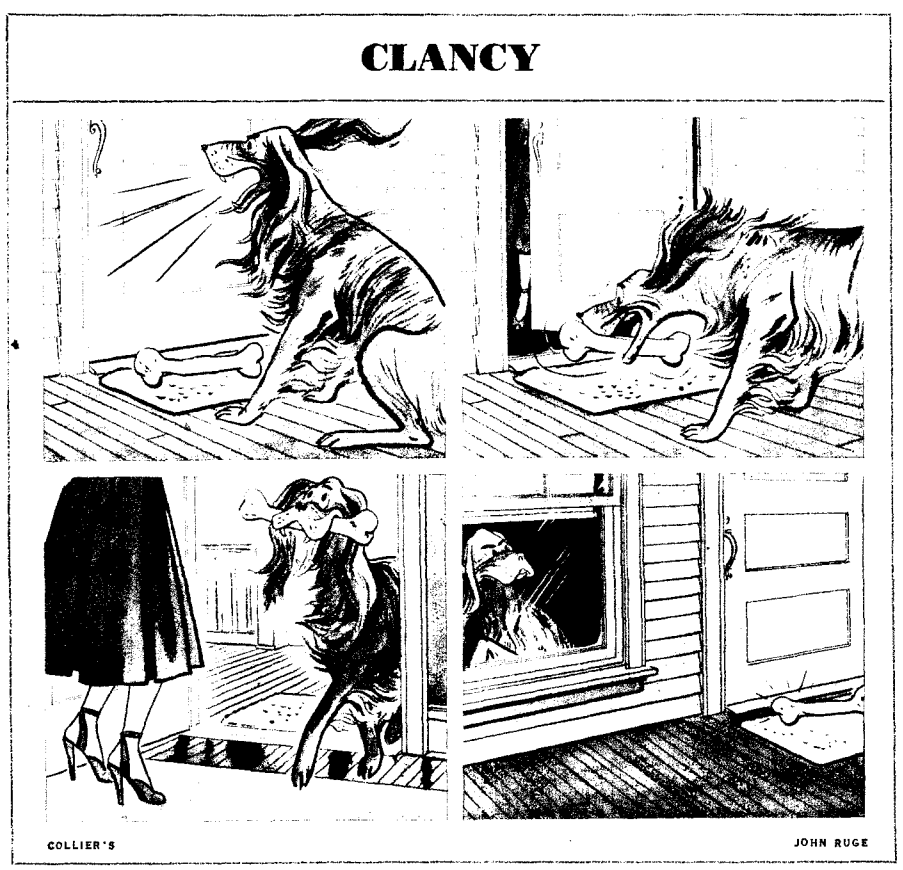
"Everything's under control, Mrs. Charles. Good—"

"Don't hang up yet!" Mrs. Charles said. "Are you a policeman?"

"Well, sort of," the federal man said. "Look, Mrs. Charles, we've got to keep this line clear—"

"Oh, for pity's sake!" Mrs. Charles cut in sharply. "What are all you men wasting time out there for, when I need you so badly up here?"

"Up where?" the federal man demanded.



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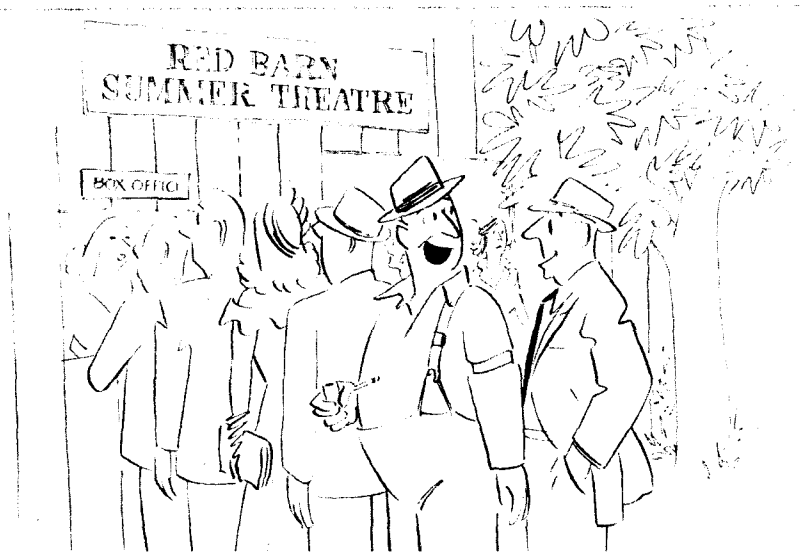


COLLIER'S "I wouldn't want to miss this. Last Saturday I saw the cast having a picnic in a patch of poison ivy" LARRY HARRIS

"In Mr. April's suite," Mrs. Charles said. "Where I am now holding Mr. Goldie at bay with a gun—"

"Where's April?" the federal man barked excitedly. "What's he doing? Where'd he go?"

"He's doing nothing and he's going nowhere," said Mrs. Charles. "I've been trying to tell you. He's dead."

ON THE morning after Jack April's death, the Jacaranda's hotel service was not functioning so smoothly. The housekeeper, for example, was running her staff from a temporary setup down in the laundry, because a society reporter was using her private telephone in the linen room. This telephone was hooked up to the Evening Ledger editor's desk in Pasadena, and the rather waspish reporter was on the wire, shouting, "Can I help it if Mrs. Charles is still asleep? She was up late last night, shooting April—"

"Oh, there you are, Miss," Bob Charles called from the door. "Mother is now receiving the press—up in Mr. Richards' suite."

"Put a rewrite man on here and hold the line," the reporter yelped.

Crisp morning sunlight spilled into the Special Suite and all over Bartholomew Richards. He was propped up in bed, drinking hot coffee, which Mrs. Charles had thoughtfully laced with a few grains of sedative to keep him relaxed.

"Gad, this is quite a hotel!" He smiled at Mrs. Charles. "I didn't hear a sound all night."

"Sweet," Mrs. Charles gave him a smile and a pat. "Very sweet, Bartholomew. Now, if you're quite ready, dear, I'll bring in the press."

Bartholomew leaned back in a benevolent haze as Mrs. Charles tiptoed to the door. She slipped out to the living room, where Louise Jones was helpfully sketching in details of the late massacre for the benefit of the newspaper reporters.

"I must insist," Mrs. Charles ordered regally, "that none of you gentlemen mention last night's unhappy commotion to Mr. Richards."

"Why not?" asked a wire-service man.

"Because Mr. Richards is a sensitive and a sick man," Mrs. Charles said severely. "We must all pull together to keep his brave old heart beating."

The society reporter from Pasadena burst into the room at this point, followed by Bob Charles. Mrs. Charles greeted her with the friendly condescension of a new-made queen.

"You have entirely missed the story of Mr. April's passing, dear," she said. "Later, I will try and reconstruct—"

"The hell with Mr. April!" the girl snapped. "I want to see Mr. Richards."

"Then let's go in right now," Bob said. He opened the door and ushered the combined press to the presence.

"Well, well, good morning, my friends," Bartholomew boomed foggily. "We'll strike a blow for the stockholders, eh? Just put in your story that I'm back in harness, and Richards Aircraft will pick up ten points!"

"Tell them, dear," Mrs. Charles said, "who is to be in harness with you."

Bartholomew cleared his throat importantly. "As my executive assistant at the plant," he said, "I have appointed Robert Lee Charles III. Bob Charles will take over as soon as he returns from his honeymoon with this lovely young lady, Miss Louise Jones."

The Pasadena society reporter looked at her wrist watch. She had eight minutes to make the final edition. "Mr. Richards," she demanded, "what's the dope on this hearts-and-flowers deal?"

"She means about *us,* dear," Mrs. Charles prodded.

Bartholomew blinked sleepily. His face broke into a broad grin. "Mrs. Charles has done me the great honor," he said, "to ask me to marry her!"

The girl reporter sprinted out into the living room, slammed the door, snatched up the extension telephone and demanded line transfer from the linen closet. "Listen," she panted to the voice in Pasadena. "That screwball old butterfly's shot two men, landed that old moose Richards, and got young Charles an executive assistant job at the factory! Here's your lead—'Mrs. Robert Lee Charles II, local society dowager'—"

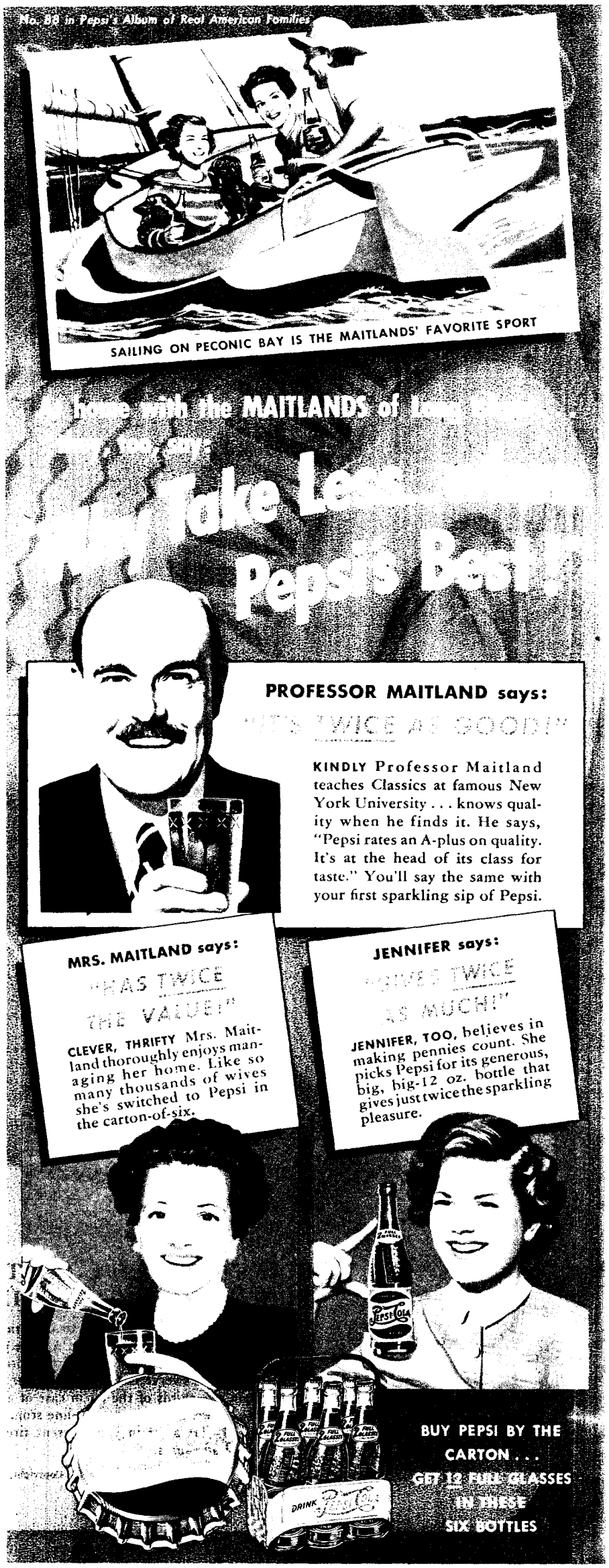
"The hell with that!" cut in the voice from Pasadena. "This isn't local society gossip—this is front-page shooting—national news! The old babe's got to have an eye-catching tag—something like the Black Widow—the Panther Woman—the Leopard Lady—"

"Old hat!" the girl snapped. "The old babe's a terrific character—and she rates a terrific tag—and by God, I've got it! Take this, Joe: 'Mrs. Robert Lee Charles II, of Pasadena, The Iron Butterfly—'"

THE END

Next Week

A GAY NEW NOVEL By Robert Carson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CLEVER, THRIFTY Mrs. Maitland thoroughly enjoys managing her home. Like so many thousands of wives she's switched to Pepsi in the carton-of-six.
JENNIFER says:
"GIVES TWICE AS MUCH!"
JENNIFER, TOO, believes in making pennies count. She picks Pepsi for its generous, big, big-12 oz. bottle that gives just twice the sparkling pleasure.
BUY PEPSI BY THE CARTON . . . GET 12 FULL GLASSES IN THESE SIX BOTTLES
TUNE IN "COUNTER-SPY"—thrills, excitement. Tues.—Thurs. Eve., your A. B. C. station

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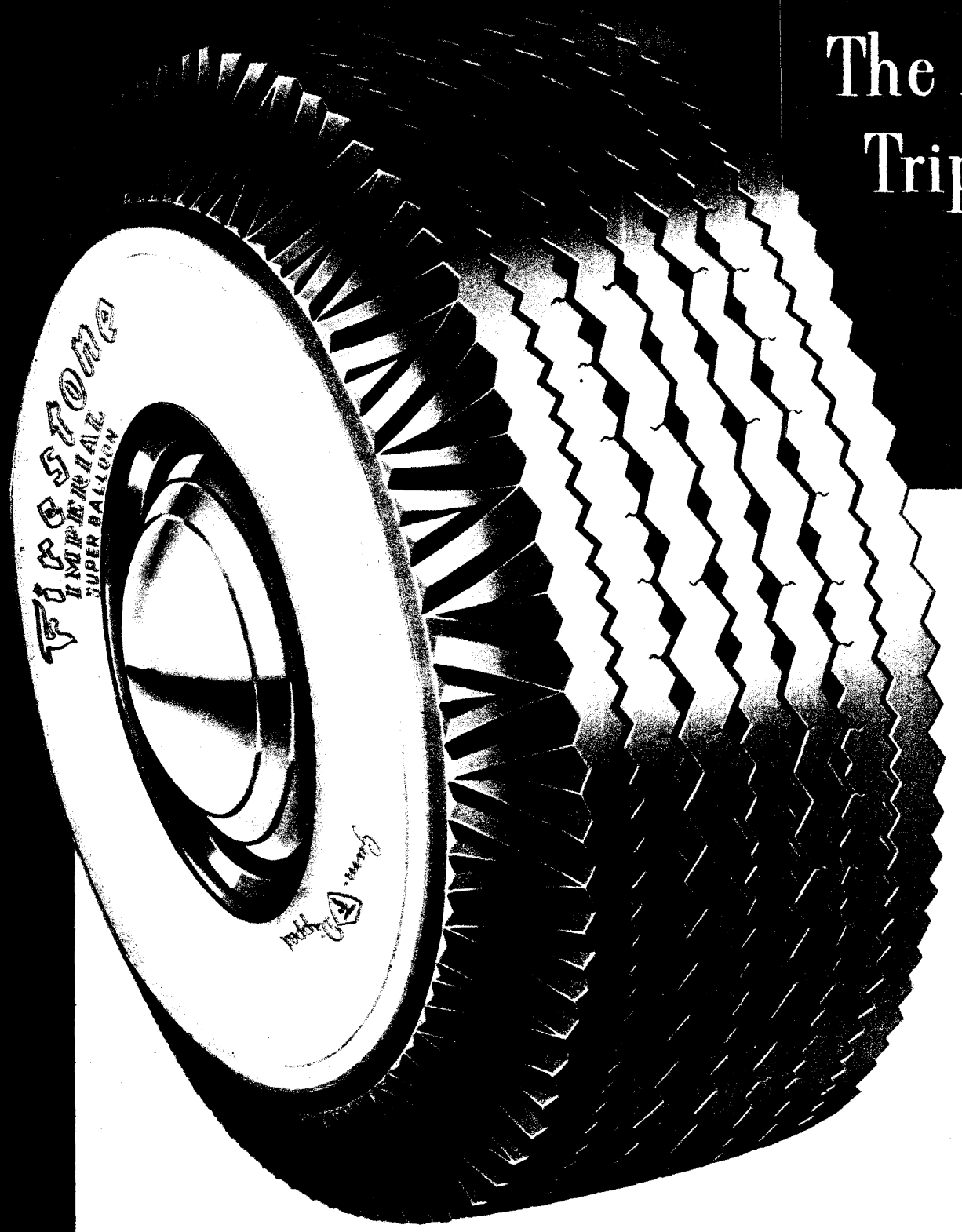
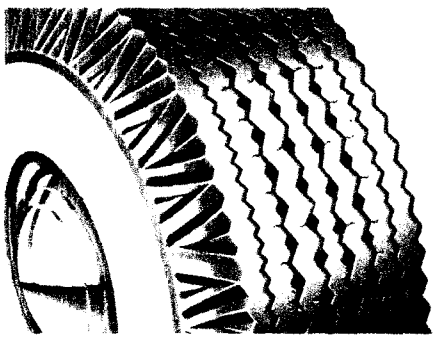
Announcing the Masterpiece

The NEW Triple-Safe F

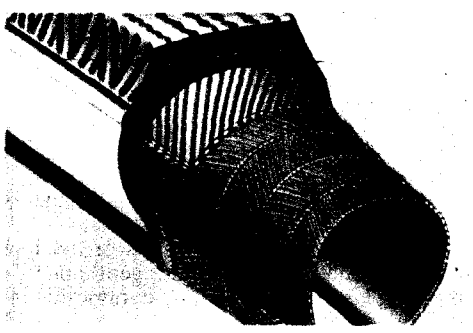
IMPER





NEW TRIPLE-SAFE TREAD

Famous Super-Safti-Grip Tread (1) protects against skidding, (2) protects against loss of traction, (3) protects against rapid wear. You get this triple protection because of revolutionary new Plus-Mileage rubber compounding, greater area in contact with the road and hundreds of exclusive new road-gripping Skid-Resistors in the tread.



NEW TRIPLE-SAFE BODY

Exclusive Safti-Sured Gum-Dipped Cord Body (1) protects against blowouts due to internal friction, (2) protects against blowouts caused by bruises and breaks, (3) protects against body damage which prevents retreading. So strong, so safe, so sturdy that it can be retreaded again and again.

FIRESTONE LIFE PROTECTOR SAFETY TUBES PROTECT AGAINST BLOWOUTS

Although Firestone Tires are built to withstand most causes of blowouts, no tire can stand up under running over a spike or hitting a sharp bump at high speed. Under such conditions, a tire with an ordinary tube will go flat suddenly, causing the car to swerve out of control. But Firestone Life Protector Safety Tubes retain two-thirds of the air in case of a blowout, enabling you to bring your car to a safe, smooth, straight-line stop, even from high speeds, without losing control. Put a set in your present tires and be safe against blowouts from any and all causes.

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of Tire Construction —

restone

AL SUPER-BALLOON

The Safest, Most Economical, Longest Wearing, Most Beautiful Tire That Man Can Build or That Money Can Buy . . .

IN SUMMER or winter, in sunshine or rain, on highways or by-ways, in city or country, here is the tire *you* will want for *your* car. The new Firestone Imperial Super-Balloon is TRIPLE-SAFE on any type of road, in any kind of weather.

Here is another proof that your safety is our business at Firestone. It is the priceless ingredient that is built into every Firestone Tire. All of the men and women of Firestone know that precious lives depend on the high quality of the materials and the high skill of the workmanship that go into our tires. That is why they build the safest tires that money can buy.

The new *triple-safe* Firestone Imperial Super-Balloon is a notable new contribution to tire safety, economy, durability, smartness and comfort. Because of its patented and exclusive construction features, it provides the extra safety and extra mileage that the car owners of America have been waiting for, looking for and hoping for. Now it is here!

So go to your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store without delay and find out how little it will cost to equip your car with this Masterpiece of Tire Construction by trading in your present tires on a set of *triple-safe* Firestone Imperial Super-Balloons.

Listen to the Voice of Firestone every Monday evening over NBC and Americana over NBC Network Television Stations

BUSINESS AT FIRESTONE

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Autopsy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

case and, in our teaching hospitals, medical students—all have a profound respect for the job they must do. They all learn something from each autopsy they attend, as does even the pathologist of long standing who has performed thousands of these operations.

One of the reasons for the interest in each new case is that besides fixing the exact cause of death, the autopsy reveals much about the course of the illness. Disease is a great masquerader and, moreover, is constantly changing. Often it is possible to unmask it only through a post-mortem examination. Symptoms unheeded or misinterpreted in life may then become clarified. All the facts can be pieced together to form a more complete picture of their interrelation and effect than is possible in any other method.

Through the autopsy study, one pathologist has said, the whole medical history of the patient can be reconstructed ". . . because in the organs and tissues of man one can read the telltale story of disease long healed and forgotten—just as the rings of a tree tell the botanist the story of rain and drought, of climatic disturbances, and of a variety of other happenings to which the tree was exposed."

Test of a Doctor's Courage

A good doctor feels he must find out all he can about every case he loses. The extent of a doctor's interest in autopsies, say the medical men themselves, is a fair gauge of his true quality. It takes courage for a doctor to face an autopsy on one of his cases, for the investigation exposes not only the disease in the body of his patient but his own understanding and handling of the case.

That autopsies are indispensable to the medical profession is shown by the requirements of the American Medical Association and the American College of Surgeons. For full approval by these agencies, hospitals must investigate at least 15 per cent of their deaths by autopsy and are expected to try continually to raise their average.

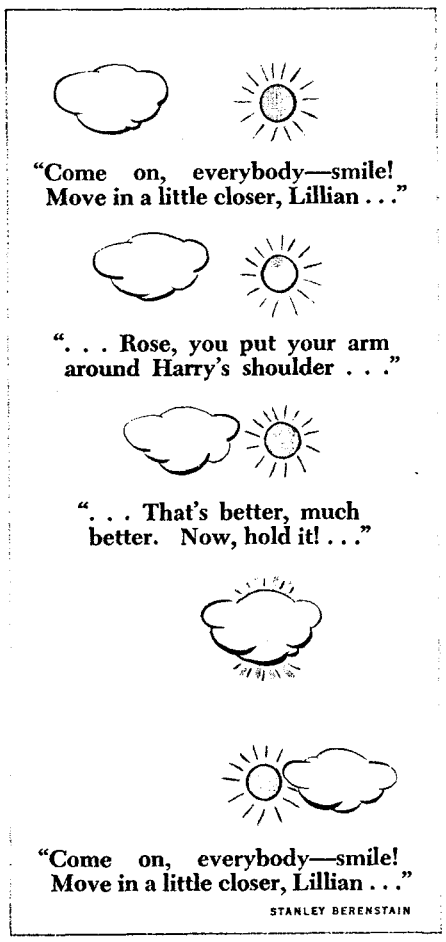
The information gained from autopsies must be carefully recorded and offered to the hospital staff in instructive form. This is usually done through regular conferences at which cases that have ended in death are discussed. The identities of the patients are not divulged. An outline, covering what is known of the patient's medical history, is presented. Various specialists who saw the patient report on what they found. In some hospitals the original diagnosis is then given and held up to challenge and evaluation. Was this or that test given? Why wasn't an exploratory operation done? Was this alternative diagnosis considered?

When the problem has been closely discussed from every angle, the pathologist comes forward with the actual facts that he found at the autopsy. Then—and only then—is a complete understanding of the case possible. These conferences provide our doctors with strenuous mental exercise and, through the autopsy reports, supply them with technical information which otherwise might not be available to them. The doctors are also afforded a continual chance to check on the effectiveness of their work and that of their colleagues at the hospital.

Many deaths following surgery can be explained only after an autopsy examination. Recent investigations of many such unexplained deaths have found that the surgery was technically satisfactory but that the deaths resulted from the failure of the wounds to heal properly because of the weakened condition of the patients. Thanks to this revelation, effective strength-building measures have been adopted to improve the patient's general health before an operation is undertaken.

Some family diseases, or abnormalities, may be discovered through autopsies and the defects explored so that other people similarly affected may not have to suffer. For instance, blue babies can now grow up flushed with normal color because of the development of a remarkable operation which could not even have been visualized had not the faults that cause the blue condition been revealed through autopsies. The appendix might still be a health hazard of major proportions had it not been exposed through these studies and a simple operation found to deal with it where medicines had failed.

Valuable information about the early stages of common, little-understood conditions, like hardening of the arteries, may come out of examinations of deaths which have been caused by quite other conditions and diseases. Just such a chance discovery taught us how to recognize cancer in its early, almost symptomless stage.


"Come on, everybody—smile! Move in a little closer, Lillian . . ."
". . . Rose, you put your arm around Harry's shoulder . . ."
". . . That's better, much better. Now, hold it! . . ."
"Come on, everybody—smile! Move in a little closer, Lillian . . ."
STANLEY BERENSTAIN

Much that is known about the very nature of cancer is autopsy-learned—its behavior in the body, where certain cancers are likely to spread, the way it responds to specific treatments, the fact that it attacks children as well as adults. Other baffling problems, even that of insanity, are steadily yielding some of their secrets through examinations after death.

Not all hospitals encourage the practice of autopsy, but, as previously stated, for continued approval, by the A.M.A. and the American College of Surgeons, hospitals must investigate at least 15 per cent of their deaths. This ruling went into effect in 1926 and today half of our best hospitals can claim a rate of 30 per cent. But the over-all rate, which includes all the hospitals in the land, is approximately 25 per cent, despite the fact that a high autopsy rate is accepted in the medical world as an index of a hospital's quality of service and professional attitude. The Journal of the American Medical Association publishes the autopsy rate of all hospitals approved by the A.M.A. in its annual medical education issue. Some of our leading hospitals manage to keep their rate up to 70 per cent and above.

A high autopsy percentage assures us of three important facts about a hospital:

(1) Medical progress is put before financial return, for the autopsy program is a costly service.

(2) The doctors are working conscientiously to improve their skills and are willing to accept critical evaluation of their work; and

(3) The hospital staff takes good care of the needs of its patients, for if families are not thoroughly convinced of this, they may arbitrarily refuse to give permission for autopsies.

Permission for an autopsy generally is obtained from the person who rightfully has custody of the body. This is usually the nearest relative. When there are numerous relatives of equal kin, some localities require that permission be obtained from all of them, even if they are widely scattered.

Many people refuse to allow an autopsy because they feel that in some way it is a violation of religious tenets. But there is nothing in Catholic or Protestant teaching that forbids scientifically conducted autopsies. Among orthodox Jews, however, the performance of autopsies is generally restricted to special cases in which there is varied interpretation as to the cause of death. Reformed Judaism has no religious objections to autopsy.

Catholics may be reassured by the fact that autopsies have been performed on a pope, Alexander V; on Saint Ignatius de Loyola, founder of the Jesuits; and on numerous Catholic rulers throughout the centuries. And, as a matter of practice, church-controlled hospitals carry on autopsy programs that are generally indistinguishable from those of other hospitals.

Although honest religious misconceptions do account for some of our objection to autopsy, a survey by the School of Medicine of Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, showed that the largest number of refusals there were due to a mixture of prejudice and misunderstanding.

Many mourners thought they already knew the cause of death. Some people didn't want the body "touched." Some refusals could be traced to the influence of backward morticians who jack up their prices on the grounds that an autopsy prevents them from doing satisfactory work. Competent embalmers, however, say that they have no difficulty preparing a carefully examined body and do not discourage autopsies. In many places, including New York and Cleveland, morticians have co-operated with the pathologists and the hospitals in working out harmonious procedure.

Gratitude Inspires Consent

In another study of how people respond to autopsy requests—this one made by Memorial Hospital, New York City—women were found to say "no" more often than did men. But with men and women alike, the closer the bereaved was related to the patient, the more likely was he or she to withhold permission. This survey revealed that what moved people most to give consent was gratitude for good service during the patient's stay in the hospital.

Such gratitude, heartfelt though it may be, is a poor substitute for the full understanding of the worth of these scientific studies. Enlightened men in their past have recognized the value. Some of the outstanding people whose bodies were studied by autopsy included Malpighi, the famous 17th-century Italian anatomist; Samuel Pepys, the English diarist; Napoleon, Lincoln and a number of other Presidents. Napoleon, who suffered from cancer of the stomach, requested specifically that his body be well examined and any facts that might help his son avoid a similar end be passed on to him.

Historically, the adoption of the practice of autopsy examinations marks the division between primitive and modern medicine. Early taboos against examining the dead kept our first doctors in almost total ignorance of the inner structure of the human body. Consequently, diseases were long wrapped in superstition, interpreted variously as the work of demons, an excess of blood, or a turmoil of conflicting body fluids.

Pioneer Post-Mortem Studies

In the restless, questioning climate of the Renaissance, the desire for firsthand inquiry triumphed; artists and scientists began to examine the human anatomy; doctors searched the body after death for visible answers to the aches and fevers that had assaulted it during life. In 1761, an Italian medical professor, Giovanni Battista Morgagni, had made a vast, lifetime study of patients, having systematically correlated facts on their physical conditions before and after their deaths. Disease was shown to be based in the organs of the body, and the autopsy was established as the key to its scientific understanding.

In the 19th century, autopsies were introduced as an integral part of medical teaching methods in the famous centers of Europe. Vienna, where the work was pioneered, drew brilliant men from many countries. Autopsies were easily available there as, under German law, no actual consent of the family was necessary. One of the most famous men in Vienna at that time, Carl Rokitansky, performed some 30,000 of these examinations and had access to information from twice that number.

As long as the autopsy students made their observations with only the naked eye, disease could be traced no further than the tissues of the body. It took the microscope to track down the cell as the basic unit of the body and the final haunt of disease. In the 100 years since this discovery, doctors have been devising methods and instruments to determine the condition of the cells within the living body and, so, locate and identify our ailments.

Although great advances have been made in this direction, correct diagnosis still remains the hardest and most fundamental part of our doctors' job. Some idea of how difficult this is, can be gained from studying a survey of the causes of death of 25,066 cases selected over a ten-year period. The doctors' lifetime diagnoses were checked against autopsy diagnoses. In about a third of these cases the doctors' diagnoses were not borne out by the autopsy findings. Ulcer of the stomach, for example, was thought to have been responsible for 175 of the deaths, but was found to have caused only 116 of them.

But even though a careful autopsy examination provides the pathologist with quantities of information unavailable during life, some deaths still defy satisfactory explanation. Our doctors need all the help we can give them to develop and extend their ability to diagnose us from our outward symptoms. Autopsy studies are their best means of learning and of continually measuring their skill. Denying them this is denying ourselves our chance for the best possible medical care. THE END

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Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

of the so-called "atom." We feared the military would use it to wage war and the civilian group might use it indiscriminately or foolishly, therefore precipitating a war.

But, after reading carefully and discussing thoroughly the various points brought forth by Mr. Lilienthal, we have come to the conclusion that the most sensible and safest thing that can be done is to leave the Atomic Energy Commission in civilian hands. LARRY WEINSTEIN,
Jewish War Veterans of the U.S.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

. . . I am afraid that you have been too flattering in your characterization of me. Far from being a "noted scientist," I am not a scientist at all. My scientific experience is limited to the minimum science courses of my college days.

DAVID E. LILIENTHAL, Chairman, Atomic Energy Commission, Washington, D. C.

Shame!

EDITOR: Shades of Frank Vizetelly and Wilfred Funk! That I should live to see the day when an editorial in Collier's should bear the headline Leave Us in Too, Henry, instead of Let Us in Too, Henry (May 28th).

No grammarian or lexicographer could possibly condone such an error. Shame on somebody!

ALTON G. MACKENZIE, Philadelphia, Pa.

Heck, we know better. We was just funnin'.

Glad to Do It

EDITOR: That was a splendid picture of Robert Montgomery (Nobody Pushes Bob Around, June 4th)—the best I have ever seen of him.

I wish you would publish a similar picture of Bing Crosby in your next issue. Mr. Crosby will always be my favorite singer. Please grant my request if you possibly can.

ROSLYN DOWNING, Indianapolis, Ind.

Man Meets Cow

EDITOR: I enjoyed Dickson Hartwell's article on Hank Myers—Pilot to the Big Brass (June 4th), first because Hank is from Fort Worth, and second, because being employed by Texas Engineering and Manufacturing Company, who recently overhauled the Sacred Cow, I had the privilege of going through that famous plane. Everything is as described—the elevator is still in it and still hard to find!

Hartwell says the public has never been permitted inside the "Cow," but you can tell him that part of the public has!

DELTON E. MABE, Fort Worth, Texas

Long Look Suggested

EDITOR: Congratulations for the excellent and understanding article, Ralph Bunche—American Peacemaker (June 11th).

As a white woman, I feel like cheering every time I hear of one more member of the Negro race who has made good by reason of his own efforts and talents, despite the tremendous obstacle of racial discrimination.

It seems to me that the hotel and restaurant owners, who refused this brilliant man admittance to their establishments, must be sadly lacking in the character, intelligence and good breeding which are very evident in Mr. Bunche's photograph. I suggest that they take a good long look at his picture and then a longer look into their own mirrors.

MRS. RUPERT N. YOUNG, Bennington, Vt.

Poster Problem Solved

EDITOR: Thanks for your country auction cover of May 28th.

This saved the poster committee of the Ramsey, New Jersey, Eight Town League for Ramsey High School considerable time in preparing posters for the June 25th "Old Fashioned Country Auction" to raise funds for additional uniforms for the high-school band.

Pasted on board with a few lines giving time, place and date of the coming auction was all we needed. So Collier's plugged the community auction and the volunteer auctioneers plug Collier's. Fair all around.

GURDON SIMMONS, Allendale, N. J.

Promise Kept

EDITOR: After reading the article about Dr. Bunche, and the one by David Lilienthal, I went to sleep promising myself to write a thank you the first thing this morning. I am glad these two articles will be so widely read, and that in my recent wholesale cutting down on subscriptions I held on tight to Collier's. PELHAM BARRETT, Rusk, Texas

32 Sweetless Years

EDITOR: Cathy was lucky to have had insulin ready and waiting for her (My Child Is a Diabetic, June 11th). When my diabetic condition was discovered in October, 1917, insulin was only a gleam in the eye of Dr. Banting. My life expectancy was one more year, and I was little more than skin and bones. Now, almost 32 years later, I'm still around. And I've had more than 100,000 shots of insulin.

I grew and developed normally, entirely without the psychologic benefits of an occasional sweet and from that day to this I have *never* tasted a crumb of cake, a bite of cookie or a spoonful of ice cream.

DOROTHEA STERN, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dog Gone

EDITOR: You are destroying the morale of an entire nation of hot-dog lovers. You are creating and encouraging the worst and most basic kind of inflation. I refer, of course, to that cartoon on page 51 of the June 11th Collier's in which a hot-dog vendor has a sign on his hat reading "15¢."

As it is now, the few hot-dog stands who charge 15 cents do it in a very abashed and shamefaced way. But you have blazed the trail and shown them the way to the 15-cent wiener. It may even lead to an increase in the price of mustard, rolls and sauerkraut.

Gentlemen, shame on you. We have lost the five-cent cup of coffee, and now you take away from us the ten-cent hot dog.

LEONARD L. LEVY, New Haven, Conn.

Spotlight Approved

EDITOR: Congratulations on Sam Stavisky's article, The Lady Who Licked John L. Lewis (June 4th). Such articles are of value in keeping people informed on what's going on in Washington.

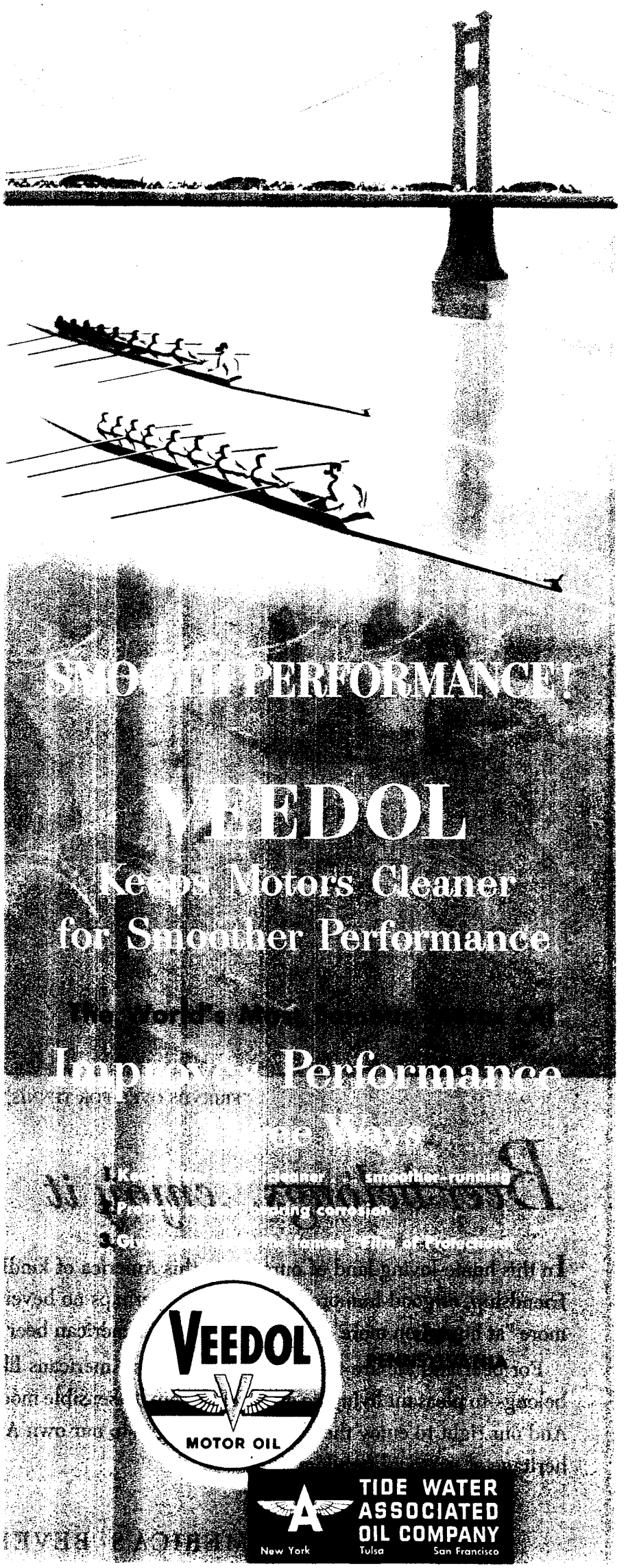
The more the spotlight is turned on the undercover work of irresponsible representatives of powerful groups and interests the better will the interests of the American people as a whole be served.

You are doing the public a real service by making Collier's a crusading magazine.

LESTER J. ODONE, Bogota, N. J.

We Did So!

EDITOR: In your June 4th editorial, Make Your Congressman Write *You* a Letter, you suggest we hillbillies write our lawmakers. Now that is easier said than done. Writing our Representatives and Senators is just like writing to you editors. You will never see this letter. E. L. MORRIS, Fort Smith, Ark.



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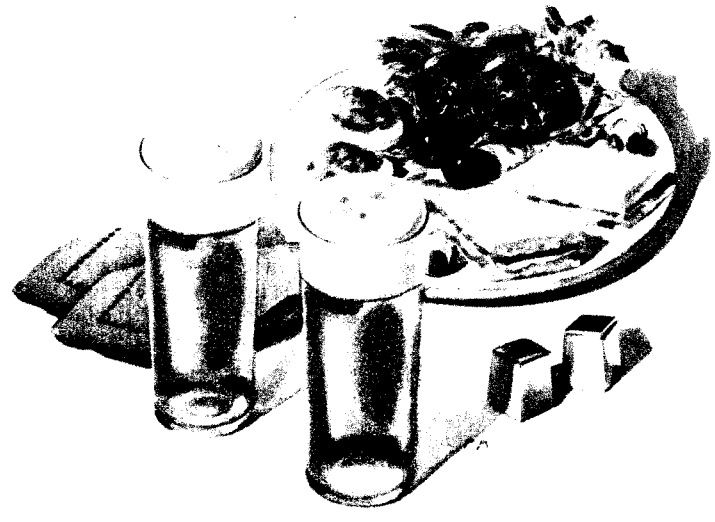
"FRIENDS OVER FOR TENNIS," by Douglass Crockwell. Number 31 in the series "Home Life in America."

Beer belongs...enjoy it

In this home-loving land of ours . . . in this America of kindliness, of friendship, of good-humored tolerance . . . perhaps no beverages are more "at home" on more occasions than good American beer and ale.

For beer and ale are the kinds of beverages Americans like. They belong—to pleasant living, to good fellowship, to sensible moderation. And our right to enjoy them, this too belongs—to our own American heritage of personal freedom.



AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

UNITED STATES BREWERS FOUNDATION 1862

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Just Like I Hate Money

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

the dusk and dropped into a chair beside young Kerry Garnett. "You messed it up again," Shelley said. It was neither a question nor an accusation; only a comment.

"Yes." The boy spread his hands, almost black in the failing light, and looked at them. "The guy was in back of me, nearly in my hair, with this camera—"

"There'll always be a guy with a camera," said Shelley evenly. "Or a kid with a horn. Or something."

"I guess so—" Kerry was completely miserable.

Shelley got up, stripped off his glove. "You better learn something fast, or else get a job clerking. The people don't come out because we're playing golf."

"No?"

"No. We're playing golf out here because the people pay to see us. Try getting that through your concrete skull." Shelley turned and walked on into the clubhouse.

LEFT alone, Kerry sat on the darkening terrace. Lights were blooming inside the club, and he could hear the top layer of the brasses and the lilting beat of dance music. Cars were wheeling into the parking lot, their tires crunching harshly through the gravel. Beyond, toward the jagged rampart that was the center of town, he could see the last stain of sunlight draining off the low clouds. The fairways and manicured greens were already obscured. Heaving up, he walked around the club porch, and was going down the stairs when he passed Larry Crowley.

"Hey!" Crowley stopped and waited for him to come back. A balding, dapper man, Crowley was tournament manager for the P.G.A. Kerry turned. Crowley was rubbing his chin with irritation. "How stupid can you get?" he asked explosively.

"That's hard to tell." Kerry stood still, waiting.

"You blow a putt, try to kill a taxpayer with a golf club, and then don't show up for the presentation." Crowley shook his head angrily.

"The guy was right on my neck," insisted Kerry wearily. "He didn't make a sound until—"

"I know, I know." Crowley nipped at a cigar. "If it hadn't been the last round, they'd have thrown you out of the tournament. Here—" Fumbling in his coat pocket, he shoved a check at Kerry. "Next year they don't want you around, and I don't blame them."

"I don't either," said Kerry.

"That ain't all." Crowley lighted the cigar, his fattish face sharply illumined in the match glow. "The Spiers people were ready to stick you on their pay roll, but their Chicago guy saw you out there today. Now they wouldn't give a $3 bill for your whole family."

Kerry didn't answer that one; there wasn't any answer. Spiers Sporting Goods was one of the top houses. When you got on with them, it meant the end of worrying about the grocery bill. Paul Shelley was their big name, but Paul was getting older and the company was looking for a comer. With bitter regret, the young golfer realized that his circus antic had cost him far more than a single tournament.

Crowley was rolling the cigar across his mouth, watching him. "A bum break," he said. "But you made it. Unless you trade that temper off, you're through in this league. If you get out of line at Patkai Hills next week, I'll bump you off the tour."

"I know," said Kerry. "Thanks." He went down the stairs blindly, and was almost across the parking lot before he realized that he was carrying the check. Shoving it into his shirt pocket, he got into his battered coupé. He drove downtown to his hotel.

As he crossed the lobby, his face wrinkled with involuntary distaste. It was a cheap joint, not like the hushed palace where the headline pros stayed. Getting his key, he rode up in the clanking elevator and closed his room door with relief. He was sprawled on the lumpy bed, letting the last of the tension flow out of his wrists, when the telephone rang.

It was the sports editor of the local Call-Times, and he wanted some background material for a column. Kerry gave it to him quickly, knowing what kind of a column it would be. When the conversation was over, he went back to the bed feeling worse than ever. Through the window, he could see the top half of a bar sign. Staring at the neon radiance, he thought maybe he ought to go over and pick up a small load, to help him sleep.

COLLIER'S

"You girls just worry about the pots and pans. Ed and I'll do the plates"

HERB MIDDLECAMP

As he lay sprawled, with a hand flung over his eyes to ward off the light, he thought of Kathleen. There was always Kathleen. Most of the sizable items in his life had come up and dropped out of sight again. His parents were both dead, and he didn't know his relatives well. Other friends had been important for a while, and then drifted away. But not Kathleen.

LYING fifteen hundred miles away from her, wanting a drink and not having anybody to take it with, he wondered what she was doing. Computing the time difference, he figured she would be in the city room of the Fort Worth newspaper, where she worked. He had often called for her there, and taken her out to bingo parties and dances and all the things that, in the aggregate, were called "society news." Sometimes he had gone in with her, but mostly he had waited in the car while she jotted down her endless strings of names.

Memory has a cruel cutting edge. He could recall exactly her trim figure and her mass of dark hair, the quick intense kisses before she went walking away from the car to be the demon girl reporter. She had even visited him in Camp Wolters, stepping out of the bus in dark radiance for the supervised dances. Just thinking of her broke the back of his loneliness and made him reach for the phone.

He gave the operator all the details, and sat on the edge of the bed as they tried, far down the humming line, the newspaper office and her home. No dice. Could they try again in twenty minutes? asked the operator in singsong detachment. No, Kerry answered, just cancel. Hanging the phone up, he fell back on the bed, and the possibility of a visit to the bar became imminent. I'm only an Okie carrying a golf bag, he thought bitterly, a niblick gypsy. I wonder what the normal people are doing?

That question never got answered. Someone knocked on the door, and Kerry said, "All right," without raising up. Probably one of the boys on the tour, snagged with an extra woman.

But the visitor was a stranger. He wore a wide-brimmed hat and a suit with flaring shoulders, obviously not his own. His thin face was pocked with acne, and Kerry murmured, "Sharpie," to himself. The visitor nodded pleasantly. "Kerry Garnett?"

"That's right."

"There's a fellow wants to see you," said the foppish little man, adjusting his cuffs.

"Fine." Kerry lighted a cigarette. "Why doesn't this fellow just follow you around?"

The man grinned. "This fellow don't follow anybody around," he said. His enjoyment of Kerry's remark was enormous. "But," he added genially, hands in his coat pockets, "he's a real nice fellow."

"I'll bet he is." Kerry waited. The man took a card out of his right pocket and passed it over. With smoke curling from his nose, Kerry regarded the inscription. The card read: *George Bekins. Investments,* and down in the corner, *1412 Watonga Drive.*

Insurance, thought Kerry, annuities. And then his mind caught up with what his eyes had already noticed, and he realized that even the most high-pressure salesmen don't forward their cards by emissaries wearing shoulder holsters.

"So?" he asked.

"He wants to see you tonight," said the dapper man.

"I'm leaving town tomorrow, for Crestwood."

"He's got an office there, too. But he wants to see you in this town, tonight."

Kerry laughed out loud. "And if I don't want to go tramping off to see some guy I never heard of?"

The dapper man looked sorrowful, like a pensive cobra. "It's only business," he said, glancing around at the cheap hotel room. "You hit the ball good, I seen you out there today. With a little business, maybe you could move out of fleabags like this."

Kerry grinned sourly. "Okay. Where is the joint?"

The little man told him in great detail, adding that the location was called the Huntleigh Club, but not to let that bother him.

"A boiled-shirt deal, eh?" asked Kerry.

"If you got one."

"Okay. I'll be there about nine."

"Ten would be better." The little man turned to go, and then hesitated. For the first time, he seemed uncomfortable. From the bed, Kerry watched him fidget.

"I know it ain't kosher," the sharpie said, taking off his hat. "Kinda like nailin' a doctor on his night out, but—"

"But what?"

The little man had sallow skin and his oily hairline was plucked to a sharp widow's peak. He threw the hat on the floor and assumed a golfing stance. "Me and some of the characters go out Sunday afternoons and spray a few around," he explained gravely, lunging at an invisible ball. "None of us any good, but naturally we bet a few kopecks on it."

"Naturally," said Kerry.

THE visitor waggled his thin rump and took another roundhouse swipe, so tremendous that his coattails flew up. "I'm gettin' damn' near a full circle off the tee. I hook the ball so hard I'm in danger of getting kilt by my own drives, when they come back around."

Kerry laughed again. "Turning your wrists over," he said.

"No kiddin'?" The dapper man looked up. "How you mean?"

"Like this." Kerry got up and took a practice swing. Then he did it in slow motion, emphasizing the cock of his wrists. The little man followed him through, crowing with delight.

"That's it!" he announced. "Even feels better. Oh, I'll slaughter them dubs next Sunday." Bending down, he got his hat and slicked his oily hair into place.

"Good luck," said Kerry.

"Thanks, Garnett." The visitor put his hat back on and hitched the gun sling into place under his coat. "Anything I can do, just holler for Nick."

"Okay, Nick." Kerry waved a salute, and the little man went out. The card was on the bed, and Kerry picked it up again. Bekins, Investments. Maybe Bekins wants a free golf lesson, too, the boy thought. Or maybe he just wants me to help kidnap somebody. Either way, he'll probably buy me that drink.

Going to his bag, he took out the battered black notebook. It was ragged, and the binding was liberally reinforced with tape. Carefully, he jotted down the date and his score. There was nothing but dates and scores in the book. In a way, they were the life story of Kerry Garnett. His first tournament round was there, a 98 put together with cut-down clubs when he had been thirteen years old. As he posted the latest one, he realized that it had cost him more than all the other entries combined. . . .

The Huntleigh Club was a luxury deadfall, strictly for the carriage trade. When Kerry came into the foyer, looking well-groomed but too healthy in his

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evening clothes, an imperious-looking waiter approached him, bowing slightly.

"Good evening, sir."

"I have an appointment with Mr. Bekins," said Kerry. "The name's Garnett."

"Yes, Mr. Garnett. Mr. Bekins sent word he would be delayed, and asked if you would wait."

"All right."

"Perhaps you'd care to play?" When Kerry nodded, the man turned back to the larger room. The girl behind the hat-check desk was extremely pretty, and he nodded at her as he unwound his scarf. She said good evening, and that was all she said. No coyness. The gambling room was only half filled, for it was still early, but the roulette wheels were spinning and dice were tumbling across the wine-colored tabletops. The tables were massive, and scarlet damask panels glowed on the walls; the prisms of the chandeliers glittered expensively.

WHEN Kerry asked for fifty dollars' worth of chips, the cashier smiled and refused his money. Going to the bar, he ordered an old-fashioned and took it to the nearest dice table. For an hour, he shot when his turn came, watching the club fill up. He had one good run and nearly doubled his stack. He was waiting to shoot again, thinking sadly of the flubbed putt, when a man across the table crooked a finger at him. Picking up his chips, Kerry went across the room.

They went down a long hall and stopped before a mirrored door. His escort fingered the paneling briefly, and the door clicked open.

"Second room on the right, Mr. Garnett," said the escort, and closed the door again. Kerry went forward and turned into a large game room. A man was playing billiards, alone, at a table in the far corner.

"Mr. Garnett?" he asked affably.

"Yes." Kerry walked over and shook hands. Bekins was a stocky man with graying hair. He had that tended look, like a piece of prize livestock. His taste was good: dark, figured tie and a single-breasted suit of unobtrusive check. After shaking hands, Bekins wiped his hands with a maroon silk handkerchief. One of his forefingers had a smear of green on it, from the cue chalk. When the smear was off, he waved at the bar.

"How about a tonic of some kind?"

"All right," said Kerry. "Bourbon and branch water."

"That's easy." Bekins went to the bar and set two crystal glasses on top of it. Reaching for a bottle, he splashed two generous drinks over the ice cubes, and filled them both with plain water. It was a neat operation, as if he had an instinct for precision. Leaning against the edge of the billiard table, he handed Kerry one of the glasses and murmured, "Luck." Kerry nodded and took a sip; it was good bourbon.

"I won't say you're probably wondering why I sent for you," said Bekins easily. "Because if you weren't wondering, you'd be a jerk. And I rarely send for jerks."

"Uh-huh," said Kerry.

"I'm a betting commissioner," Bekins went on, "and not the smallest one in the country, either. I want something from you, and I expect to pay for it."

"What?" asked Kerry.

The big man smiled at his abruptness, and poked a finger at the ice cubes bobbing in his drink. "That's getting to the point. I want to buy you."

Kerry smiled faintly. "I thought Massa Lincoln stopped all that."

"No." Bekins went on jabbing at the ice cubes. "He just made the auctions private. I own lots of people—prize fighters, dancers, skaters, basketball players—I even own a horse or two."

"Why me?"

"I operate a pool on these tournaments. Not as big as our other stuff, not as big as basketball—but it's growing. It makes a piece of change."

"So about me?"

"So your temper's beat you out of a couple of tournaments, but you figure to be big. I want you for my push angle." Bekins' voice was detached; he could have been talking about the weather, or a traffic accident in which he knew none of the participants.

"And what do I have to do?" Kerry took another slug of the bourbon.

"First, what it's worth to you: Spiers turned you down today, didn't they?"

Kerry was genuinely startled. "Yes, but how—"

"Never mind. They had a contract drawn for eighty-four hundred dollars, in case you won this tournament. You didn't win it. I'm offering you fifteen thousand a year."

Kerry walked around the table and sat down on the other side. The overhead light put half his face in shadow as he watched the gambler.

"We book a predictable volume of bets," continued Bekins. "Set 'em up off the Minneapolis odds. It's like any future book. If a guy with a price gets dangerous, you cut him down."

Kerry's eyes became opaque as he glanced up toward the light. "Don't try to con me," he said softly. "No golfer alive, not even Paul Shelley, could consistently overhaul that wolf pack, with the heat on."

"Yes, that's true." Bekins hesitated. "Maybe, not every tournament, but once in a while, you might have to blow a round."

"Yeah." Kerry nodded slowly. That way, it at least made sense. It meant the syndicate thought he might start winning some of them.

"Every time you dropped one for us," continued the gambler smoothly, "we'd match first money. You could do a lot of things. You could even marry Miss Latham."

"What?" Kerry looked across at him suddenly.

"Kathleen Latham." Bekins was still intent on his drink, which he had hardly tasted.

Kerry said, "You do a job on it, don't you?"

"We try," said Bekins, taking a drink, "not to miss anything."

It was quiet in the paneled room. Kerry looked at the dark walls, at the mounted animal heads and the huge radio set in the far corner. The room smelled of money, the ripe musk he had been chasing so long.

"It's a fine proposition—" he said slowly.

"Yes." Bekins looked across at him.

"Except that my guts are hungry for a win. I'm good enough to do it. I'll take my share, maybe more than my share."

"Okay." The gambler was brisk. "You don't want it, you don't want it, that's all."

"No." Kerry smiled. "Not all." Very deliberately, not turning his wrists, he threw the rest of his drink in the big man's face.

Bekins did not flinch. He only closed his eyes, and part of the fluid stained his lapels and his expensive tie. The ice cubes fell across the green cover of the billiard table, rolling like misshapen dice.

The gambler opened his eyes. The tips of his lashes were spangled with drops of moisture.

"I like to win," said Kerry. "You forgot that."

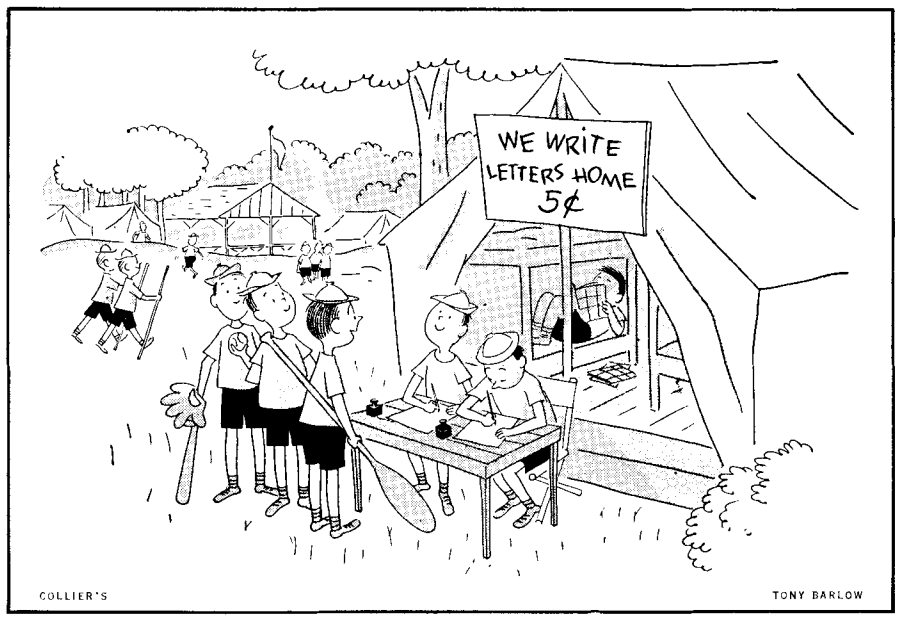
"No," said Bekins. "I figured it."

"Not enough." Kerry moved toward the door. "See you around."

"Without any question," agreed the gambler. His voice was mild. "You're a rockhead, Garnett, and you'll get to be a very sorry rockhead before too long. You'll never win a major tournament."

"There's always the Army." Kerry was at the door. "Or have you got the generals fixed?"

"No." Bekins sighed. "Nobody bets on it." He was mopping his face with the maroon handkerchief as Kerry walked out, toward the mirrored door. . . .



The gambling room was jammed, festooned with hazy blue smoke and humming with noise. The first person Kerry saw was Nick, now resplendent in full dress.

"You made a mistake," said Nick, frowning hard. "It was only a deal."

"I know." Kerry felt the chips in his pocket. "Now what happens? Does he have somebody slug me in an alley?"

"No," said Nick evenly. "He don't play like that. But you shouldn't have been a weisenheimer."

"How about another drink before I go?"

"Why not?" Nick shrugged his shoulders and wandered off through the crowd. Kerry pushed toward the bar, murmuring as he moved around people. He was almost there when he saw Speed Hendricks with the girl.

THE girl was bold as a shout; the excitement of the gambling club was a perfect background for her. She was sitting on a stool with her back against the bar, and her shapely body lines were accentuated by the purple evening gown. Rhinestones glistened on the tips of her slippers, and the dress was slit up to the knee. Her face, framed by hair the color of newly minted pennies, was oval, and her mouth was a glistening slash. Kerry thought of oil-field roustabouts as they circled each other, with intent to maim. He thought of police sirens in the night. As he moved in beside her, he knew that the best way to spell it was trouble.

"Well, well," drawled Hendricks, across her bare back. "If it isn't the old boomerang thrower." His voice was thick, and pure glee twisted his mouth.

"How are you?" Kerry nodded.

"Wonderful." Hendricks waved his drink at the gaming tables. "Thought I'd come down and spend some of your money."

"That's nice." Kerry ordered an old-fashioned, and waited. The girl had turned on her stool, and was staring at him.

"Why his money?" she asked Hendricks impatiently. Her voice was husky and commanding; it was obvious that she was not accustomed to being kept in the dark about anything.

"This is Mr. Garnett, macushla," explained Hendricks with exaggerated politeness. "Another one of the phenomenal caddies from deep in the heart of." He chuckled into his drink. "Had this tournament sacked up, and then took a spoon shot on the eighteenth green."

KERRY didn't say anything. When his drink came, he turned, but the girl swung her long legs around and trapped him against the bar.

"We're talking about you," she reminded him lazily. "Don't be oafish."

"All right." Kerry sipped his drink, feeling the pressure of her legs and smelling the faint perfume.

"Francia Layne," murmured Hendricks. "Master Kerry Garnett."

"How are you?" Kerry nodded and raised his drink again.

"My, how very remote!" She considered him gravely, and he saw that her eyes were green. She tossed her head. The coppery hair shimmered. "Tell me. What does Speed mean, spending your money?"

"It's a gag. I blew the clutch shot today."

"Why did you do that, I wonder?"

"He's an expert at it," said Hendricks, leaning forward and putting an arm around her bare shoulders. "Did it at Phoenix last month. Did it in the Open."

"I don't know." Kerry was watching her over the rim of his glass. She was not really pretty, only startling. Up close, her face looked almost mashed, but the over-all effect was striking. "Suppose you let me go now," he suggested.

She held him pinned in place, like a laboratory specimen set up for examination. "Why do you want to leave?"

"Because," he answered politely, "I can't afford pretty things."

"Have you been gambling?" She shrugged and threw her empty glass on the rug. It did not break, and a waiter hurried over to pick it up. It was obvious that she had done it to see the waiter pick it up.

"Garnett's a fine gambler," said Hendricks with amusement. "Used to be a stick man himself, in some little Texas oil village."

"Yes," answered Kerry, "I've been several things." The girl's eyes swept across his face again. She seemed to be waiting for something.

"Even been in jail for some of them?" asked Hendricks.

"Yes." Kerry drained his glass and put it on the bar. "I was even a hambone middleweight, for a while."

"And flopped at that, too, I guess?" Speed's arm was still encircling the girl's shoulders, and he was vastly amused.

"Never champion, no." Kerry held his hands out, palms up, like a magician demonstrating a trick. Then one shoulder dropped, and his left hook slammed Hendricks loose from the girl. The rich boy staggered backward and fell onto a dice table, trying to regain his balance.

The stick man pressed a button with his foot, and two large gentlemen in evening clothes came deploying briskly through a side door. They lifted Hendricks by the arms, and the dice players scrambled to retrieve their scattered

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chips. The two men carried Hendricks out, his head lolling on one side, blood dripping from his cut mouth.

Kerry shrugged his coat back into place, and stood where he was. Nick came through the front doorway, moving fast, but the girl's fingers twitched, on her knees, and Nick turned around again. She was still watching Kerry. He clucked and smiled at her for the first time; it was a white flash in his tanned face, breaking up the wind wrinkles around his eyes.

"As long as I'm doing something I can't afford, it might as well be something nice," Kerry said.

"I think so," she agreed, and nodded gravely.

"Are you ready to go?"

She laughed and clapped her hands with delight. When she got off the high stool, it was all one fluid motion, like a cat. She went across the room and he followed her. The hat-check girl was ready with their coats. Francia turned sideways, and he hung the gleaming fur over her shoulders. Fumbling for a tip, he found the chips and strewed them on the counter, with a dollar bill. Outside the front door, he looked around. She was not in sight. There was a peremptory blast from the long coupé drawn up opposite the entrance, and he walked over and opened the door.

Francia was inside, but there was no steering wheel. He stood for a moment in the cool night air, trying to figure it out. He was a little heated by the drinks, and his reflexes were slow. Foreign make; it would be on the other side. When he went around and dropped into the low-slung bucket seat, he felt trapped. His eyes ran over the glittering dashboard, and he began to touch the instruments with his fingertips. She laughed, and her toe came over to touch the starter. The engine purred, solid and soft, and he caressed the gear knob.

"Where?" he asked.

"You aim it, and I'll navigate." Her arm described an aimless arc, and the bracelets on it clanked briefly. The long car went sliding out of the drive and onto the boulevard. She drew out a silver case and lighted two cigarettes, putting one between his lips.

"Thanks," he said.

FRANCIA laughed again, and uncoiled in the seat. Without warning, she leaned over and bit him on the ear lobe. Hard. He flinched, swore softly, and touched the injured member. His toe dropped, and the heavy car roared ahead. With the cigarette jutting from his lips and his ear stinging, he began to hum something about having come a long way from St. Louis.

"Yes," she answered mockingly, "but you still got a long way to go."

Kerry kept on wheeling the juggernaut down the road, away from the city. He figured he would find out what she meant before long.

"Why did you buffet El Speedo so hard?" she asked. His eyes left the tree-lined highway for a moment. Her face was an indistinct oval framed by the folds of lustrous fur.

"Because he asked for it, and you were waiting to see it," he replied. "I didn't want to disappoint anybody."

She laughed and pointed out a turn. He jockeyed the car off the highway and into a graveled lane. They roared past two high stone gates and finally drew up before a huge house, set back among the trees. Kerry yanked the hand brake and cut the ignition switch. The motor gurgled to silence.

"When did they put a roof on it?" he asked.

"What?" She was fumbling for her gloves.

"Of course, I couldn't be so cruel as to tell her to her face—but I felt she should know about it, so I told it to a mutual friend and pledged her to absolute secrecy"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

Only the Sun Kisses Me!
I GET A TAN — OTHER GIRLS GET A MAN! WISH I KNEW HOW THEY DO IT!
TAKE YOUR HEAD OUT OF THE SAND — AND FACE THE BAD BREATH PROBLEM, ANN! WHAT YOU NEED, HONEY, IS HELP FROM YOUR DENTIST!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH — HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES — STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS — REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE CLEANS TEETH BETTER THAN COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! AND I SIMPLY LOVE COLGATE'S DELICIOUS WAKE-UP FLAVOR!
SINCE COLGATE'S FIXED THINGS UP FOR ME I GOT MY MAN — AS YOU CAN SEE!
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
ECONOMY SIZE 59¢
ALSO 43¢ AND 25¢ SIZES
Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date

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"Soldier Field." Kerry waved at the pillared mansion. "I thought it was open on top."

"Oh, that." She laughed and got out. "Kept raining in."

"I see." He followed her up to the wide porch. Somewhere, back in the house, chimes sounded faintly and a butler opened the door. He bowed slightly and stepped aside. Francia shrugged out of her fur coat, and tossed it at him.

"Fire in the study?" she asked.

"Yes, Miss Layne."

"Rumpus room?"

"Yes, Miss Layne," the man answered patiently, taking Kerry's topcoat and hat. His face was devoid of feeling, and Kerry wondered what he was thinking. It was like Paul Shelley's face, with all the feeling forced out of it. They went down the long hall, and Kerry watched the girl's body as she moved ahead. Her bare back was perfectly molded, and her hips undulated in the sheathlike evening gown.

The rumpus room was gymnasium-size, finished in knotty pine. Two huge fireplaces flickered warmth from both ends of it. Francia hurried across the parquet floor, gathering speed until she was almost running. With a whoop, she jumped on the long sofa. Her hair flew up and her skirt flared as she bounced. Then she twisted around and stared at Kerry solemnly.

"Where were we?" she asked.

"You bit me on the ear," he said.

"That's true." She made a wry face. "Salty. Make us a drink, darling."

He went to the bar and mixed two drinks in tall, crested glasses. After the cold night air, the firelit warmth of the room was very pleasant. She was still stretched out on the couch, watching him. He walked over and handed her one of the drinks. He was acutely aware of her, and she knew it and liked it.

"Better than gambling?" she asked.

He sat down by her and tapped the edge of his glass. It pinged like a faraway bell.

"More interesting," he admitted, and kissed her. It was a shocking warmth. She pushed up on the couch and slapped him so hard that his head bobbed and his drink spilled. Then she tossed her own glass at the stone fireplace, and put her arms around his neck. He heard the thin glass shatter behind his head as she kissed him. This time the kiss was a long one, and he was raising his head for air when he saw Speed Hendricks standing in the doorway.

HENDRICKS looked rakish, like a custom-tailored brigand. His blond hair was disarrayed, and there was tape across his chin. He was swaying slightly. Kerry pulled Francia's arms from around his neck and got up. She glanced across his face, and her head turned toward the door.

"Very pretty," said Hendricks thickly, and came forward into the room. "You caught me with a sucker punch, Junior. Maybe we ought to do it over, while I'm watching."

"All right," said Kerry, putting his glass down.

Francia was silent; she drew her knees up and sat without comment as the two men moved together. Her lipstick was smeared and her eyes were bright with excitement.

Hendricks hunched his shoulders and lifted a guard. When he was in range, Kerry jabbed out his left hand suddenly. He did not telegraph the punch, and Hendrick's head flew back. A sudden ribbon of blood came winding out from under the tape. Roaring with pain and frustration, Hendricks charged like a blocking back. The force of his rush caught Kerry and carried him into the fire screen. It went over, and both of them went with it. Almost on his back against the fireplace, Kerry squirmed to get leverage for his right. Hendricks was working on his mid-section like a beaver, forcing him farther into the fire.

"Get up!" cried Francia. Her voice was clear; it popped like a whip. She was standing over them, holding a seltzer bottle, and she began to douse them both. Kerry felt the cold stream hit his face and go hissing into the fire. They unlocked and scrambled to their feet. She told them to turn around, and they pivoted slowly, like clumsy models.

CLOTH was burning; it was a strong smell, and Kerry heard the siphon water steam as it struck the back of his coat. Hendricks' coatsleeves were charred. It took two bottles to put them both out, and Francia seemed to enjoy the task immensely.

"Now," she asked, "who would like a drink?"

Hendricks nodded gloomily. He was staring with horrified concentration at a burn on his right hand. Shaking his head, he blew on the seared place and dangled the hand aimlessly. She made them both a drink, and told them to sit down. Breathing heavily, they sat down. She was between them, cross-legged on a large leather hassock, presiding like a pagan princess.

"You needled him into the other fight, Speed," she announced. "Have a right to a return bout, of course, but a fireplace is so messy. It would look so bad in the papers. 'Noted Golfers Toasted in Layne Home.'" That fancy amused her, and she chortled at the two unsmiling men.

"Berserk over me. How nice—" She got up and stretched, and they both followed her with their eyes. "But there's a better way than this ordeal by fire."

"Derringers, maybe," suggested Hendricks. The drink was restoring his good humor.

"No." She shook her head, and the coppery hair danced. "With the weapons you use best."

Kerry looked from his drink. His hair was still glistening from the siphon water, his forehead was plastered by black bangs.

"Both in the Patkai Hills Open," Francia continued. "If either of you wins, then I—will be his handmaiden." She made them a deep, ironic curtsy. "To have and to hold—for a while, at least."

Speed Hendricks began to laugh; it was an exultant, full-bodied sound. "Kind of hard on our friend from Texas," he commented, and Kerry turned.

"Not too hard." He swirled his drink. "I understand you're heavy with chips. Suppose we bet whatever I make on the tournament. If I finish ahead of you, you double my take. Winner picks it all up."

"I'll buy that," said Hendricks promptly, but it was obvious that the bet had startled him. He went on blowing at his burned hand, staring over it at Kerry.

"Now go home," said Francia Layne. "I'm tired of you both."

They got up. She gave each one a thorough kiss and stepped back. Smiling faintly, she told Kerry to take her car and call her in the morning. Then she went out, her skirt swirling, and they could hear her high heels tacking along the hall. They followed her and retrieved their coats, but she was out of sight. The butler gave no sign that he was aware of their burned clothes or singed hair. Just like Paul Shelley, thought Kerry again, and wondered what hours the butler worked. Or whether he was just the swing-shift butler.

It was cold outside. As they went down the porch steps, Speed said that Kerry was coming up in the world, for a country boy. Kerry grinned and answered that it was all one country, just a little more thickly inhabited in some parts. Waving good night, he started the juggernaut and spun it around in the driveway, spraying Hendricks with gravel from the rear wheels. That was worth several hundred dollars, and on the way back to town he hummed to himself and cautiously opened the big car up. When the needle was bouncing on 140 kilometers an hour, he eased it back down, wondering what the take-off point was.

Rain began to fall as he approached the suburbs. Not being sure of his ability to handle the big car in a slide, Kerry held it to a sedate pace. The downtown streets were deserted, and he circled the block around his hotel until he found an all-night parking station.

A LONE attendant was dozing inside the tiny office, and he jumped when Kerry blared the horn. The attendant was a morose-looking man in a faded Army jacket, and he ran his hand over the long hood, with a caressing touch.

"That's an otto*mo*bile," he commented, as Kerry jackknifed out of the low seat.

"Yeah."

"Wonder what she'd do?" The attendant shifted his cud of tobacco.

"I was afraid to find out," Kerry said. He took his ticket and started toward the street.

"Nice babe that goes with it, too," said the garage man. Kerry turned around.

"You know her?" he asked. For answer, the rumpled attendant tilted his nose delicately with a grimy finger and sashayed languidly into the car. It was an absolutely unprovoked impersonation, but accurate, and Kerry laughed out loud.

"Like the rest of the peasants, I only seen her pass," explained the nasal philosopher. "Her old man's got a big summer place north of town."

"I was out there. Rich, eh?"

"Makes turbines." The dour man started the motor, and the roar of it went racketing up and down the streaked concrete tunnels. "They tell me," said the garage man, idling the motor, "that he makes dough faster than he can get an accurate count on it—" Frowning, he spat out the window. "Understand the government's made a deal with him. They're going ahead with the Marshall Plan, and if anything's left over, it belongs to Layne."

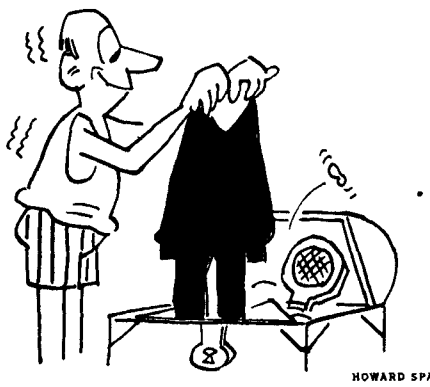
Kerry laughed again, and stepped out on the glistening street. Behind him, the car went whining up the ramp. It was still raining, and the warmth of the drinks was about gone, so he turned up his coat collar and started toward the hotel.

The room clerk, a pimply youth reading a comic book, was slumped behind the desk. When Kerry asked for his key, the boy reached back and plucked it from the rack without getting up. He said the elevator was not running, so Kerry turned toward the dark stairway. As the steps creaked under his feet, he realized that if he were going to do any good in the Patkai Hills tournament, he would have to lay off the parties. Preoccupied, he opened his door and switched on the light.

There was a woman asleep in his bed.

(To be concluded next week)

Picture Postmarks



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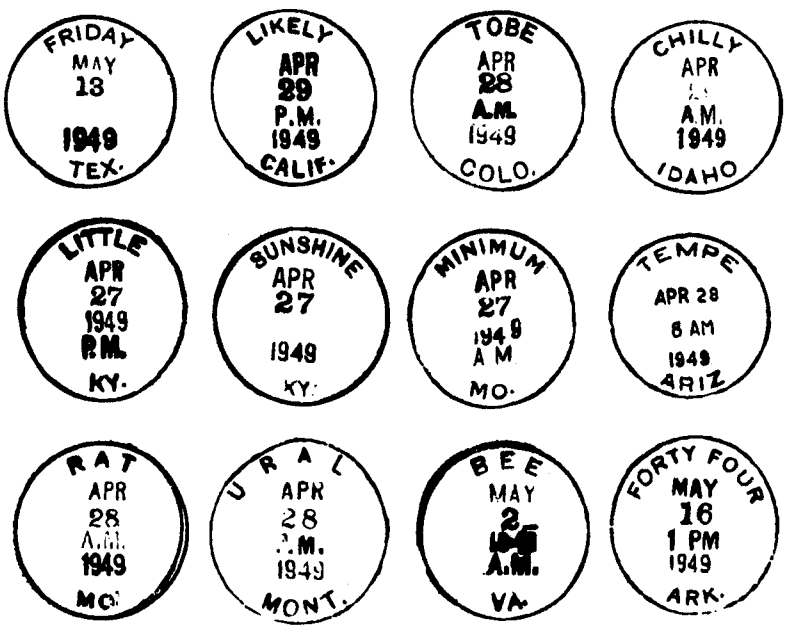
WEATHER REPORT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LIKELY APR 29 P.M. 1949 CALIF.
TOBE APR 28 A.M. 1949 COLO.
CHILLY APR A.M. 1949 IDAHO
LITTLE APR 27 1949 P.M. KY.
SUNSHINE APR 27 1949 KY.
MINIMUM APR 27 1949 A.M. MO.
TEMPE APR 28 6 AM 1949 ARIZ
RAT APR 28 A.M. 1949 MO.
URAL APR 28 P.M. 1949 MONT.
BEE MAY 2 A.M. VA.
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Alert buyers are following the signs to the

New Hudson America's "4-Most" car!

THERE is *one* car that brings you—not just a little "more" of this or that, but *the most* of all the things you've wanted most in a motor car. It's the brilliant New Hudson—the *most* beautiful, the *most* roomy, the *most* road-worthy, the *most* "all-round performance" car of them all. *America's "4-Most" car!*

When you can get all this in the New Hudson—and at a value-packed price—why settle for less? Why not choose the car that *proves* what engineers have always known:

The lower a car can be built, the more graceful its lines can be made, the better it will ride and perform, the more surely it will handle, the safer it will be!

Your nearest Hudson dealer invites you to come in today to see—and ride—the gorgeous New Hudson . . . America's "4-Most" car!

★ ★ ★

Eight body styles in Super Series and Commodore Custom Series. Ten brilliant new body colors. Two special colors or five two-tone combinations—white sidewall tires—at extra cost.

40 YEARS OF ENGINEERING LEADERSHIP

1 most beautiful

Voted by millions—"America's *most* beautiful car!" A low build is the basis for really modern beauty, and the New Hudson, thanks to "step-down" design, is the lowest car of all—yet there's full road clearance. Its stunning lines flow naturally, even to the graceful curves of its Full-View windshield.

2 most roomy

Not just "more" roomy, but the *most* seating room—leg room to spare. The most efficient use of interior space in any mass-produced car; in fact, amazing head room. You enjoy the most riding comfort—ahead of rear wheels, within the base frame, down where riding is most smooth, most relaxing.

3 most road-worthy

Not just "more", but *most* road-worthy! Only Hudson, with its exclusive "step-down" design and recessed floor, achieves a new, lower center of gravity—lowest in any stock car. Result: the safest, steadiest hug-the-road ride ever known! And to all this, Hudson adds the advantages of unit body-and-frame construction.

4 most all-round performance

Your choice of the high-compression Hudson Super-Six engine, America's most powerful Six, or the even more powerful Super-Eight. Center-Point Steering for easiest handling. Triple-Safe Brakes for utmost safety. Many more high-performance, low-upkeep features.

ONLY HUDSON BRINGS YOU ALL THIS: Automatic gear shifting with *Drive-Master Transmission** . . . all-new, high-compression *Super-Six Engine* or masterful *Super-Eight* . . . *Chrome-Alloy Motor Block* . . . *Dual Carburetion* . . . *Fluid-Cushioned Clutch* . . . *Monobilt Body-and-Frame*** . . . *Safety Jack Pads* under frame . . . *Demountable Individual Fenders* . . . *Wide-Arc Vision* . . . *No-Glare Instrument Panel* . . . *Super-Cushion Tires* . . . *Safety-Type Rims* . . . *Weather-Control Heater-Conditioned-Air System**.

*Optional at slight extra cost

**Trade-mark and patents pending

New Hudson

ONLY CAR WITH THE STEP DOWN DESIGN

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Johnny's Our Boy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

Brackett, for example, considers him one of the most promising screen actors he has seen, and Broadway has tried to lure him back to the legitimate theater with nine offers in the past two years. He is in constant demand as a loan-out—an encouraging sign—and Paramount, having borrowed an actor from 20th Century-Fox not long ago, will shortly be required to ship him over to Fox to complete the deal. So far as Fox was concerned, it was Lund or nobody.

Youth Behind the Eight Ball

The city of Rochester, New York, now proudly claims Lund as "our boy," Lund having been born there in 1913, but it is a matter of record that for a good many years Rochester would have gladly traded him for almost any other youth in America. He was especially hard to keep in school, and at one time or another he experimented in several different forms of getting in and out of trouble. Mostly, however, he shot pool, and in retrospect it appears that he spent the better part of a decade worrying the eight ball into the side pocket.

Lund's father was an immigrant Norwegian glass blower who never quite grasped America. Ultimately he stopped trying and confined himself to one stock remark, which he employed as the universal answer. To all questions put to him, no matter what the subject, he answered, "Ay tank Teddy Roosevelt good man."

John inherited this weariness. After nine years of answering silly questions in school, he announced to his teacher that he was moving to Cleveland, and his teacher bade him Godspeed. Unfortunately, however, John did not go to Cleveland. He went to work in a Rochester clothing factory. Shortly thereafter, a probation officer spied him skipping along the street one day, jingling his money, and John reluctantly went back to the ninth grade to avoid being clapped into reform school.

Within a matter of weeks, however, he was discovered holding a banana which had disappeared mysteriously from a classmate's lunch pail. In no time at all he was haled before the principal.

"Who sent you?" the principal asked.

"Miss Clark," Lund answered.

"Which Miss Clark?" the principal asked. "There are two of them."

"The one on the third floor," Lund said.

"They are both on the third floor," the principal advised Lund. "Was it the Miss Clark who teaches history or the Miss Clark who teaches English?"

Lund racked his brain. Finally, he surrendered. "You've got me," he said.

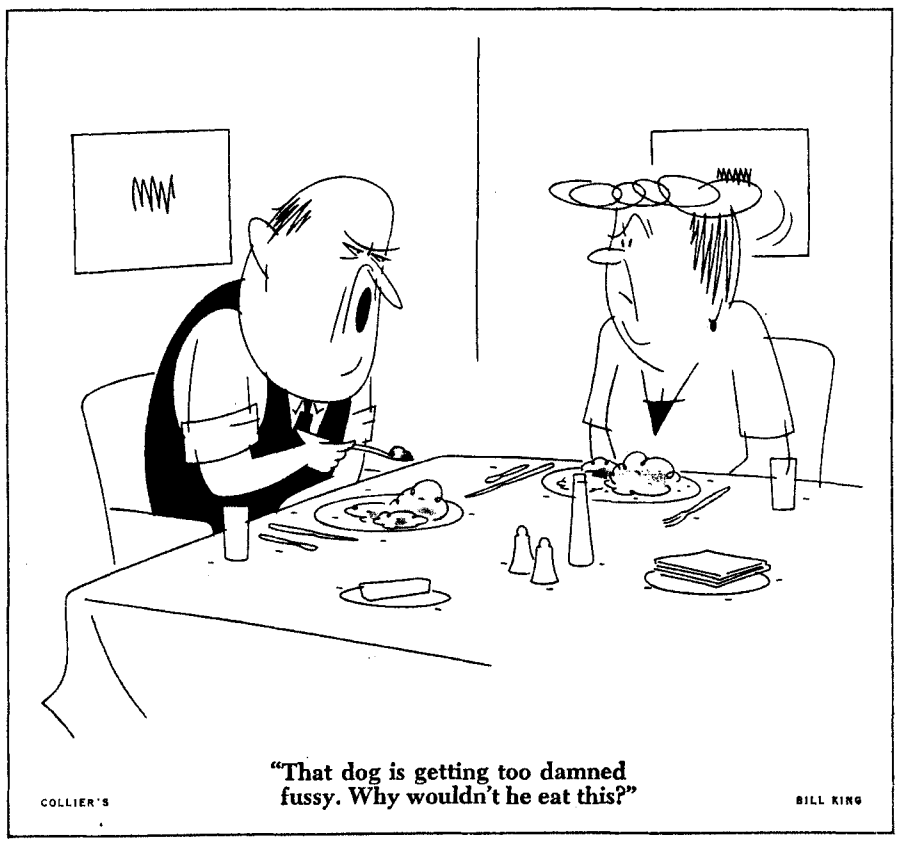
This time the authorities made no attempt to hold Lund in school. A divorce was quickly granted on grounds of incompatibility.

Lund spent the next few years indulging his free spirit. He soared on carefree wings with such abandon that he soared through a store window one fateful afternoon, and to avoid capture he took refuge in a public library. While musing over his bad luck he encountered a volume of H. L. Mencken on a dusty shelf, and for some reason which he still cannot explain he was converted. Lund still feels that if he had not been forced to hide in the library he would never have discovered the arts.

As it was, he came perilously close to winding up as a confidence man or the kind of sharpy he plays in My Friend Irma. At one point in his erratic career he hit upon the idea of curing people of the tobacco habit and he was soon marketing his patented remedy, "Smoke No More." Lund composed a stirring essay on will power, filled some homemade cylinders with cotton dipped in essence of tobacco and took an office. Either no one wanted to stop smoking or Lund's remedy was not so potent as advertised; in any case, he never realized enough in the way of profits to pay the rent.

Lund then adopted a business alias, "Dept. B, Desk 9, Post Office Box—." From this vantage point he sold instructions on how to escape from trunks, handcuffs and rope ties. When this was not successful, he switched to selling mail-order courses in mind reading. The mind-reading courses, as luck would have it, were so complicated that nobody could follow the instructions, and to this day Lund cannot recall anyone who advanced past the first lesson.

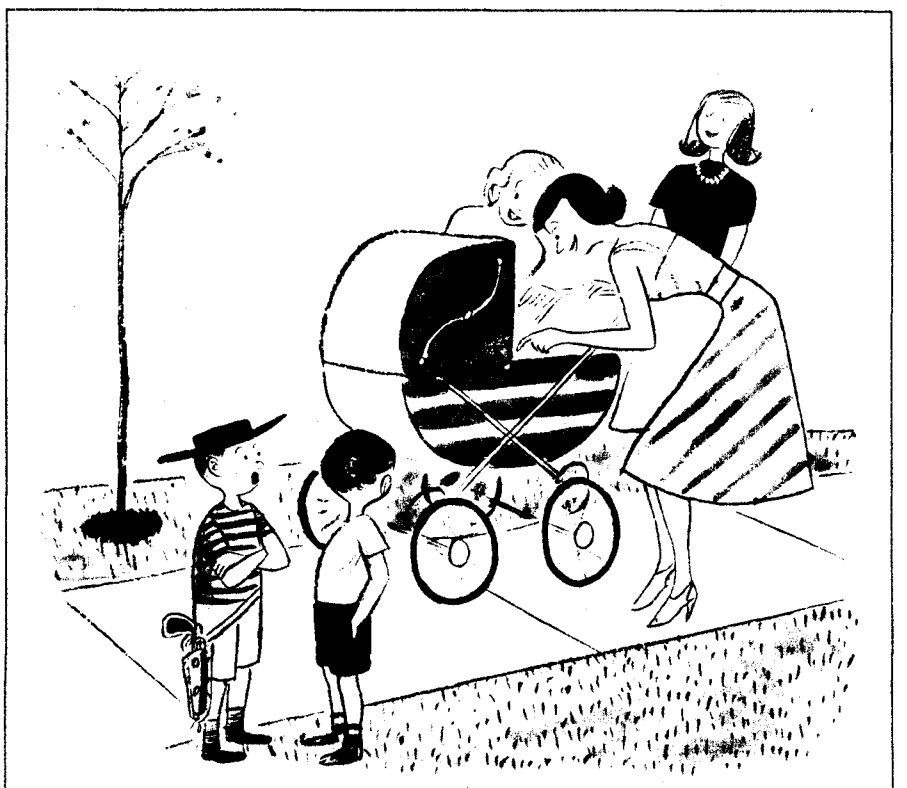
In desperation, he set himself up as an expert in sales letters in an attempt to salvage something from his various enterprises. Unfortunately, he missed the target here, too, although for a few optimistic clients he did devise some interesting letters based on an old letter in his possession which began, "Have you ever felt the thrill of the perfect girdle?"



COLLIER'S

"That dog is getting too damned fussy. Why wouldn't he eat this?"

BILL KING



COLLIER'S

"They can get as excited over a new baby as you or I would over a new bicycle"

CHARLES PEARSON

Lund wandered into the theater when a friend, finding him at liberty between business ventures, induced him to play the role of Agate Keller, the taxi driver, in a Rochester union-hall version of Waiting for Lefty. After this brief apprenticeship, he dabbled without much enthusiasm in summer stock and finally went to New York, where, after several false starts in the circular advertising business, he settled for $35 a week as a spear carrier in the railroad pageant at the World's Fair.

After the fair closed, he began leaping nimbly from job to job again. He worked for an ad agency; left it for a small part in As You Like It which required him only to cry, "Ho, he comes!" once a night; turned up next in television; abandoned television for a role in Early to Bed; bounced into the firm of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn; wrote the Billie Burke radio show; married a pretty model named Marie Charton after proposing in a canoe; was signed, tested, and found wanting by Paramount; landed in The Hasty Heart; and finally, after the prevailing fashion, was rediscovered by Paramount the second time around and was packed off to Hollywood.

Reluctant to Leave Radio

Thanks to The Hasty Heart, Lund is now a movie star, but he nearly zigged when he should have zagged. When he was first invited to read for Howard Lindsay and Russell Crouse, coproducers of the play, he demurred on the grounds that the $600 a week he was earning in radio was more negotiable than a part in The Hasty Heart. Under urging, however, he shuffled over to Lindsay's and Crouse's office and agreed to run through the part.

A few hours later, his agent called the authors. "How did he do?" the agent asked.

"Well, *he* did all right," they said, "but we don't think we did. Lund doesn't seem to like us very much."

Actually, Lund had no doubt that Lindsay and Crouse were nice fellows or that The Hasty Heart would be successful, but writing jokes for radio seemed at the time a better way to make a living. Finally, however, his agent persuaded him to give the theater another whirl. Naturally, the play was a hit, Paramount saw him in new dimensions, and one of the prettiest little fairy tales you ever heard came to a happy ending in a six-room house in the Hollywood hills.

Since achieving stardom, Lund has suffered the usual indignities. His blond hair once was darkened on the theory that fair hair never won fair lady, and his private life has been examined minutely by the fan magazines and Hollywood columnists. To date it has been revealed that Lund likes pot roast, takes baths, is not handy around the house, sleeps in pajamas, opens the windows at night precisely three inches, and says, "Oops!" when he drops anything.

Army Surplus Swimming Pool

Lund and his wife live quietly in their own small home, and, not to be outdone by the neighbors, have recently purchased their swimming pool. This is a large canvas affair which hangs rather shakily on poles in the back yard, but it is just about the best one can do in the way of swimming pools if one buys from Army surplus, as Lund does.

Paramount looks upon Lund as a handsome investment, but is inclined to shudder and look the other way when Lund passes by in his street clothes. Several studio executives have attempted to correct some quaint Lund theories of how to dress, but so far without success. Although he earns $1,500 a week, he has very few clothes, and those that he has don't match.

Not long ago he sneaked into one of Hollywood's most expensive tailors, an establishment frequented by several Paramount executives, and asked the tailor to make him some suits exactly like those worn by the executives. This, to the best of his ability, the tailor did, but for some inexplicable reason the suits turned out to look exactly as though they had been made for Lund, a development that neither Lund nor the tailor can explain.

The tailor now assumes that Lund's attitude is wrong, and he could be right. In any case, someone recently mentioned to Lund that he had holes in his shoes. Lund nodded agreeably.

"Oh, sure," he said. "I have holes in all my shoes." THE END

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After Pensions—the Bonus?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

payment for advanced age, and for disability and death not related to the veteran's war service.

The only issue in this country over compensation for the war wounded and for the families of the war dead has been one of adequacy. Uncle Sam has set up what is generally regarded as a liberal compensation program for the men disabled in the two World Wars.

These veterans generally get up to $138 a month, and if they've lost the use of limb or sight, up to $360 a month. There are extra family allotments up to $91 a month for the seriously disabled. Widows of men who died in the World Wars or who succumbed later as a result of a war-incurred disability, receive $75 a month in compensation, plus $25 for a first child and $15 for each additional orphaned child. Currently, the veterans' organizations are urging Congress to raise these by 25 per cent to meet the "increased cost of living."

On top of this compensation, Uncle Sam has already set up a pension system for veterans of both World Wars who have been permanently and totally disabled in their postwar pursuits. This ranges from $60 to $72 a month for ex-servicemen; and for widows and orphans of veterans who die of "natural causes," those not connected with their wartime service, it amounts to $46 a month for the widow, $12 for the first child and $6 for each additional orphan.

Now the Legion and V.F.W. would extend the *pension* system to include all veterans disabled for any reason and all veterans attaining advanced age. Furthermore, they want to raise the pensions of widows and orphans so that they will be equal to the higher rates being given Spanish-American War widows and orphans.

Up to the present, the combined cost of compensation and pensions for World Wars I and II is more than eight billion dollars. The Veterans Administration has calculated that in the next 50 years, the present compensation-pension program for World Wars I and II will mount up to 35 billion dollars more.

Any extension of the pension system will pile billions on top of the present benefit pyramid.

In March the House recommitted to committee for further study the Rankin $90-at-65 pension bill which would have cost 125 billion dollars more in pensions in the next five decades. Despite the staggering sum involved, the measure was temporarily pigeonholed by a margin of but a single vote.

There was a time when a fiscal proposition requesting billions of dollars would have thrown Congress into a fit of horror. Why, back in 1933, President Roosevelt instigated a unique Congressional slash in veterans' benefits merely by warning that the country was on the road to bankruptcy, faced as it was by a five-billion-dollar deficit. The act itself was entitled: A Bill to Maintain the Credit of the United States.

But under the fierce counterassaults of the aroused veterans' organizations, within two years Congress had restored the cutbacks in veterans' benefits. Nonetheless, Congress had been worried enough over national solvency to take the most dreaded step of all—a reduction in the veterans' benefits.

Ideas of Money Have Changed

Last March, though, with the national debt soaring over 250 billion dollars, the House of Representatives was merely annoyed rather than alarmed at the idea of passing a pension bill costing 125 billion dollars.

The reaction to this of the chief veterans' lobbyists, blunt-spoken John Thomas Taylor of the Legion and astute Omar Ketchum of the V.F.W., was first to attack the veracity of the pension cost estimate, and then to attack the logic of estimating the cost on a 50-year basis. They wound up by frankly declaring that they were really concerned only with the principle of establishing the pension.

It is strange what the pension issue can do to statesmen and politicians alike! Not one of the headline names in Congress rose to denounce the extravagant pension bill. Rammed through the House Veterans Affairs Committee, it was sired by the chairman, wizened John Rankin, of Mississippi, who has been one of the Democrats' most caustic critics of Administration spending.

"All I want to see," cried Rankin, who likes to describe himself as the greatest friend the veteran ever had and is a

"Let's quit. This game is more strenuous than I expected!"

COLLIER'S GUSTAV LUNDBERG

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

GIVES CARS LONGER LASTING BEAUTY

Your car's finish is always safe under Simoniz... no matter where you drive this Summer!

At the seashore . . . in the desert . . . or at home—your car's finish keeps its sparkling glamour if you use world famous Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. This easy-to-do-yourself Deluxe Beauty Treatment restores brilliance to any car . . . keeps colors from fading . . . protects the finish and makes it last longer! Insure the appearance of your car by Simonizing it now!

THE SOONER YOU SIMONIZ YOUR CAR . . . THE BETTER!

On fairly new cars all you need is Simoniz to clean and beautify the finish . . . in one quick, easy operation. If your car is dull, however, first use Simoniz Kleener (Liquid or Paste) to clean the finish. Then Simoniz for lasting beauty. THE SIMONIZ CO., CHICAGO 16, ILL.

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World War I veteran himself, though his Army service was too brief to make him eligible for any of these benefits, "is that our old soldiers don't have to eat at the poorhouse. We're spending money feeding the Japanese and everybody else. We ought to be able to spend some on our soldiers."

Rankin found a stanch ally in Representative Leo E. Allen, of Illinois, a Republican champion of economy. As chairman of the House Rules Committee in 1947-'48, Allen served as bottleupper of the veterans' benefits that were streaming out of the House Veterans Affairs Committee. But in 1949, confronted with the 125-billion-dollar pension bill, Allen expressed surprise that any member of Congress would think of voting against it, when only the year before Congress had, without a negative vote in either chamber, hiked the pensions of the Spanish-American War veterans.

Debate on the pension bill was a field day for the flag-wavers. Missouri's Clare Magee declaimed: "Those who served were a special class . . . They were the cream of our manhood . . . They were the salt of the earth . . . They were the defenders of democracy." Pennsylvania's Jimmy Van Zandt, twice commander in chief of the V.F.W., thundered: "I ask those who challenge the right of the veteran to be set up in a special class to tell me whether or not they served in the armed services of our country and bared their breasts to the machine-gun bullets, shrapnel and poisonous gases of the enemy."

It was principally the veterans of World War II who rose to accept and fling back the challenges clothed in patriotism. The Amvets denounced Rankin's pension legislation as the "cheapest form of political demagoguery"; the American Veterans Committee characterized the bill as "outrageous . . . as obsolete in its approach to veterans' security as a musket would have been at Remagen bridgeheads." But the Amvets and the AVC have less than 200,000 members between them, so Congress paid scant heed to their protests.

House Veterans Are Insistent

However, the World War II veterans on the floor of the House—Representatives who had themselves served—were not to be brushed aside so brusquely. They wanted to know where the 125 billion dollars was coming from and who would have to pay it. They insisted on knowing whether Congress fully realized that 125 billion dollars was nearly three times as much as the net income of the U.S. government in 1948. They asked questions; they demanded answers; they needled their elders.

"Yes," shouted thirty-two-year-old Representative Charles Potter, of Michigan, who lost both legs in the war. "Yes, a veteran is in a special class, because he can walk down the street holding his head high and look anyone in the eyes, knowing that when his country was in need, he did his duty. I hate to see the veterans . . . used as political pawns in this great Washington game of . . . playing one group against another. You are trying to make mercenaries out of the veterans."

Thirty-four-year-old Representative Glenn Davis, of Wisconsin, who earned nine battle stars with the Navy, pointed out that the federal government is at present spending around seven billion dollars a year on veterans' benefits. He wondered aloud if the additional 125-billion-dollar pension might not "break the straw" and lead to another economy act slashing the benefits of the disabled.

The youngest member of Congress, Representative Hugo Sims, of South Carolina, twenty-seven-year-old baby-faced ex-paratrooper, called a press conference to label the Rankin bill as little more than a measure to perpetuate the members of Congress in office. And one of the few nonveterans who dared oppose the veterans' pension, thirty-six-year-old John W. Byrnes, of Wisconsin, crippled by polio since childhood, denounced the Rankin bill as "dishonest" legislation which "attempts to deceive the veterans into believing they are getting something for nothing."

Barb-tongued John Rankin lashed back at his critics. "I want those gentlemen who have been sticking their noses in to have a chance to stick their necks out," he snarled. By that, the canny Mississippian meant a roll-call vote on the pension bill. He knew that when it came to an on-the-record showdown vote on the politically explosive issue of pensions, even some of the loudest opponents of the bill would vote "aye."

Debate raged on the pension bill for three days. Amendments were indiscriminately voted down or added onto the bill. By the end of the third day, without realizing it, the House had ripped the bill apart and patched it up in such a manner that it would have given the World War I veterans a little pension and the World War II veterans a big one. At this point, Representative Olin Teague, of Texas, himself a severely disabled veteran of the second World War, moved that the bill be recommitted to the House Veterans Affairs Committee for further study. Teague's pigeonholing motion carried by 208 to 207, the tightest vote in the House since before the war.

The outmaneuvered and outraged Rankin ranted, "The vote to recommit was a vote against the veteran." Then, in a fit of pique, he declared that the pension bill was dead.

Several days later, however, Rankin abruptly opened committee hearings on a new pension bill, providing $72 a month at sixty-five. At the earlier hearings the crotchety chairman had ruffled the tempers of committee members by his impatience, and seven of the committeemen had walked out on the final session, the one in which Rankin sprang his original pension bill as a surprise and jammed it through in seven minutes. This time Rankin was the model of a Southern gentleman in his efforts to mollify the committee, especially the World War II members.

"Tiger" Teague, however, still had a lot of questions to ask, such as: How much would it cost? Seventy-seven billion dollars? Where was the money coming from?

Representative Teague believes our country made a mistake in the second World War by failing to mobilize all our man power, that is, putting every American, so to speak, in uniform. Since Uncle Sam failed to do so, Teague feels the veteran is indeed in a special class. Thus Teague favors the veterans' pension, but within the nation's capacity to pay. For the time being he would limit pensions at age sixty-five to those veterans who actually need the financial assistance.

Rebuked for His Activities

For the past three years, as a member of the House Veterans Affairs Committee, Teague has consistently fought for what he considered beneficial veterans' legislation, and has been one of the sharpest critics in Congress of the abuses which have threatened to make a scandal of education and training under the G.I. Bill of Rights. He served with the infantry overseas, rose from lieutenant to colonel, earned 11 decorations, including three Purple Hearts for combat wounds and three Silver Stars for outstanding bravery. Yet, as a result of his middle-of-the-road stand on the pension issue, and his move to study the issue further, Teague has been attacked by the Legion in his district as "antiveteran."

Undeterred by the criticism, Teague insisted that the second pension bill, $72 at sixty-five, be limited to those veterans in need and unemployable. According to the Veterans Administration, these limitations stripped the cost of the new pension over the next 50 years down to a modest nine billion dollars. To the cha-

State	Bonus Payments	Estimated Cost	Method of Financing (additional or special taxes)
Connecticut	$10 per month service, maximum $300—$300 to next of kin of war dead.	$51,750,000	Sales tax; 50% increase in corporation tax.
*Illinois	$10 per month domestic service; $15 per month foreign service; $50 minimum payment; $900 to next of kin of war dead, or of veteran dying from service disability.	385,000,000	1¢ tax on cigarettes; 4% pari-mutuel tax; one half of 10¢ pari-mutuel breakage; property tax.
Indiana	$10 per month domestic service; $15 per month foreign service; $100 additional to disabled veterans; $600 maximum to totally disabled veterans and next of kin of war dead.	120,000,000	Increased income tax.
*Iowa	$10 per month domestic service; $12.50 per month foreign service; $500 maximum payment; $500 to next of kin of war dead, or of veteran dying of service disability.	85,000,000	Property tax.
Louisiana	$250 for foreign service; $150 domestic service only, more than one year; $100 domestic service, less than one year, over 6 months; $75 domestic service, less than 6 months, more than 90 days; $50 domestic service, less than 90 days; $1,000 to next of kin of war dead, or of veteran dying of service disability.	60,000,000	Beer tax increased from $1.50 to $10 a barrel.
*Massachusetts	$300 for overseas service; $200 for domestic service; $200 to next of kin of war dead.	180,000,000	2¢ tax on cigarettes; 50¢-a-gallon liquor tax; corporation income tax.
*Minnesota	$10 per month domestic service; $15 per month foreign service; $270 maximum domestic service, or $400 maximum if at least 30 days of foreign service; maximum payment to next of kin of war dead.	152,000,000	5% increase income tax; 10% increase liquor tax; increase mining tax.
*Michigan	$10 per month domestic service; $15 per month foreign service; $500 maximum payment; $500 to next of kin of war dead, or of veteran dying of service disability.	270,000,000	Cigarette tax.
*New Hampshire	$10 per month service; $100 maximum; $100 to next of kin of war dead, or of veteran dying of service disability.	6,000,000	$3 poll tax.
*New York	$50 for domestic service less than 60 days; $150 domestic service more than 60 days; $250 for foreign service; $250 for next of kin of war dead.	400,000,000	1¢ tax on cigarettes; increase in personal income tax.
*North Dakota	$12.50 per month domestic service; $17.50 per month foreign service; $600 minimum to next of kin of war dead.	27,000,000	Property tax.
*Ohio	$10 per month domestic service; $15 per month foreign service; $400 maximum; $400 to next of kin of war dead, or of veteran dying of service disability.	300,000,000	Property tax.
*Rhode Island	$200 for wartime service in armed forces or Merchant Marine.	20,000,000	No specific tax earmarked.
*South Dakota	50¢ per day domestic service; 75¢ per day foreign service; $500 maximum domestic service; $650 maximum foreign service.	30,000,000	Sales and use tax; motor vehicle tax; property tax; liquor and cigarette tax.
*Vermont	$10 per month service; $120 maximum; $120 to next of kin of war dead, or of veteran dying of service disability.	3,900,000	No specific tax earmarked.
*Washington	$10 per month domestic service; $15 per month foreign service.	100,000,000	Tobacco tax.
Alaska	$10 per month service.	350,000	Special tax on sales, services, exports.
Hawaii	$300 bonus limited to disabled veterans.	390,000	No specific tax earmarked.

(*States marked by asterisk paid World War I bonus. Kansas, Maine, Oregon, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin also paid the World War I bonus.)

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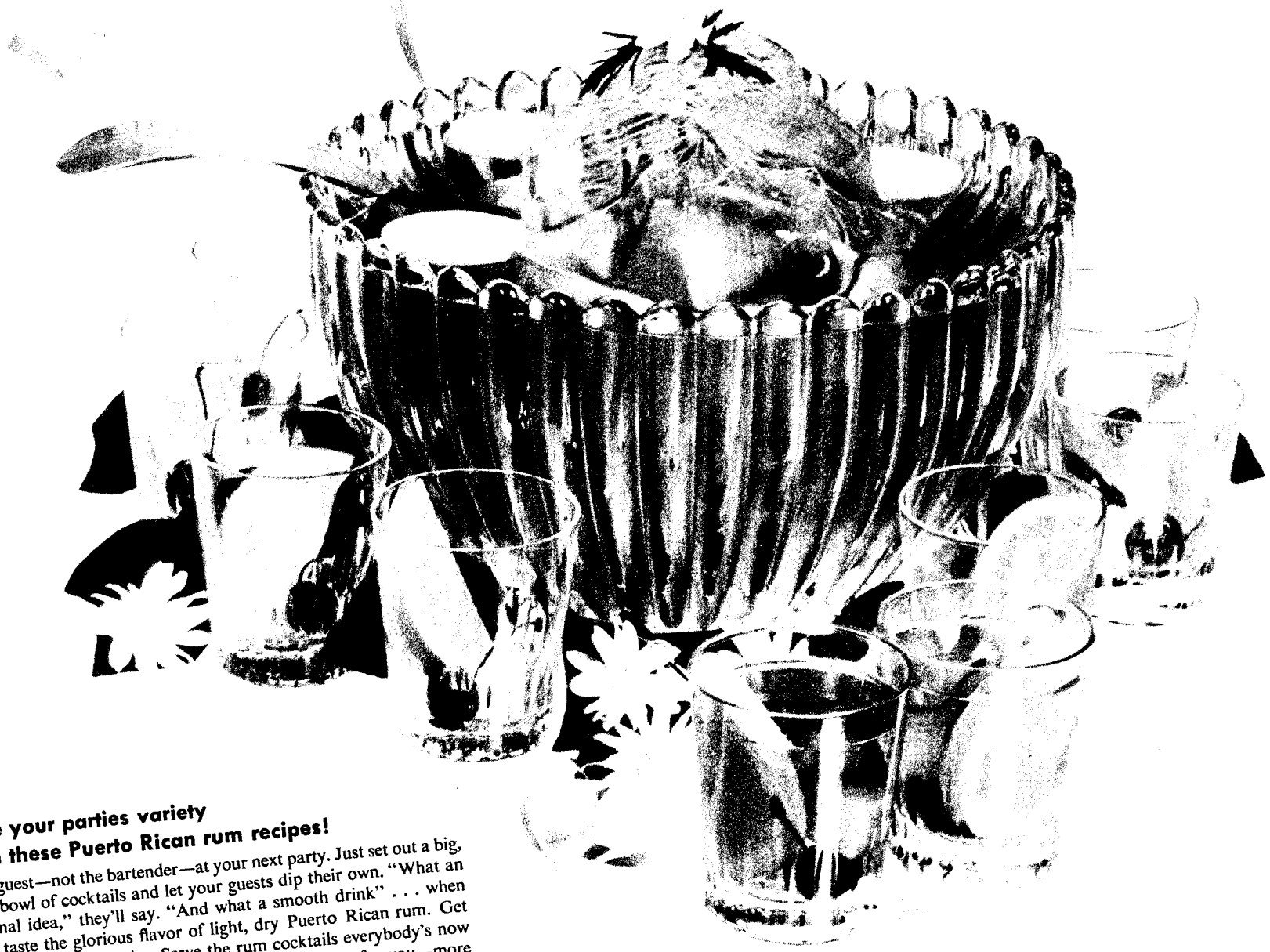
Cocktails in a bowl... for the easiest party yet!



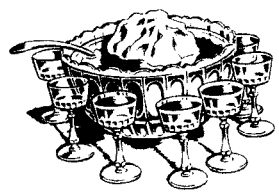
Give your parties variety with these Puerto Rican rum recipes!

Be a guest—not the bartender—at your next party. Just set out a big, cold bowl of cocktails and let your guests dip their own. "What an original idea," they'll say. "And what a smooth drink" . . . when they taste the glorious flavor of light, dry Puerto Rican rum. Get variety into your parties. Serve the rum cocktails everybody's now talking about *in a big help-yourself bowl*. It's easier for you—more fun for everyone!

Rum Old Fashioneds for 12 happy guests!

2 bottles golden Puerto Rican rum
1 tablespoonful Angostura bitters
About ½ cup sugar
12 oz. bottle soda
Good chunk of ice

Set out orange slices and cherries, and let your guests serve themselves—while you enjoy the party, too. They'll love Puerto Rican rum, because it makes cocktails so mellow and satisfying. There are many fine brands.



El Presidente for party of 12!

2 bottles golden Puerto Rican rum
1 pint dry vermouth
2 tablespoonfuls grenadine
Good chunk of ice

Provide cherries and lemon peel. Now invite everyone to dip a *cold*, fresh drink whenever he wants to. Then listen: "Puerto Rican rum sure makes a welcome change in cocktails," they'll say. (Leave out grenadine for a world-beating Manhattan!)

There are many fine brands—
this name on every bottle

Puerto Rican Rum

Not heavy or sweet
but light and dry

PUERTO RICO INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT COMPANY, SAN JUAN, P. R.

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grin of Rankin and the dismay of veterans' lobbyists, the committee backed up Teague. "The sons of the World War I veterans slugged their elders with a felt-covered blackjack . . ." moaned the editorialist of a veterans' paper.

However, three months later the House, in two hours of ho-hum debate, okayed the new pension bill by a vote of 365-27. The House removed the unemployability limitation, and by this simple gesture zoomed the 50-year cost of the measure from nine billion dollars to 65 billion dollars. As passed by the House, the $72-at-65 pension is limited to veterans with incomes of less than $1,200 a year if single and less than $2,500 a year if heads of families. Sooner or later the bill is bound to be passed by the Senate and approved by the President.

This pension is not yet a general pension for all veterans of the two World Wars. It is limited to the needy, aged veterans—at least in theory. This pension is not as big as the veterans' organizations asked for, nor as big as they wanted, but it's a big-foot-in-the-door.

Our country's experience in the past demonstrates that the veterans will keep shoving the door open wider and wider with each succeeding Congress. The limitations on income will be lifted; the pension itself will be raised to $90, and then to $100. Why $100? As the veterans' lobbyists have repeatedly remarked: "John L. Lewis' coal miners get $100-a-month pensions. The public pays for these pensions, doesn't it? Does our country owe more to the miners than to the men who fought the war?" (A war veteran receiving the miners' pension would have to declare this as income when applying for a veterans' pension.)

Throughout the debate on the pension for veterans of both World Wars, the irrepressible shadow of the World War II bonus has been lurking in the background. However, both the veterans' lobbyists and the members of Congress have as yet preferred not to bring up the bonus bogey.

Some of the advocates of the pension expressed the wistful hope that perhaps the World War II bonus could be averted if Uncle Sam would agree, right now, to pay the World War II G.I.s a pension in later life.

Any such belief is mere wishful thinking. Similar reasoning, but in reverse, was offered by many of those who championed the World War I bonus. This bonus, they said, would eliminate demand for a World War I pension.

Four Vetoes—and Victory

The V.F.W., however, took up the cry for "adjusted compensation" for the doughboys right after the armistice. The Legion, under the influence of idealistic leaders like the late General Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., held back for a while, but once it joined the battle for the bonus, the Legion led the field. Over vetoes by Harding, Coolidge, Hoover and Roosevelt, the Legion got the bonus, which had been passed in 1924, cashed in 1936.

In between, in 1932, the nation witnessed a spontaneous march on Washington by 20,000 jobless veterans demanding cash for their bonus certificates. The march ended only after the Bonus Expeditionary Force was evicted from its junk-heap village a few miles from the Capitol by the application of tear gas and the flats of bayonets.

The World War I bonus cost the federal government around four billion dollars. Some 4,000,000 ex-doughboys received, with a maximum of $1,590, an average of $1,000 each. Twenty states also distributed a World War I bonus, totaling $593,000,000. Five of the states, New York, Vermont, Oregon, Kansas and Pennsylvania, are this year still paying off the indebtedness for the World War I bonus.

Vermont led the nation in World War II by setting up a bonus eight months *before* the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. This was to be paid if and when "conflict" occurred. In September of 1941, Vermont declared that the conflict had become real with the President's order to Navy convoys to return fire if attacked. Up to the present, 16 states, as well as Alaska and Hawaii, have fallen into line with some $2,191,000,000 in bonus payments. The state bonuses range from a $100 maximum in New Hampshire to $1,000 in Louisiana. Massachusetts actually voted two bonuses for the ex-G.I.s; the first, of $100, was decreated by veterans' organizations and vote-hunting politicians as a "peanut" bonus. The vets asked for $900 more and got up to $200 additional.

To finance the World War II bonus, the 16 states have resorted to special or increased taxes on real estate, sales and service, corporations, incomes, tobacco, liquor, beer, motor vehicles and mining. State lotteries were proposed but rejected. Illinois, to help pay for its bonus, slapped a 4 per cent tax on horse racing pari-mutuels and also earmarked one half of the ten-cent pari-mutuel breakage. ("Breakage" consists of the odd pennies after division of winnings to the last full nickel or dime, depending upon what state law dictated.)

More state bonuses are in the offing. New Jersey and Pennsylvania have set bonus referendums for November. Next year West Virginia will hold a referendum on a bonus for veterans of *both* World Wars. There's agitation for a bonus in every state of the Union, including California, Maine, Missouri, Nebraska, Oregon and Wisconsin, where initial bonus proposals were rejected.

The G.I. Bill of Rights, with its readjustment benefits for the returning veterans, was meant to be a substitute for a federal bonus. The Legion fathered the G.I. Bill, but the V.F.W. and the Disabled American Veterans warned Congress that it would be more practical and less costly in the long run to pass a World War II bonus right from the start. As it was, Congress indirectly promised the bonus by writing in a provision which would deduct from any future bonus all G.I. Bill benefits obtained by an ex-G.I. This provision was later deleted, but the afterthought fooled no one.

Still Drumbeating for Bonus

Although the V.F.W. reluctantly accepted the G.I. Bill, it has never stopped beating the drum for a World War II bonus of $5,000 maximum. "That's not so much," points out the V.F.W., "when you consider that under the G.I. Bill a veteran can get as much as $8,000 in benefits. After all, what is Uncle Sam going to do for the veterans who didn't get anything out of the G.I. Bill?"

This point of view is vigorously supported by the American Veterans of World War II. The American Veterans Committee is the lone organization to oppose the bonus, but even within this small "Citizens First, Veterans Second" group (30,000 members), there's considerable sentiment for the bonus. Extreme left-wingers like the Communist party and solid trade-unionists like the United Auto Workers are in the same boat, rowing for a bonus. The Legion has thus far managed to dodge the issue, but the day is not far off when its leadership will have to heed the rising murmur of the overwhelming World War II membership.

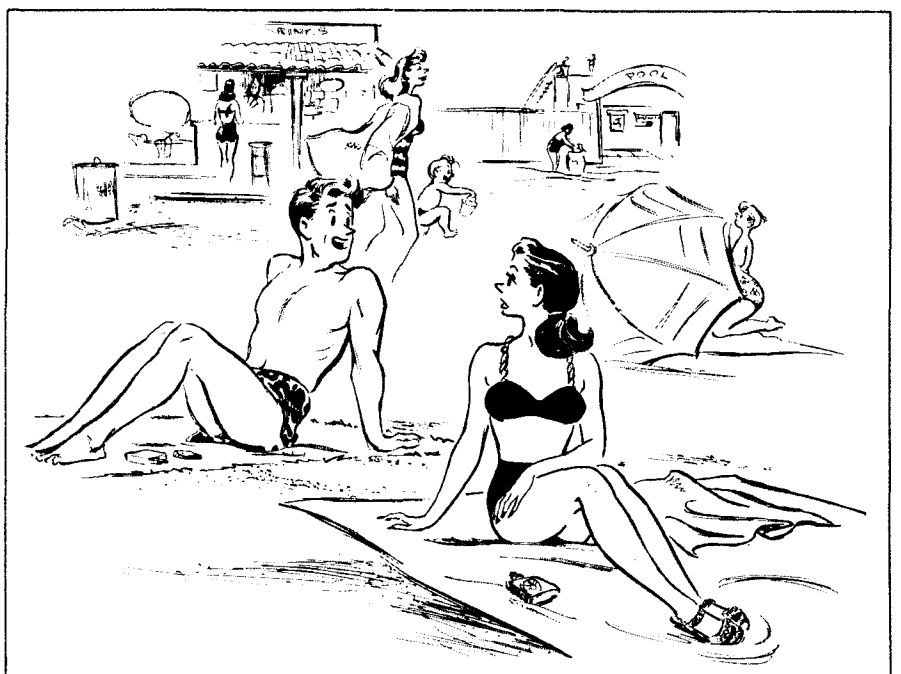
Dozens of bonus bills have been tossed into the hopper in the past several Congresses. North Dakota's unpredictable Senator Bill Langer has aimed highest, suggesting a top of $10,000. Mississippi's Rankin has long espoused a flat $1,040 bonus to all veterans of the second World War, and has confided to friends that as chairman of the House Veterans Affairs Committee he'll bring his own bill up before the end of the current Eighty-first Congress.

Is there no way to stop the pension and the bonus? Well, hardly any. There's a move afoot among some of the World War II veterans in Congress to try to integrate the veterans' pension into the Social Security system. Any such action would require a broad extension of the present Social Security setup, and in the end might cost as much as an outright pension. With regard to the bonus, no one has come up with any substitute ideas as yet.

In the meantime, while the big veterans' organizations push for the pension and bonus, they are also worried about growing demands for government economy. The recent slash in the Veterans Administration budget, together with President Truman's cutback of some 16,000 proposed new hospital beds, has ignited the veterans' organizations to battle pitch. It's not merely a matter of economy but of antiveteran sentiment, a V.F.W. spokesman told a Congressional committee.

"I suppose the most concrete and recent example of that," declared Lyall T. Beggs, V.F.W. commander in chief, "is the fact that we were in eighth place—in the eighth section of the inaugural parade."

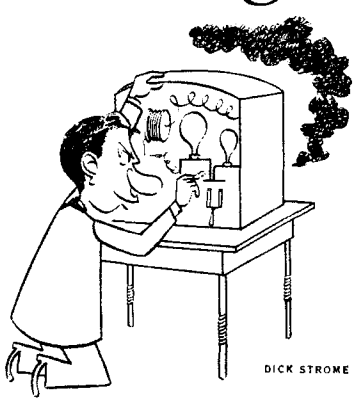
Today there are 18,700,000 war veterans, including 15,000,000 ex-G.I.s of the second World War who, with their families, constitute one third of the nation's population; by 1955, they'll number two fifths. Aroused on any single issue, such as the pension or the bonus, the veterans can, and will, get what they want. They have the votes. THE END



"I said, I'll bet if we talked it over we'd find we had a mutual acquaintance who could introduce us"

COLLIER'S KIRK

The Viewing Public



AMATEUR ENGINEER

• He is the fellow who probably flunked high-school algebra but nevertheless fancies himself to be a brother under the skin to Mr. Oppenheimer. One can spot him easily by the way he tosses around technical TV terminology without regard for its meaning or definition.

As he enters the living room, he generally says, "Well, chum, it's a good thing I dropped over tonight! Your set there seems to be a little out of adjustment. In the first place, you are OVERSCANNING the tube and I think your HORIZONTAL CENTERING is a little off on account of the LINEARITY not getting enough juice. It isn't serious, though. I can fix it in a minute. Lend me a hairpin a minute, honey."

He'll fix it all right. When he gets through, the people on the screen will look like fat midgets, and their heads will be floating disconcertingly in space while their bodies will be walking around as if nothing had happened.

—PAUL RITTS

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Our Shameful Record in Veterans' Housing

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

But money couldn't produce the honeymoon cottage. Building materials, from nails to lumber, were almost unobtainable. Rent control, favoring the *status quo*, had frozen millions of houses and apartments which the veterans were quite able to afford but couldn't get.

Many a discharged G.I. and his bride began married life with the in-laws—which was bad enough—or moved into anything with a roof over it—which was often worse. The great baby boom of 1946-'47 complicated an already complex situation. The only fault of the returning fighting men was that they were ardent and prolific, which is generally the case with men virile enough to win a war. Yet here they were back from the battlefields, glowing with their own hopes and the country's praise, only to be dumped into revolting slum conditions which they did not create and which they have no way of overcoming.

Plenty of Legislation

The crowning mockery of it is that these men were told solemnly and repeatedly that such things would not be allowed to happen. Since World War II, Congress has passed more than 20 housing bills which relate to veterans. State laws and city ordinances raise the total number of promises to skyscraper heights, not to mention the comforting pledges of professional speechmakers.

Basic document on veterans' housing is the Lanham Act of 1946, Title V, which was supposed to fix everything. It provided that the federal government hand over movable dwellings for G.I. housing projects on a strictly temporary and emergency basis. Then, by loans and a system of priorities, the veterans were to get their permanent dwellings later on.

Why didn't the statesmen foresee what was bound to happen? They were sponsoring public-created slums, built with worn-out materials and assembled on the only vacant areas of our cities—the wastelands where no one would willingly live. There is a temptation to believe that the statesmen merely took the word for the deed. Having passed a flock of laws, they felt they had done their duty.

Our gypped G.I.s and their disillusioned brides probably live too close to their own misery to give it any broad interpretation. All they know is what the score is for themselves, four years after the winning of a global war for the American way of life.

We offer this Collier's survey both as a general indictment of the whole system, and as a bill of particulars in city after city, site after site.

There are cities which have tried to solve the veterans' housing problem by the simple process of ignoring the main point. One such city is Atlanta, Georgia. This quaint and storied town appropriated $60,000 to finance G.I. homes away back in 1945.

The official attitude seems to be that there is no dwelling shortage which private industry can't handle—if the G.I.s don't mind waiting.

There are, our survey revealed, 5,000 apartments in Atlanta (3,000 for Negroes, 2,000 for whites), but these are reserved for tenants whose yearly incomes are less than $2,600. Rent is $85 to $100 a month, almost half their maximum income. Many G.I. families in this income group have two or more children and can't put that much into rent. They are looking for places that go for $50 to $60 a month. In Atlanta such places are gone with the wind.

The result is that a G.I. family of medium income has to drop down to a lower level of housing. It is quite a drop! For $18 to $22 a month he may be able to get living space in the Veterans' Trailer Park on Cherokee Avenue, a sickening example of bargain counter shopping under the Lanham Act.

This trailer camp was established three years ago when Atlanta purchased 100 used trailers for which the federal authorities at Oak Ridge, the atomic energy village, had no further use. They were not the best trailers at Oak Ridge. A private concern bought up the first lot of 100, and Atlanta got the leftovers for the veterans. One of the vehicles literally fell apart in transit, several others have collapsed from rot, but the rest now stand on a seven-acre tract which has hitherto been vacant for a very good reason.

The tract borders on a mosquito swamp in an area which even the slum-conditioned Negroes would never inhabit. But about 300 veteran folk live there now—without sidewalks, without plumbing, without shade trees and almost without hope. Some of the home-hungry wives have raised a few flowers in the yard, pitiful tokens of broken dreams. As Mrs. Lamb, wife of a former staff sergeant and mother of two daughters, puts it: "We're making the best of it, but really it's pretty bad. We've been here just a year now, and if we'd known how it was going to be, we'd have stuck it out with our relatives."

Yet Atlanta proudly holds up its head on one score. It may not spend money on the veterans' housing project, but unlike another Southern city, it doesn't make a profit out of its Veteransville. New Orleans does. This city not only got a ready-made Army base, Camp Planche, as a site but operated it so frugally that last year it made $102,720 from the deal. This was done by refusing to cut the grass, repair leaky roofs or fix ill-fitting window screens. The city hall admits taking the profit, but says the money was turned over to the Federal Housing Authority. All the city got out of it was 10 per cent in lieu of taxes.

Don T. Hoover, an ex-Navy man with a two-year-old son, is inclined to be philosophical about it all. "We tried last summer to find a place of our own, but they wouldn't take children. There's a lot of gripe about here, but it's a lot better housing—and cheaper—than you can get in the city at today's prices." His neighbor, Leo Broussard, who spent 18 months in the China-Burma-India theater, adds: "There ought to be a law to force landlords to rent to people with kids (the Broussards have five) or not rent at all. Where do they want us to raise them? In a barn? The way prices and rents are now, we ain't even trying to look for another home."

Defeatist Attitude Prevails

Both Milwaukee, the city, and Milwaukee County know that there is a problem all right, but seem to take the defeatist attitude that nothing much can be done about it. There is some excuse, though no justification, for this attitude. Milwaukee has 50,000 veterans' families, and 13,000 of them need housing. So far only 2,500 of these families have been provided for in temporary houses. There is the inevitable "project," called Greenfield Park Trailer Site, an assortment of trailers, Quonset huts, barracks and prefabs.

This is the Lanham Act, first phase, but what of the permanent homes which the G.I.s were supposed to get? In Milwaukee there are two developments being readied for veterans, but they will be only a drop in the bucket. The two developments will provide 500 units, enough to house just 5 per cent of the known applicants—and these are re-

"Nice to have a handy man around!"

"So that's all I mean to you—just a handy man! Hmm!"

"Now, Frank, you know you like to putter around the house. But I often wonder how I'd manage if you weren't around."

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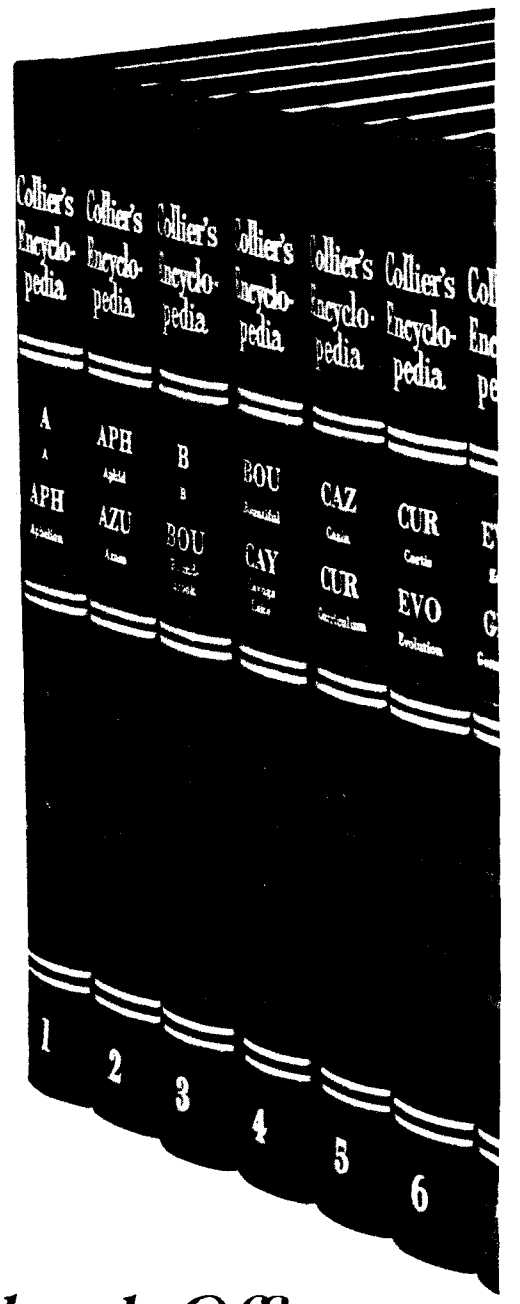

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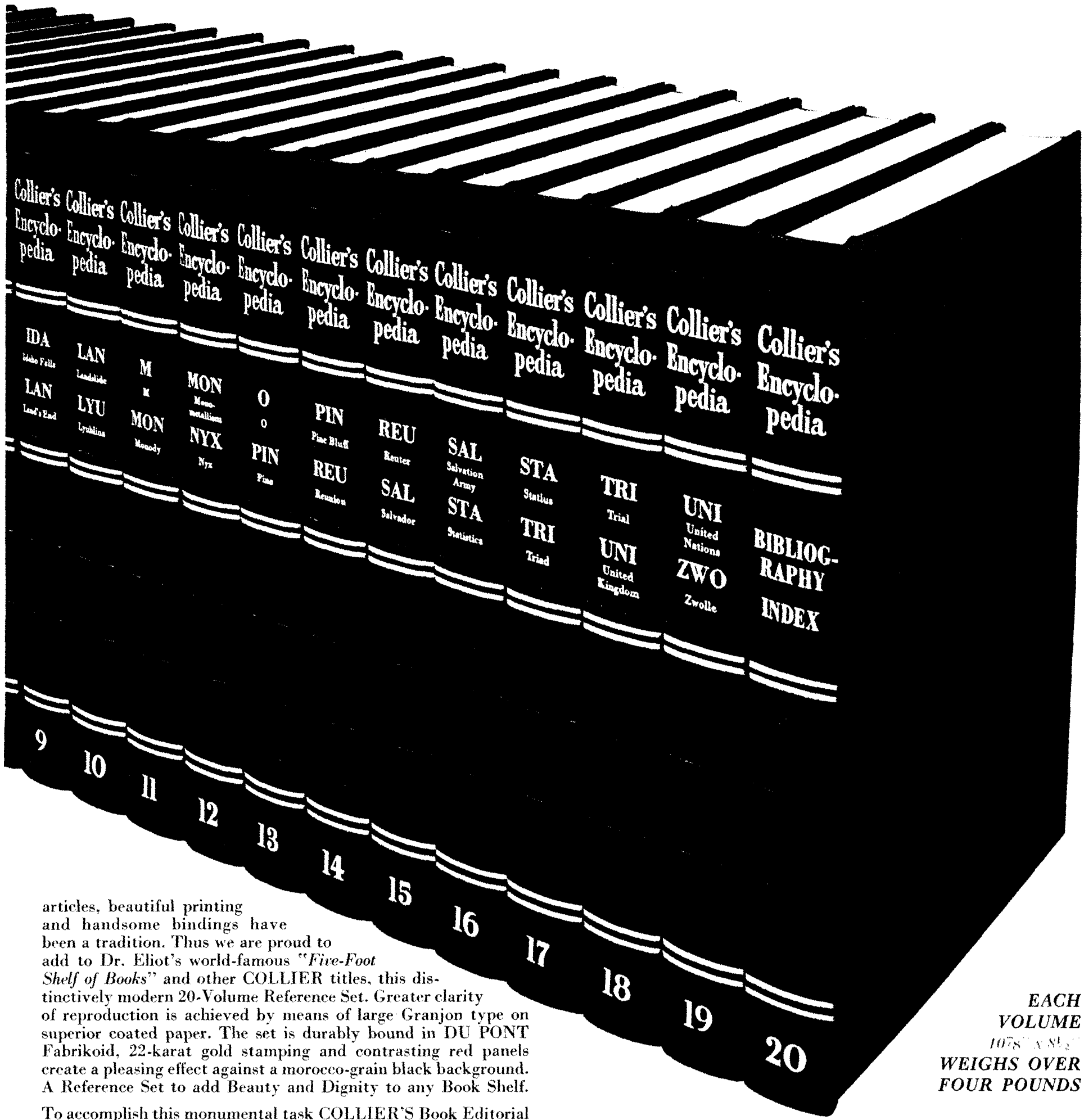

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served for former servicemen who make $300 a month and up.

In Milwaukee, just as in Atlanta, it is a long drop between the top and the bottom levels—and there is no provision for the middle level. Rentals at Greenfield Park run between $38 and $44 a month. The site is seven miles from the downtown area where most of the men work, round trip 32 cents. The nearest shopping center of any consequence is at West Allis, 25 minutes away by bus.

Trailers are spaced as little as eight feet apart and never any farther apart than 25 feet. Several of these trailers house as many as eight persons. Built of plywood and set on wooden blocks, the vehicles have folding beds and tiny kitchens. There are, of course, no bathrooms.

Tenants must carry their water in buckets from a central set of sanitary stations to which the slop and sewage buckets have to be carried, too. Large families have trouble keeping the slop buckets emptied. They stand outside the door waiting until the men of the house can return from work and tote them away. Wandering through the site are people in bathrobes, moving to and from the public showers. There are no partitions inside the bathhouses. Children and adults of the same sex bathe side by side.

It is easy to understand why the public school, a mile away and already 50 per cent overcrowded, does not welcome the children of these "trailer people," as the veterans are called.

It goes without saying that families do not stay on at Greenview by choice. J. F. Manthy, a former aviation mechanic in the Navy and father of two young children, pretty well spoke for the whole community when he said, "I won't stay here any longer than I can help. I spend most of my spare time looking for a place."

Pittsburgh can be classed with Milwaukee for defeatism. The largest of its 12 veterans' housing sites, quaintly called Ingram Palace, stands beside Sewer Creek. There are no paved roads or sidewalks, no schools or school busses, no playgrounds or shopping centers, no movies and no speed law to protect the children. The whole effect is one of what's-the-use hopelessness. The problem seems too big for the city to handle.

Then there are cities where a veteran has to "know somebody" in politics in order to get any sort of dwelling.

After Three Years of In-Laws

Boston furnishes an example. One of the veterans we interviewed lived with his mother-in-law for three years before he gained admission to the Franklin Field housing project by tapping the right political source in Mayor Curley's city hall. For his family, his wife and two children, this man got three rooms in an over-age Army barracks, which someone had picturesquely described as "about as waterproof as an orange crate." The kerosene stove in the living room produces blistering heat within a small radius, but sends no warmth, only fumes, to the other rooms.

On advice of the family doctor, who came to treat the children's respiratory troubles, this veteran went apartment hunting in Cambridge, the colonial town across the Charles River, where there is an apartment building, priority to servicemen as a matter of course.

"I make $60 a week, two children," the veteran told the manager.

"Your rent for a four-room apartment would be $45 a month. But you must be a bona fide resident of Cambridge and the waiting list is a mile long," the manager said.

The veteran went back to Franklin Field. His family has been there now for two years. Aside from the health hazards and inconveniences, there is a humiliating lack of privacy which wears gratingly on the sensitive nerves of young married people. The flimsy walls guard no family secrets, whether those of quarrels, love-making or the routine of everyday life. The tenants here do have some hope—the bitter cynical hope of someday meeting and pleasing the right politician who will patronize them with a higher place on the various "waiting lists." It is not a proud dream for men who won their country's battles.

Washington, D. C., is another place where politics pay off, but it is difficult to pressure congressmen, because Washingtonians do not have the vote. Five miles from the Capitol and one-quarter mile from the sewage-disposal plant lies Reconversion Housing Project No. D.C. (V) 49110-A. This complicated nomenclature stands for 46 two-story frame barracks which were shipped up from Georgia. They all need painting, just as the site needs more grass, more garbage collection and rat extermination.

Funds Voted but not Spent

"I saw *no* flowers anywhere, no evergreens, no shrubbery," our field researcher reported. There is plenty of open space, but Congress has not provided a playground. This is not for lack of funds. Appropriations have been voted for swings, slides, etc., but the equipment has never been purchased. Authorities say they may get around to it soon—"maybe this summer."

Inhabitants of the site gripe mostly about the rats, the uncollected garbage and the fuel bills. But this note, not uncharacteristic of many tenants, was sounded by a former Marine: "You've got to look at the government's side of this situation as well as the veterans'. A lot of veterans seem to want everything for nothing. I don't go along with that business. But I do think we ought to have a better deal than this. We'll never get a decent home from those shyster builders who put up apartment houses that rent for $96 for two bedrooms. Maybe it would be fair for the government to pay half and the veteran to pay half, and build some decent permanent places."

But in another politics-ridden town, Jersey City, the inmates of Veteransville refused to take abuse lying down. Jersey City, now happily delivered from Boss Hague, has its Garfield Avenue Housing area, where last year heat-and-service charges were rigged to run total rent payments up to $93 a month. Families here, joined by other veteran-folk from the Duncan Avenue area (adjacent to a city dump), refused to pay rent until the over-all charges were adjusted, as they finally were.

Back in 1947, during the unpredicted Christmas blizzard, veterans of Site 6 in Jersey City, also bordering a city dump, actually marched on the city hall with petitions asking for fuel oil to keep their families from freezing to death. Some of the marchers were reminded of another freezing ordeal around Christmastime—the Battle of the Bulge just two years before.

Such experiences with city governments are not the best examples of democracy in action, and there have been many equally uninspiring lessons from private enterprise.

In Louisville, Kentucky, a onetime serviceman paid a contractor $7,800 to build a home. The house began to deteriorate almost immediately. A year after construction, an appraisal showed that $2,000 was needed for repairs. The contractor, George Alt, had not bothered about drainage, had cheated on the specifications and palmed off second-hand materials as new.

The veteran-owner and 25 others went to court against Alt. In seventeen of the cases, judgments of $31,004 were obtained by the plaintiffs. A happy ending? No, because Alt sued to put himself in

Mousetrap Tycoon

By RICHARD B. GEHMAN

TAKING an adage attributed to Emerson at its face value, Chester M. Woolworth, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, has built a better mousetrap. The world, accordingly has beaten a path to the door of Woolworth's plant, the Animal Trap Company of America, bearing bundles of money —and more traps.

Unless this year is very different from the past 20-odd, some 300 inventors will send Woolworth samples of their mousetraps. In most cases, he'll send them right back; hardly any of them will be better than his—or, if they are, they'll probably be more expensive to make and sell.

One that came to Woolworth's attention recently was evidently designed to subdue a mouse by shredding its sanity. The mouse is enticed into a door at the bottom of this trap, which is shaped like a miniature houseboat. As soon as he goes in, an elevator carries him down a shaft to a tunnel. When he unsuspectingly enters this, a couple of trap doors snap shut.

Woolworth's chief trap researcher, John U. Lehn, rejected this model because he didn't believe that any well-adjusted, nonneurotic mouse would fall for it unless, of course, he were inordinately fond of riding elevators.

Inventors sometimes send in devices so complicated that nobody can figure them out. Lehn once rejected one of these on the grounds that he couldn't fathom it at all. The inventor wrote back that he was simplifying his trap; but when the new one arrived, it was even more elaborate and puzzling than its predecessor. Resigned, Lehn put it in the company museum, along with thousands of other models, more or less effective.

Inventors evidently know no age or geographical limits. Woolworth gets ideas from all over the country, and from people in all walks of life. Bing Crosby's foundation has developed a trap; so has Woolworth's sixteen-year-old son, Dick.

"It seems that whenever a man gets an idea to invent something," says Charlie Straley, Animal Trap treasurer, "it turns out to be either a mousetrap or a lock." Straley doesn't know why this is, but he does know that to beat Woolworth at the trap-making game, an inventor will have to come up with something pretty revolutionary.

Woolworth's better trap is remarkably simple: the "old-fashioned" type in which the bait is placed on a pedal. When the mouse nibbles, he's a goner: A spring bar snaps around with considerable force. Another type, of a more recent vintage, consists of a little plastic box, into which the mouse is supposed to poke his head. Once he does, a wire garrotes him.

To sell his traps, Woolworth has resorted to some of the business strategy of a distant relative, the founder of the nickel-and-dime stores of the same name. Woolworth's Victor traps sell in stores for a nickel. Before the war they went for three for a dime. On each trap, the company realizes .0015 profit. If that sounds like no profit whatever, consider the fact that Woolworth's mass-production methods, aided by machinery developed in his own plant, enable him to produce a finished trap every 12 seconds. The year's output runs into the millions—but how many Woolworth won't say.

Although he makes more traps for mice than for any other kind of animal, Woolworth also makes devices guaranteed to catch rats, moles, rabbits, muskrats, nutrias, minks, wolves, coyotes, bobcats, bears and birds. Some traps, used by zoological expeditions, are made to take specimens alive, without breaking their bones.

The museum at Woolworth's plant in Lititz, a lively hamlet a half-dozen miles from Lancaster, boasts traps of every description. One is made for ants; another is made for dinosaurs—in case any should ever turn up. Others will apprehend lions and tigers.

There haven't been too many basic changes in traps since Woolworth's great-uncle, Sewell Newhouse, invented the first steel model around 1823. Newhouse went with the Oneida Community, a co-operative enterprise in upstate New York, and set its members to making traps. The community later became an industrial firm, and Woolworth, who was born in Niagara Falls, about 200 miles away from Oneida, appeared on the scene in 1919 as a salesman.

Oneida had assimilated another trap business, located in Lititz, around 1907. Woolworth and two associates assimilated the Oneida business, by purchasing it, in 1924-'25. Oneida went on to make silverware, and Woolworth became the biggest producer of traps in the world. His firm now has branches in Niagara Falls and Pascagoula, Mississippi, and an affiliate in Australia.

Woolworth also makes duck decoys, garden tools, and molded cellulose products such as toy animals, candy containers and jardinieres. During the war he was instrumental

Trapmaker Woolworth and samples

in organizing Lancaster County for military work, and his mousetrap makers began turning out bullet cores, fuse plugs, airplane and machine-gun parts and Army cots.

Woolworth's success story follows the American pattern: His business has grown to the point where it is the biggest in the world. Nevertheless, there is one failure on his books. Despite the millions of traps his factory has turned out, despite all the research and investigation and precautionary measures, the Animal Trap Company of America, in its walls and floors and cellar, *has mice*. THE END

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bankruptcy. The veterans got nothing much out of it except the experience—the sort they will not easily forget.

All over the country the shysters and the con men have had their innings in veterans' housing. In the Los Angeles, vicinity 136 veteran-owners sued builders for $80,000—a sum which the court awarded in part.

Four real-estate brokers in San Francisco were given suspended jail sentences for similar offenses and ordered to make restitution.

In St. Louis there is a contractor charged with collecting $5,628 from a home-building veteran but failing to meet contract specifications.

It is not necessary to go overboard and say that the building industry and American business in general have ganged up on the unsophisticated veteran. But this much we can say—this housing calamity ought never, and need never, have been inflicted on these boys. Government and business, between them, have given very poor protection to those who provided very good protection when the shooting was on.

Government and business could rightly have claimed credit if the housing system had succeeded. They must now take the rap for this conspicuous failure.

Why has the system been such a wretched flop? Part of the fault lies in the conception of what was needed, part in the execution. The big mistake in planning was in ignoring the great middle spread of income. The government must have known the approximate amounts which average men of Army age and training might expect to earn. But housing was apparently planned to take care of the extremes, the very poor and the relatively well-off.

Poor people always have to take what they can afford. Many of them know how to make the best of what they have. Their initiative provides occasional bright spots to relieve the drab picture of the housing sites.

They Take a Realistic View

Some tenants, realizing that they face an indefinite stay in such surroundings, accept the fact stoically. They make the best of it by landscaping their tiny plots of yard space, fencing them in and making other improvements. They like the low rent—when heating costs don't increase it unduly—and some are even satisfied to stay where they are, explaining that it's better than their previous mode of living. The majority, however, are trying desperately to move. Their only words of praise for the project life are lukewarm: "It's better than living with your in-laws."

But the forcing of middle-income groups into these camps has added to the congestion and pulled down the living standards. By far the greatest amount of discontent comes from veterans who can afford better things and can't get them. Just as they loathe living in low-rent barracks and trailers, so they respond with some jealousy and understandable spite when they see dwellings available but beyond their reach in price. A New York paper recently advertised a "veterans' preference" apartment on Sutton Place for $3,000 a year. A new house in Lexington, Massachusetts, was placed on the market on these terms: "Held exclusively for veterans of World War II, or their families, until March 15, 1949. Price, $65,000."

The dream house for veterans, as our survey showed, would be something between $5,000 and $7,500. Such a modest place is almost out of this postwar world. The planners forgot to plan it for the home-coming G.I.

In practice our housing system is the old story of never-never. Meeting a temporary emergency by borrowing old barracks and the like would be all right—if it were really temporary. But it should not be an excuse for tolerating unbearable conditions long after the word "temporary" has lost its meaning.

Evil That Will Linger On

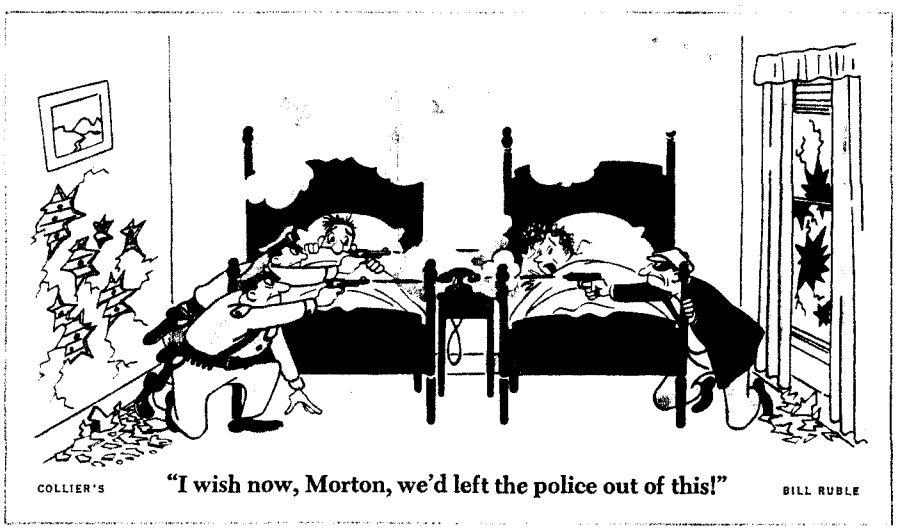
Even if we should suddenly destroy the Veteransvilles, a part of the evil they bred would remain behind for years to come. Our survey shows a definite class consciousness among families who have lived in these veritable concentration camps. This is not a strange reaction when lower living standards are thrust on families who had every reason to expect progress, not retrogression.

All of the settlements constitute an eyesore and a civic menace. "Last winter people drove out here to gape at our problem unit," a veteran told us.

The settlements never had enough fire, police and health protection. Dirt and disorder always foster delinquency. In Seattle a free-speaking veteran's wife ticked off four teen-age neighborhood girls who she knew were having sex relations with their boy companions. No wonder! In the same site, there were at least five unmarried couples living together. All this sort of thing drags down morale and gives a built-in inferiority complex to the decent people who are exposed to it. Many of the veterans are college graduates and come from good homes, but now they find themselves on the wrong side of the tracks through no fault of their own.

They fought to preserve the things they held near and dear. Now they must fight to get back what they lost because of their sacrifices. Fortunately there are those who fight beside them to do away with the pestholes called Veteransvilles.

The article you have just finished summarizes the critical housing problem of 1,500,000 veterans, a problem which is becoming fixed instead of disappearing. What measures are being taken to meet this chronic crisis by federal, state, municipal governments and private enterprise will be told in an early issue of Collier's.



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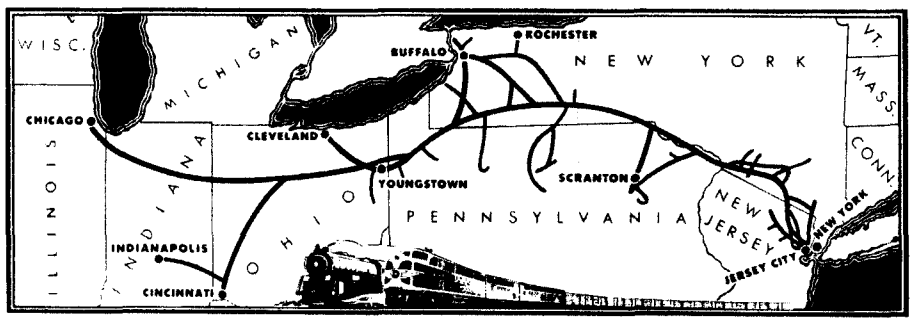

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ETHEL'S MAGIC Doggerel

The gunboat was caught in a Jap bombing raid high and dry on the rocks in the Yangtze outside of Chungking. Lieutenant Lederer knew that one letter from his wife would save the situation. The trick was to get the letter

By W. J. LEDERER

THE pen is still a mighty instrument, and the letters which Ethel Lederer wrote to her husband, Lieutenant (j.g.) Bill Lederer, U.S.N., prove it.

Me, I'm her husband.

Maybe Ethel's letters aren't written like a Shakespearean sonnet, and I guess she dangles a participle or two—but they pack a wallop which set the U.S. Navy back on its heels. That isn't all. The things she wrote me started a new religion in Szechwan Province, China. And those four million Chinese were orthodox Taoists before Ethel's literature showed them the light.

Of course, Ethel is an extraordinary woman. Everything she gets her hands on receives an unusual twist. Take me, for example. I got engaged to her in Manila on Thursday. I married her on Sunday, three days later. On Monday came the twist. The Navy ordered me to the U.S.S. Truk, a gunboat stationed at Chungking, China, 1,500 miles up the Yangtze River. That ship was closer to The Himalaya Mountains than it was to the ocean.

We passed a cormorant fisherman and I bought a fish from him. I had to pay fifteen dollars for what looked like a six-inch carp

Ethel tried to come along but talented as she is, she couldn't maneuver that one. The stubborn Navy said no wives in Chungking, period. So on Wednesday I left my bride of three days and departed alone for the interior of China.

Believe me, mail day in Chungking was an important thing in my life. The plane came only once a week, but that was a ding-how special as our Chinese boatman used to say. Every Wednesday I received seven fat juicy letters. I made a ceremony of opening only one a day, which annoyed our bachelor skipper. He never understood why a grown man should make such a fuss over a piece of paper. But then he didn't know about Ethel. Her letters meant a lot to me. I felt they were the ship's good-luck charm, protecting us all from Jap bombs, sickness and loneliness.

But on the 18th of June, good fortune went and hid herself in the mountains. That was black Wednesday. The mail plane from Hong Kong didn't bring me any letters. There was a mistake, I felt certain, and I made the pilot look through his pouches a second time. He patiently searched, but found nothing.

WHEN I got back to the Truk, the captain sent for me. "Lederer," he said, "make preparations for shifting berth. We're moving the ship upstream."

"This is a bad time to move, Captain," I said. "An unlucky day; I didn't get any mail. We better hold off for a week."

We both laughed.

"You lovesick calf, you'd think the entire Navy depends on your wife. Now stop this foolishness and have the ship ready to sail within an hour."

"Aye, aye, sir," I said. "But somehow or other I feel we're going to run into trouble."

And let me tell you, moving the ship on No Mail day was, indeed, an error. The U.S.S. Truk went aground on an uncharted projection of the Lungminhao Reef on the south bank of the Yangtze River. I began to suspect that maybe Ethel's letters were a lot more powerful than even I had figured.

With this in mind I normally would have advised the captain to let the ship stay on the reef until my next mail came—a week later. But June is a bad month to be on the rocks in the Yangtze. That's the time the river level falls from the winter high mark to the summer low. During a period of a month the river drops sixty feet. A stranded ship spends the summer on a small mountain sixty feet above water—that is if the vessel doesn't break her back and topple off.

My instinct had done its best to warn us that the 18th of June was a bad day, but we didn't listen to the inner call and there we were, stranded on a reef with the river beginning to fall. Tugs pulled us and pushed us. We raced our own engines, but the ship didn't budge. The hull was firmly jammed onto the rocks. We had to be floated off and the skipper ordered us to lighten ship by removing all stores.

"You and your damned letters," he muttered at me.

Having only thirty men unloading the Truk was tough duty. Between carrying equipment into sampans twenty-four hours a *(Continued on page 69)*

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The Navy's Uncle Louie

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

same age, and each had distinguished himself in key staff and combat posts during the war. As frequently happens in close contests of this kind, chance played a big role in the final outcome.

Ramsey lost out because his hands shook on one occasion when he met President Truman. The incident made an unfavorable impression. The President remembered it when Ramsey's name was submitted, and passed him over on the ground that the job of Chief of Naval Operations was too big for a man who couldn't control himself.

Actually, Admiral Ramsey had not been nervous at all. He is afflicted with a slight tremor in his hands, a fact unknown to the President. But that little quiver weighed against him.

A Boost That Boomeranged

Blandy was tripped up by his friends' overzealousness. They were too eager. The President became very annoyed at their aggressive pressure drive. For weeks he was bombarded with Blandy plugs. The climax came one Monday morning when the President read a story in a Washington paper stating that he had decided to appoint Blandy. Actually, it was a pure dope story. The reporter had no real information. Nothing much had happened—and he had to write something. So, being friendly to Blandy, the reporter cooked up the piece, on the theory that if it worked out he would be credited with a scoop and if it didn't the story wouldn't matter.

But it mattered a great deal. It spelled finis for Blandy. From that moment, he was out of the running.

In contrast to these mishaps, Denfeld was potently aided by a number of favorable breaks. Although publicly less known than Ramsey or Blandy, particularly the latter, who was then prominent in the headlines as a result of the Bikini tests, Denfeld was very well and very favorably known in the places where it counted most.

Truman and he had become well acquainted in the early years of the war, when the President was a U.S. senator, and Denfeld, as Assistant Chief of Naval Personnel, was directing the mobilization and training of 3,500,000 men and officers, for what was to become the mightiest navy in the world. The President liked Denfeld's quiet, efficient and easygoing way of doing things. Above all, he admired Denfeld's political savvy and skill. As a politician, this quality particularly impressed him.

The President had another good reason to remember Denfeld approvingly. During Harry Truman's chairmanship of the Senate War Investigating Committee the high-and-mighty brass didn't take kindly to his critical probing and prodding. Denfeld was a marked exception. He was unfailingly courteous and co-operative. He didn't throw his weight around and never passed up an opportunity to do a personal favor—which he was frequently in an advantageous position to do as the Navy's personnel assistant chief.

In addition to these weighty background factors, Denfeld was further aided by several others. He was the only submariner of the trio. He had spent two years in this service, after World War I, and ever since has been keenly interested in undersurface-craft development. That activity is now one of the Navy's top priority fields, due to Russia's large sub force and the acquisition of numerous German experimental vessels, devices, shipyards and technicians. Denfeld's experience in this vital service was another big count in his favor.

That's how it came about that Denfeld walked off with the prize—to the surprise of the press and most of the Navy.

"Teddy" Roosevelt was the inspiration for Denfeld's Navy career. It started at the knee of the Republican President.

Both Denfeld's grandfathers were ardent Teddy admirers and supporters. One was born in Germany, migrating to the U.S. in 1848. He settled in Westboro, and became a successful businessman. On the maternal side, Denfeld is of Irish descent, and it was Grandfather Kelley who, invited to the White House on one occasion, brought along young Louis. Teddy welcomed the boy with characteristic gusto.

Exuberantly, he expounded on his favorite subjects: the importance of being manly, keeping fit, and building up and maintaining a big Navy. The boy was enormously impressed.

The seed thus planted was further germinated a few years later when Denfeld went to live with an uncle, a retired naval officer, in Duluth, Minnesota. The uncle heartily encouraged the boy's leaning toward a Navy career, and when he finished high school got him an appointment to Annapolis.

Graduating with the class of 1912, Denfeld served several years on battleships and then was shifted to destroyers. During World War I, he saw action in the North Sea as the skipper of one of these ships. In 1922, at his own request, he was transferred to the submarines. He made the change because of his love of adventure and the additional pay submarine men receive. He had married his Westboro boyhood sweetheart, Miss Ray Metcalf, and the extra pay was a big help to the young couple.

During this period Denfeld's inherent friendliness and sincere interest in enlisted men developed as one of his most distinctive characteristics as an officer. In the submersibles, class lines differ uniquely from those of any other service. Rank and rating live and function in intimate proximity and camaraderie. This kind of fellowship is instinctive with Denfeld. It fits perfectly with his unaffected, friendly and companionable nature.

There are no doors in subs, and his dislike for doors dates from this period. His first order, when he took over the august sanctum used by the Chief of Staff, was that his door be kept open at all times, so that anyone, particularly enlisted men, who wanted to see him could do so without fuss and bother.

"I don't want to be shut in," he said, "or have anyone shut out."

Denfeld's favorite subject is enlisted men. He really warms up on this topic. It is not a pose or merely talk with him. He really means it. Whenever he visits a Navy ship or installation his first questions are always about the messing, care and other facilities of the enlisted complement.

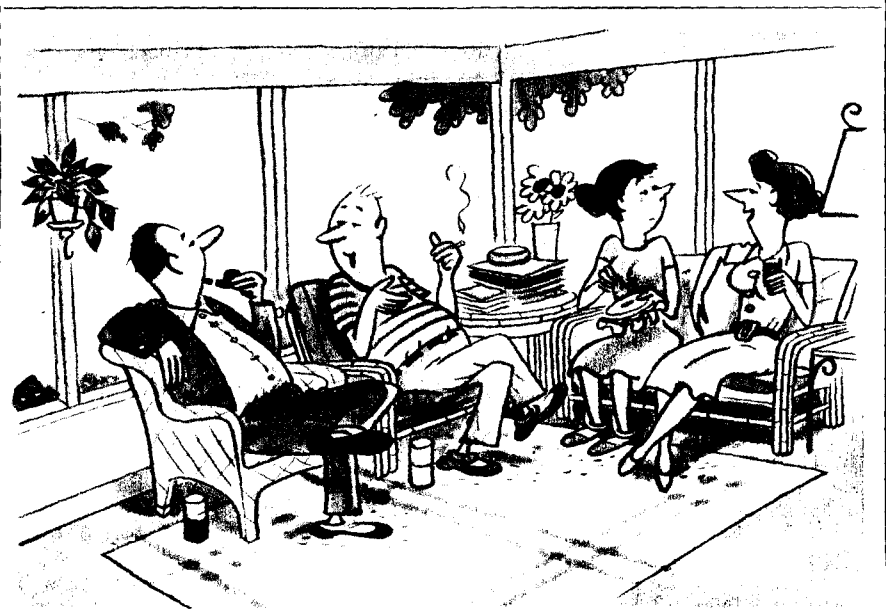
One of his greatest prides is that a sailor occasionally stops him in a corridor to unburden a gripe. When one does, that is a red-letter day for Denfeld. He always feels set up when it happens. No matter how busy Denfeld may be, the enlisted man invariably receives the same courteous and sympathetic hearing that a two-star admiral would expect.

Training for High Command

After two years with the subs, Denfeld was summoned to Washington for his first training as a staff officer in the Ships Movements Division of the Office of Chief of Naval Operations. During the next 17 years he pursued the normal course of a promising younger naval officer. Throughout these years, in his characteristically quiet and easygoing manner, he built up a record as an unspectacular but highly competent, reliable and popular leader. He was clearly marked for bigger and better things. He was still only a commander when his outstanding administrative ability was recognized by his being made head of the Personnel Detail Section of the Bureau of Navigation.

Denfeld's deftness and subtlety in coping with problems are graphically illustrated by the manner in which he handled a painful situation while commanding a destroyer squadron during the thirties. His commanding admiral was a crusty old sea dog who was imbued with the fixed conviction that a searing dressing down of subordinates at regular intervals was very salutary for their morale and well-being. Bull-voiced and profane, the admiral would summon them before him

VIEWPOINT



"I'm lucky when it comes to in-laws. Edna's people are wonderful folks—the salt of the earth . . ."

"Oh, I used to get homesick when we were first married. You see my family lives out on the Coast, and we don't see each other once in two years"

COLLIER'S — DAVE GERARD

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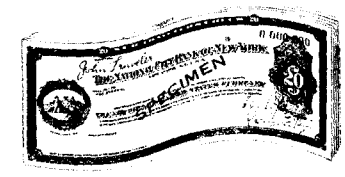

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and work them over on any pretext that came to hand. If he couldn't think of one, he would castigate anyway.

After a couple of these scalding emersions, Denfeld cast about for a way to outfox the old tormentor. Carefully studying the latter's habits and methods, he hit on a stratagem. It was the admiral's practice to take a nap daily after lunch.

That gave Denfeld his loophole. Thereafter, when summoned to report before the admiral, he carefully timed his appearance during the admiral's snooze hour.

The Ruse Was Successful

This was most distressing to the admiral's aide. It confronted him with a dilemma. He didn't dare wake the admiral, and at the same time he couldn't keep a senior officer waiting. The admiral was not disturbed. And Denfeld, having reported, blandly went his way unscathed.

The stratagem continued to work successfully throughout the remainder of his stay in that command.

By the outbreak of World War II in Europe, Denfeld was the Navy's recognized ace destroyer-squadron commander. When the Grand Banks Patrol was instituted, he was the logical choice for commander. Later, he was shifted to command of the Gulf Patrol, when U-boat depredations in the Gulf of Mexico became menacing.

After the fall of France and direct British-American convoy operations became more extensive, he was again entrusted with an important special mission. He was sent to London with the official title of Special Naval Observer and entrusted with the secret job of co-ordinating convoy escorts. While in London he went through the epic aerial Battle of Britain, becoming one of the first U.S. naval officers to see action in World War II.

Early in the summer of 1941, with the grim shadows of war crowding ever closer on the U.S. horizon, the Navy quietly set about organizing a special escort unit. Denfeld's distinctive experience and ability again made him the logical choice for this job, and he became Chief of Staff of the Atlantic Fleet Support Force, as the unit was designated. For his outstanding work on this assignment, he won his first Legion of Merit.

Three weeks after Pearl Harbor he was summoned to Washington and given the biggest task of his career, and one of the greatest in the history of the U.S. Navy. He was promoted to rear admiral, and assistant chief of the newly created Office of Naval Personnel, had the responsibility of mobilizing and training the man power for what was to become the mightiest navy in the world.

In wartime Washington the battling over man power was a many-sided and fierce struggle. The Navy did not have first priority, and Denfeld had to maneuver and manipulate, contrive and connive to produce the millions of men and technicians the Navy's ever-mushrooming forces demanded. Throughout it all he functioned quietly, smoothly and with unfailing effectiveness.

An episode during this period illustrates his methods and his ability. During a particularly turbulent series of discussions, the White House intervened and summoned a top-level conference. For an hour the meeting was a din of bitter recriminations and bickering. High officials glared and snarled at one another. Denfeld remained unperturbed.

Finally, during a lull, he pleasantly proposed a compromise. In a few minutes the whole tenor of the conference changed. The heated yapping subsided, and in a short while his formula was accepted with a few minor changes.

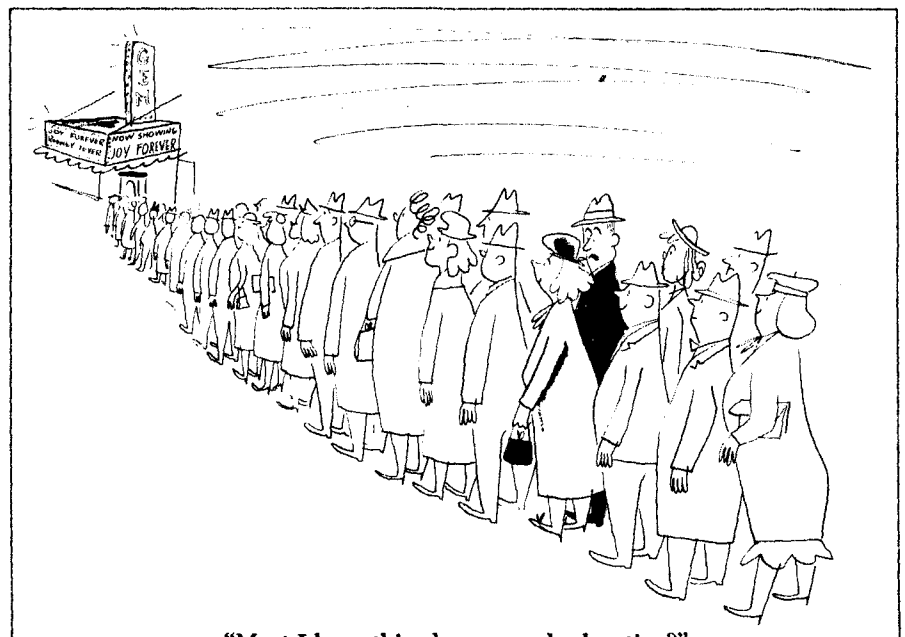
As the meeting broke up, Administrator Paul McNutt remarked admiringly to Denfeld, "How do you do it? How do you always keep so calm, cool and collected?"

"It's easy," chuckled Denfeld. "You see, I have the good fortune to be equipped with an internal air-conditioning system. It keeps my temperature down."

Denfeld's resounding success as a personnel officer won him his Distinguished Service Medal. He had previously been awarded the Legion of Merit. But he wasn't happy at his desk job. The war in the Pacific grew in magnitude and decisiveness, and he wanted urgently to have a hand in the fighting.

In February, 1945, he finally got his orders and flew out to join the fighting command of Admiral "Bull" Halsey. Shortly thereafter he hoisted his two-star flag over the U.S.S. Wisconsin as commander of the far-ranging and slugging Battleship Division Nine.

In this post he took a leading part in the hazardous Okinawa landings and the subsequent daring attacks in the Japanese home waters. His ships bombarded the Jap home islands of Hokkaido and Honshu and, in addition, he organized



COLLIER'S "Must I have this pleasure and relaxation?" KATE OSANN

and directed the radar screen for the entire operation. The resourceful experiments and innovations that he pioneered made this screen a highly effective defensive weapon, and it was singled out for special citation in official dispatches.

He was also awarded a Gold Star, in lieu of a second Legion of Merit and was promoted to vice-admiral.

The Jap surrender was still being celebrated when he was again summoned to Washington. As Chief of Naval Personnel, he was to demobilize the millions of men he had procured and trained, organize a sound reserve system and draw up the plans for integrating thousands of officers into the Regular Navy. He became Deputy Chief of Naval Operations a month later.

A Smooth Job of Demobilizing

The brilliance with which he executed these tasks is strikingly shown by the record. Without a single mass meeting, round robin or any other kind of public furor or demonstration, Navy demobilization proceeded smoothly, efficiently and at high speed. By January, 1946, far ahead of announced schedules, more than half of the Navy's men and officers had been discharged and sent home. Also, in marked contrast to the Army, a reserve was created, from scratch, that today is a virile and cohesive component. While the Army has still not solved its reserve problem, the Navy's reserve is an active, well-organized and alert force of more than 1,000,000 men.

By the end of 1946, Denfeld was tagged for another tough assignment. He was promoted to four-star rank and made head of the Pacific Command, with headquarters at Pearl Harbor. In this post, he commanded all Army, Navy and Air Forces in the central Pacific—plus 1,460 former Jap-mandated islands. Under a United Nations agreement, the U.S. had been given trusteeship over these islands, and Denfeld was named High Commissioner.

This Trust Territory is a vast domain, extending over 2,000,000 square miles of ocean, and his job was to start the physical and economic rehabilitation of the entire area and its thousands of war-ravaged and disease-afflicted natives. He presided over this explosive and far-flung three-ring circus with characteristic aplomb, deftness and ability.

In Washington, the three armed services were ferociously embattled over the original merger bill. But in Pearl Harbor, all was serene and harmonious under Denfeld.

The affection and esteem in which he was held was strikingly exemplified by the attitude of his Army and Air commanders when word was received of his elevation to Chief of Naval Operations. While congratulating him, they also voiced genuine personal regret over his departure from Pearl Harbor.

As Chief of Naval Operations, Denfeld is the antithesis of his immediate predecessors. In appearance, manner and viewpoint there is nothing of the "old sea dog" type about him.

Fifty-six years old at the time of his elevation, he was the youngest man to be named Chief of Naval Operations. Tallish and bespectacled, and always seemingly relaxed, he affects no poses or mannerisms. He rarely makes a speech, and when he does, he never engages in flag waving or tub thumping.

Hobbies and sports hold no interest for him. For exercise, he plays paddle tennis, and for recreation he gardens. Characteristically, he is practical about his gardening. He raises vegetables. However, he is fond of roses, because Mrs. Denfeld likes them. Childless, he and his wife are very close to each other. Society doesn't interest them. Because of the admiral's position, they have to do a certain amount of entertaining, but their names rarely appear in the society columns.

Although the least-known, least-quoted, and least-photographed member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Denfeld is in certain respects the most influential. The key role he exercises in this select and powerful body was strikingly demonstrated by his brilliant success on two notable showdowns. One was over the apportionment of this year's $15,000,000,000 military budget, and the other came during the Joint Chiefs conference at Key West, called by the late James Forrestal, as Secretary of Defense. In both instances, Denfeld played the decisive role.

During the tense struggle over the appropriation allocations, the Navy was in a very unfavorable position. It was caught between the clangorous 70-combat-group demands of the Air Force, and the equally insistent requirements of the Army. The two services presented powerful arguments why they should get the major portions of the $15,000,000,000 that President Truman had fixed for the military budget. The inner deliberations were long and strenuous.

But when they were all over, and the President submitted his budget to Congress, it was found that the Navy was sharing equally with its two sister services. Under Denfeld's suave and adroit ministrations, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, in the end, had "compromised" on an approximately equal three-way split of the $15,000,000,000—or whatever sum may finally be appropriated.

The same thing occurred at the Key West conference. For months the general staffs of the Air Force and Navy had wrestled heatedly over which service was to do what in certain key combat jurisdictions. Finally, Forrestal assembled the Joint Chiefs at Key West and ordered them to reach a working arrangement. They did.

The compromise agreement, as made public by Forrestal and bearing the signatures of Generals Bradley and Vandenberg, was written by Denfeld. He was the unheralded author of this widely heralded accord that, on the surface at least, suspended the warring among the clashing military.

Cooling Off the Hotheads

Denfeld was again the unpublicized peacemaker in the recent furious hubbub over the Air Force's B-36. It was he who took the initiative in the Joint Chiefs of Staff to put a quietus on the let-me-at-'em cries of both the Navy and the Air Force. Denfeld wrote the statement put out by the Joint Chiefs rejecting the plan for an aerial duel between the B-36 and Navy jet fighters.

Denfeld's objective and statesmanlike leadership in this bitter fracas was not popular in certain Navy circles. The Navy's "fly boys" are as cockily truculent and opinionated as their Air Force rivals. The flying admirals raged at Denfeld's attitude. One of the most turbulent defiantly roared into print, bluntly declaring that he was sticking out his neck to uphold his cause.

Denfeld was unperturbed. His position was clear-cut and the same he has held throughout all the stormy inter-service clashes. That position is simply this: He considers the welfare of the nation and the military establishment as a whole infinitely more important than the interests of a particular group or arm.

Denfeld genuinely believes in unification. But he has fought and he will continue to fight determinedly and effectively against attempts to strip the Navy of one of its vital functions. The record of his resounding success in obtaining Navy appropriations is ample proof of that. To Denfeld, unification does not mean domination by any one particular service. It does mean elimination of waste, duplication and questionable projects, and he has supported every move to that end.

That was why he remained aloof in the uproar over the halting of the construction of the 65,000-ton super aircraft carrier. In that earsplitting tumult, only insiders noted the significant fact that Denfeld, the Chief of Naval Operations, had nothing to say. He had done his talking for the carrier in the Joint Chiefs

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of Staff, when a higher authority ruled the carrier out. That settled the issue for him.

He had no hand in the bombastic letter subsequently made public by former Navy Secretary John Sullivan. The real author of that fusillade was Vice-Admiral Arthur Radford, one of the embattled flying admirals. It is significant that after Sullivan passed into limbo, Radford also quietly departed his Washington berth for a West Coast assignment.

An incident at a veterans' convention in St. Louis last summer illustrates Denfeld's diplomacy. Arriving the night before he was to address the organization, Denfeld retired to his hotel room to work on his speech. But after a little while an uproarious party developed in an adjoining room. Denfeld tried to concentrate on his manuscript, but it was no go. Laying aside his papers, he put on his coat and knocked on the neighboring door.

"You folks seem to be having a lot of fun," he said with a grin. "Mind if I join you?"

Naturally, he was warmly welcomed. A little later, talking to one of his young hosts, a former naval officer, he casually mentioned that he had been working on the speech when interrupted by the merrymaking. Fifteen minutes later, the party was over. The ex-serviceman had quietly told his friends that their noise-making had disturbed "Uncle Louie" and they considerately discovered reasons why they had to be somewhere else.

The speech was completed in peace.

Denfeld's high prestige and pervasive influence have paid off big for the Navy. It hasn't got all the funds and authorizations it would like to get. But this is highly significant: The Navy budget that Denfeld put through the Joint Chiefs of Staff was approved practically *in toto* by Congress. That is a tremendous achievement, against the many powerful pressures and odds that he and the Navy face. It is a graphic attestation of the great influence he wields so unobtrusively, amiably and brilliantly.

It also explains why the people around him, particularly junior officers, are so warmly enthusiastic about him. One young lieutenant, who had been expounding fondly about "Uncle Louie," was asked, "Why are you so keen about him?"

"Because he's a swell guy," was the lieutenant's instant reply.

Phone Call to San Diego

A rear admiral, who has served with and under Denfeld many times, answered the same question in another way. He related this story:

During a high-powered council of war at Denfeld's headquarters, the meeting was suddenly disrupted by loud bellowing in an adjoining room. As the noise continued, the assembled brass evinced marked annoyance. Denfeld summoned his aide and asked what the disturbance was about.

"Sir, I was talking to San Diego," was the flustered reply.

Everyone expected Denfeld to explode. Instead, he merely chuckled, and remarked quietly, "John, you obviously have a strong voice. But next time, try using the telephone."

There are smart insiders in Washington who will tell you it's a good bet that Denfeld will get another term as the Navy's Chief of Staff. He stands higher than ever in the esteem of the man who personally picked him, the President of the United States. THE END

Sister Act

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

his could not suspect the little Miss Susan. But tonight when she finds them here—together—she made a terrible scene."

This was the result of lying there fretting for so long, Frances told herself. She was having a nightmare. In her dream, Bennie's voice was pouring out details of some fantastic story. Susan was having dinner in a private room with a man called Signor Paul. And an angry woman was struggling with Bennie, who couldn't keep her out, though he told her over and over, "Nothing is wrong here. I give you my word they come only to talk the music."

"*Talk*—while I sit at home he is with this babyface!" the woman had screamed. "This time I have caught him! This time I will have a divorce!"

Everyone in the place could hear her. Bennie had shoved away the curious ones who came crowding in from the bar. But the woman had no shame.

"Let the whole world see how faithless is this Paul! Let them know about this husband stealer, this—" She called Susan a name then, a very bad name.

It had taken Signor Paul and Bennie together to get her into Signor Paul's car. Then Signor Paul said, "Bennie, take care of Miss Farnum for me." Bennie went to find her. But Susan was gone.

Now Bennie was calling because he could not sleep until he knew she was safe at home. His voice seemed to come from a great distance. But Frances realized by now that this was no nightmare. This was really happening. And if she were going to faint she'd better not do it until she had said something—and the right thing—to protect Susan.

"It was a very unfortunate misunderstanding, Bennie," she heard her own voice saying matter-of-factly. "Of course the woman must have been drunk."

"That one was not drunk," Bennie said. "I know her for a long time. Always she is like that—crazy in the head when she is jealous. Mrs. Farnum, take care of the little one. For believe me, here is a very dangerous person."

Frances put the receiver back in its cradle. She sat quite still, trying to think carefully. Out of the tumult in her mind she picked certain facts. Signor Paul was a teacher, Bennie had said. That must be Susan's instructor in dramatic art at the conservatory. Paul Armando. She'd mentioned him earlier in the year, laughing. The girls were all mad about him, she'd said. But she hadn't shown any special interest herself.

And yet tonight, in a private room at Bennie's she had been with him. And his wife had found them there, together—the wife who was going to tell the whole world Susan Farnum was a bad woman.

FRANCES went into her bedroom. She began to dress, her fingers moving automatically. With her coat on, she walked into Susan's room and stood frowning at the empty bed. Where was the girl who should have been sleeping in it now? Where should she begin looking?

Out of the chaos of her thoughts came a sudden memory: a chance remark by Eleanor Davis. "What about the time when she needs someone older and wiser, Fran? Where will she go then?" The question was its own answer.

Where indeed, but to Eleanor?

Frances rang the doorbell of her partner's apartment and almost at once Eleanor let her in. Eleanor had a net over her hair and was in her tailored robe. She looked competent and dependable, but the expression on her face was accusing. Frances pushed past her into the living room. Dawn light showed

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in putty-color at the windows. Susan's small face was putty-color, too, as she huddled beside the empty fireplace. A figure of hopelessness, she looked up at her mother.

"How did you know I was here, Fran?" she asked.

"Bennie called."

"Oh, *no*—"

"Don't look so tragic, baby. He said you got pulled into the floor show at his place. I figured if you wanted heavy advice you'd come to Eleanor for it."

Susan's blue eyes were those of a lost child. "Eleanor says there's nothing to do," Susan said. "She says it's too late now—"

"She has got herself into a simply hopeless mess," Eleanor said. Out of their years of association Frances knew Eleanor was using irritation to cover a very real heartbreak, but that her opinions would be honest. "I don't see how you could have let a thing like this happen, Fran—"

"You know me—the national feather-brain champion. The question is: What do we do about Susan?"

"What can you do about a girl in a spot like this?" Eleanor asked. "If the woman's bent on ruining Susan's reputation in this town she'll do it, whether her charges stand up in court or not. Once the papers get hold of her story—"

SUSAN made a little sobbing sound. "Eleanor, I told you it isn't true—what she said."

"If there's a scandal, Susan, will the scholarship committee you're trying so hard to impress at the conservatory care about details? Or the stuffy mothers of your friends at the club? They'll even take it out on Frances. We might as well close the Style Shop right now."

"But, Eleanor," Susan said unhappily, "she can't prove a thing. No court will give her a divorce without real cause—"

"The thing she obviously wants most is revenge," said Eleanor. "She knows she'll get that by blackening your name. And the more you fight her charges, the more publicity there'll be. The best thing that can happen will be for her to get her divorce quickly. After you marry this Paul of yours, people may forget."

"That's what you think Susan should do, Eleanor?" Frances asked quietly. "Marry some man named Paul?"

"It's the only way to stop the gossiping tongues," Eleanor said. "Fran, you know communities like this. The Farnum girls have been very popular here. But you're two women alone. You're attractive, both of you. You make other women uneasy. There will be plenty of them ready to believe this, and act on it."

"Do you want to marry this man?" Frances asked Susan. She thought of all her plans for the future: the scholarship, Susan's possible career, the nice boy she'd find one day.

The girl looked close to collapse. "I'll have to tell you the whole story now, I suppose, Fran—"

Have to tell! Susan, with whom she shared everything, had said that.

"Why don't we get some shut-eye first?" Frances said. "The Farnum girls have lost enough beauty sleep for one night. Things are always simpler in the morning."

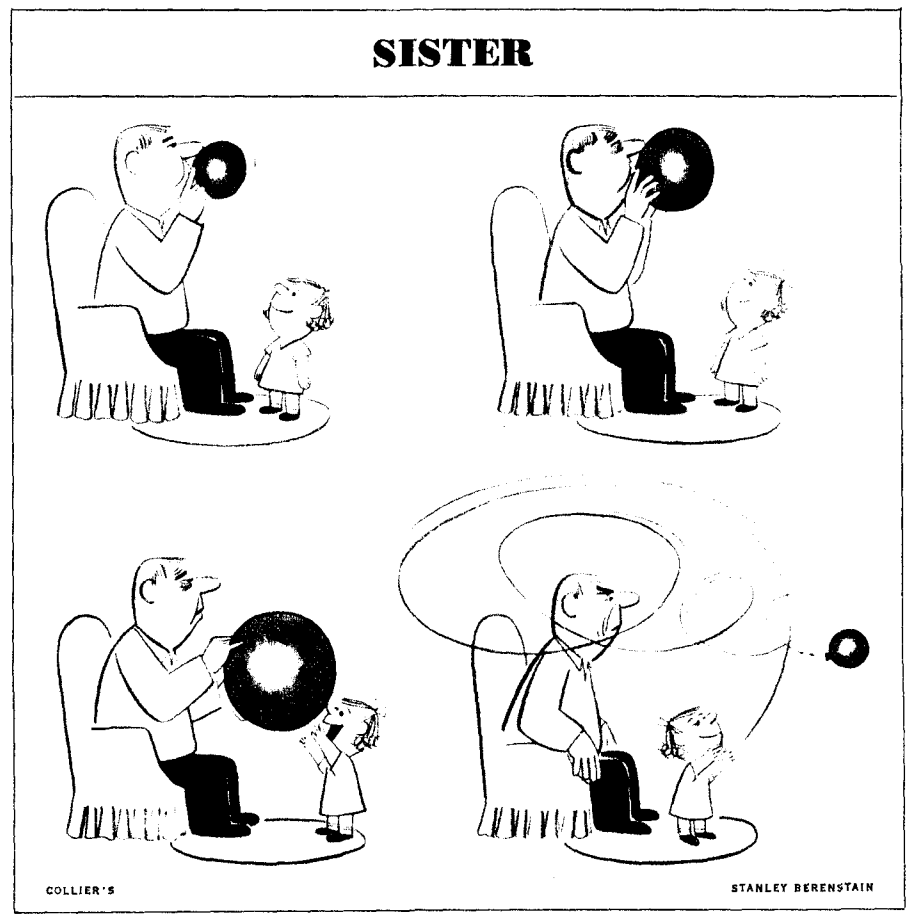
Eleanor spoke in a sharp voice. "I think this thing ought to be decided right now. Ever since you were nineteen, Fran—a widow with a tiny little baby—you've done a sister act with Susan. I'd say you'd been at it about long enough—that the time had come for you to step in and behave like a parent."

Frances slipped an arm over her daughter's shoulders. "Sorry, Eleanor," Frances said. "But bed before seven, up by eleven, I always say. Come along home, princess. What we both need right now is hot double chocolate."

When they were back in their own apartment, Frances found the sleeping capsules the doctor had left for her when she had the flu. She dumped the contents of two of them into one of the steaming cups. But when she saw the lids fall at last over the tragic young eyes and heard the regular breathing, Frances still sat by the bed, though it was long past daylight.

IN THE late afternoon sunlight, Susan's hair shone like a halo. She looked better for her few hours of sleep. But she was still pale. Her hands twisted nervously as she talked.

"Paul kept *saying* he wasn't going to have any gossiping about me, Fran. That's why we went to out-of-the-way places like Bennie's. I thought it was just his funny way. It was one of the things I liked about Paul—he was so different from American men. And the conservatory's stuffy about its instructors. But I thought it was silly, imagining anybody would care because I ate



with a teacher in some restaurant. I never dreamed he was married!"

"How long has this been going on?" Frances asked.

"There wasn't anything serious at all until—until day before yesterday. Paul was driving me home—he does that sometimes. We came the long way, by the river road."

Little by little, the rest of the story came out. They'd come to that little side road in the woods. Paul turned the car into it and parked. It took Susan entirely by surprise. They were talking about French drama—and the next moment she was in his arms and he was kissing her.

It was crazy, the way it had made her feel. Though she had liked Paul Armando, his good looks had never excited her at all. But when he held her so close to him and said the things he did, she found herself kissing him back. And she knew suddenly he had been important to her all along—that she had always wanted his arms holding her close to him.

"I love you so, you sweet, funny, little Susan," he had said in a choked kind of voice. And it seemed quite clear and natural that she loved him too—that this had been meant for them. She felt surprised, but marvelously happy. Paul didn't seem too happy, though. He went on kissing her. But what he said was strange.

"This is wrong—so wrong, little one. But—forgive me—I cannot help it. For months I've wanted to kiss you—this way."

Paul and his funny, old-world chivalry, Susan had thought tenderly.

"I'll make an honest man of you," she said, laughing. "It isn't wrong to kiss, darling, if people are engaged."

He looked at her queerly. "But—we are not—*engaged,* Susan—"

He probably was quaint enough to want to ask her mother for her hand first. "We will be, as soon as Fran knows about us," she said. "Kiss me some more, Paul."

He did kiss her some more—a great many times. She had never been made love to this way. It almost frightened her. And when finally he took her home, and he still asked her not to speak to Frances about what had happened, she didn't like it.

"But Fran and I talk over everything," she had said. "She'll guess right off something happened."

"Wait—wait just a little while," he begged. "There are reasons—believe me."

She would let him do this his way, she decided. So all day she avoided her mother, because her face would be a giveaway. Then, in the afternoon, he telephoned. She knew by his voice something was terribly wrong. He asked her to meet him. They drove out into the country in his car, and he tried to make love to her again. But she said first he must say what was the matter. At last he told her. He was a married man.

He'd been married years ago, before he left Italy, to a woman for whom he now cared nothing, who made his life wretched. But she refused to give him a divorce. This part was harder to tell. The story came out in little gasps.

"I felt—pretty awful, Fran. I said—of course we mustn't see each other any more then. And please to take me home. He wouldn't do it. He said I'd been all that had made him able to stand life the past few months. He couldn't give me up. We kept on driving and it got later and later. Finally he asked me to go to Bennie's with him for one last time. And I did. And then—just as I said I had to leave—she came in."

There was a long pause and then Susan said, "That's all, Fran."

All? Susan hadn't even mentioned the scene—the name calling, the threats. In spite of her own danger, her mind was still only on the man.

Does she still love him, Frances wondered? Would saving her from scandal, if that were possible, be enough? Or must she be saved from Paul Armando as well?

"Does your leaving Bennie's last night mean you were running away from this—Signor Paul?" Frances asked. "Or just from his wife, baby?"

"I ran because I was scared—and so ashamed. But I couldn't desert Paul if he is in trouble, could I? If there's a scandal, Fran, he'll lose his job at the conservatory!"

Already she had forgotten what *she* would lose. There was only one thing more Frances had to know—the answer to the question that had nagged at her pride ever since she had found Susan at Eleanor's.

"Susan, why didn't you come home last night instead of going to Eleanor?"

The troubled eyes looked frankly into hers. "I hoped she would figure out some way so you wouldn't have to know about—the messiness. Eleanor's different than we are, Fran, and—well I thought somebody older—would know best what to do."

It wasn't meant to hurt. It was just that in her extremity Susan simply hadn't thought of Frances as a mother at all.

"Go take another nap now, darling," Frances said. "Try to stay in bed until morning."

The realities came now as afterthoughts. "But Fran—if Mrs. Armando—you remember what Eleanor said—about my scholarship — about the shop—?"

"Eleanor loves to trouble trouble. *Git!*" The door closed between them.

Act like a parent, Eleanor had advised Frances. She would. By tomorrow morning she must have things settled. This was no matter to be hashed over by the Farnum girls in a gab session. This, as a mother, she would decide alone. Frances went quickly to the telephone.

SHE expected Paul Armando to be handsome, but not quite in the way he was. She had been hating him. But when he came into the living room an hour later, she caught her breath in tribute to his sheer physical magnetism. So this was what Susan had been up against. He was tall, graceful, too obviously experienced; and yet in spite of his suave manner he had the straightforward appeal of a small boy. Here was a man women must have been breaking their hearts over for years. What could be said to him that would have any effect? What did she want to say?

She was certain of only one thing. She did not agree with Eleanor Davis that he was a man Susan should marry for any reason at all. But Eleanor said she had never been a real mother. From what deep source could she get the wisdom to be one now, she wondered.

Paul spoke at once, charmingly. "You asked me to come here because of what happened last night?" Frances nodded.

"That was a bad thing," he said sadly. "Very bad. I know Susan has told you it was all innocent. But you see what I have suffered—for years—a crazy, jealous woman—" He broke off. "And I see why Susan said you should not be bothered with such unpleasant problems. You are very young to be the mother of a grown daughter, Mrs. Farnum."

His eyes studied her. "You are my Susan grown only a little older. It does things to my heart. You will forgive me if I speak of it."

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"Susan is the one we are going to speak of, Mr. Armando. Is your wife still threatening to —to drag my daughter's name into your affairs?"

His face changed. He looked very angry. "My wife says after last night, she wants only that I should be ruined. For years she has made that the weapon when I displease her—the conservatory! Always it has worked. Scenes—threats—forgiveness—scenes again. This time I have had too much! It no longer matters to me what she does. I have made up my mind. From now on, my life will be my own affair."

"And the conservatory?"

"I will leave the conservatory," he said. "I will go away from here."

"And—Susan? What will your wife do then about Susan?"

PAUL made a gesture of helplessness. "I have talked to my wife many hours. I have sworn nothing wrong has been between Susan and me. She does not choose to believe me. There is nothing more to do but go—"

His plans then didn't include Susan. All he wanted was to be free, and to save his own skin. The man Susan would not desert because he was in trouble was running away.

Frances spoke quietly. "You know what Susan's ambitions are, Mr. Armando. She hopes for a scholarship from the conservatory next year. She has to have that if she is going on studying. And our living depends on my dress shop. If Susan's mixed up in a divorce scandal, even unjustly, it will cost us the things we've worked for all our lives."

Paul Armando looked extremely unhappy. "It is outrageous that my wife cannot be controlled," he said. "I reproach myself for all of this—for bringing it on little Susan—"

Frances regarded him thoughtfully. She could guess his thoughts. Susan had said they were like sisters—but when Frances had called he had been afraid he was in for it. He was used to scenes, and thoroughly sick of them. He was sure now he did not need to worry about one from Frances Farnum. Under her bright modern manner, Frances was a gentle, credulous child—like her own daughter. She would feel sorry for him, but she would not condemn him. Almost transparently, these were Paul Armando's thoughts.

But her next question caught him squarely. "When you have this freedom you say you've wanted for so long, do you plan to marry Susan?"

Gift of the Garb

That a bathing suit is a practical thing
Is a fact there can be little doubt of.
It's apparel a lassie with eye-catching chassis
Is able to get a lot out of.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

The expression of his eyes changed very slightly, and his voice became defensive, almost impatient. "You know what a bad husband I would make for Susan," he said.

Again Frances watched his eyes. He was thinking fast; and when he spoke again, the impatience was gone from his voice. He was the charming Paul Armando—and he must not forget his charm.

"Susan is like fresh flowers," Paul said. "She is sunshine—and youth—and dreams. I love her very much. You can't imagine what it is like—knowing I've hurt her. You can't understand how I adore her—"

"Can't I?" Frances said in a voice she hardly recognized as her own. "How do you suppose I feel? Since the day she was born *I've* adored her. I've worshiped her too. *She's my life!*"

She hadn't meant to say that. The words were charged with such intensity that there was a sort of violence in the room. Frances saw Paul stare at her in astonishment. But though she stared back at him, she was not really looking at him at all. Instead she was seeing a baby in the folds of a blanket, a chubby little girl whose starched skirts stuck out straight from a diminutive waist, a girl graduating in a white dress.

Why, it was true, she thought, astonished. *Susan was her life. Her whole life.* Frances had wished for wisdom enough to be a parent. And now all at once she saw what had to be done. And she knew she had the power to do it.

"It's because I love her that way that I've come to a decision," she said clearly. "You must go back to your wife."

Frances saw how his gaze wavered, how the poise became a little less certain. She knew that for the first time in his predatory life, Paul Armando looked into a woman's eyes and was afraid.

"I have told you," he began hesitantly, "that I have decided I can no longer endure—"

"But a man can change his mind about a thing like that." Frances smiled as she spoke—and saw that her smile puzzled and disconcerted him.

"My wife, too, says all is finished."

"A man can change a woman's mind about a thing like that, too. Your wife is a woman in love with you. You should find her easy to convince." Frances was giving him an order. "Go back to her right now, Mr. Armando. Tell her she is not to make any more trouble. *And that it will be best for her if she never mentions my daughter's name again.*"

The words were a threat; Frances meant them to be a threat. Though she looked like a girl, there was something in her eyes ageless as time and as relentless. And she wanted Paul Armando to realize that he was dealing not with a girl, but with a mother. The blue eyes watched him.

"You make it seem my duty," Paul said at last. "Perhaps you are as wise as you are beautiful. You will tell my little Susan what I do is for her. But—perhaps it is best for all of us."

He took Frances' hand and kissed it. "It is you who have shown me that it is so," he said, charming to the last.

She thought of those same lips carelessly caressing her child. *In another age I could have killed him for it,* she told herself. *I would like to kill him now.* But this way would have to do. She endured the touch; then she stood rigidly until he was out of the room.

IN THE bathroom, scrubbing her hand, she looked up and saw Susan watching from the doorway.

"I wasn't asleep, Fran," Susan said. "I heard. He didn't love me at all, really. He'd have left me to face it alone if it hadn't been for you."

"It's over," Frances told her. "Put it under 'File and Forget,' darling."

In the mirror above the washbasin one gray hair suddenly gleamed silver against the gold. Frances thought of the tint bottle. Then she shook her head. She would look her age, from now on. The sister act was over.

Susan came and stood beside her. In the mirror their eyes met. She knows now, Frances thought. She knows everything. She understands how I've always felt about her, though I never could say it. For a fantastic moment she believed a slim arm might go around her neck. She imagined a young voice whispering, "Mother, *Mother.*"

But they'd been the Farnum girls too long. That wasn't their way. Susan's cheek came close to hers. But all she said was: "Your wave's a mess. Where are the bobby pins? I'll put it up for you, Fran." THE END

The Feast of Saint Restituta

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

garlands of red, white and blue. And from side to side of this street and the two streets running north and south from its entrance were strung brilliant white bulbs and fluttering banners.

I watched the line of peddlers' stands spring up, each displaying colorful delicacies which looked, however, as though they were saved from year to year, just for these festivals. The only recognizable stuff were Jordan almonds and Indian nuts. The others, tinted pistachio green, bright yellow, or pink, retained their mystery for me, as I never tasted them.

There were several portable clam bars, too. Around these bright-lit oases the older gentlemen loved to gather, partly for clams and partly to have a spot from which to conduct their endless political discussions. Among these groups could be seen many old-fashioned white mustachios, many heavy golden watch chains criss-crossing protruding stomachs. Over them, in the still summer air, would hover the bitter-scented smoke of black Italian cheroots.

The bandstand, however, mounted on one-story-high stilts, was the main decoration, and its building was watched by the neighborhood kids with delight. First the carpenters would erect the bare ugly skeleton of weather-beaten wood. Then its homeliness would be sheeted in red, white and starred-blue bunting, strung with lights, and a backdrop set in place showing Saint Restituta, crowned and seraphic, sparkling amid stars.

A seven- or eight-piece Italian band would mount this structure nightly at eight thirty to play selections from the Italian and French operas. At eleven thirty they would play an hour's popular dance music, and the teen-agers would dance amid the ankle-deep accumulation of paper streamers and confetti.

Every window on the block would be stuffed with spectators, who joined in the fun with shouts to their friends and hurled streamers into the close-packed crowds. Even the rooftops had their staring audience.

This year, there was something of a pall over the brilliant religious festival. All the street rows between the Santise and Vignali factions had the whole section on edge, and with Carmela's father Tony getting extra drunk for the feast as he always did, anything might happen.

Father Picciotti, gray and bent, watched worriedly from his station at the altar to the saint for any disturbance he could quell.

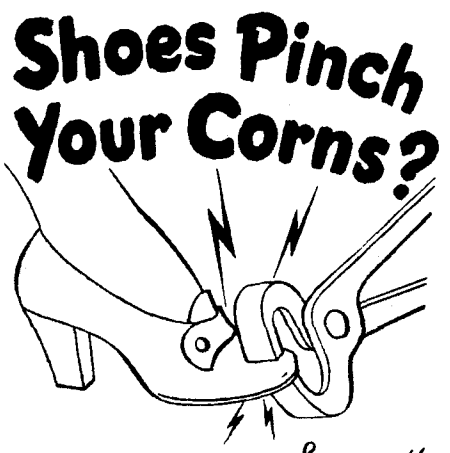
I saw Carmela the very first night. She stood near a corner, dignified and lovely as a rose. Grouped protectively around her were four of her girl friends.

I waved cheerily, and I was rewarded with smiles and low-pitched hellos. Carmela's face dimpled as she smiled, but her blue eyes stayed sober.

"Everything's going to be all right," I assured her.

"Gee, I hope so," she said.

Directly opposite, but sometimes hid-



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den by the intervening crowd, were Johnny's parents, standing attentive to the music of the band, which was trumpeting the march from Aïda.

Mr. Santise, white-haired and slim, looked small beside his majestic wife, who was clad in the customary black of the older Italian lady. In the spirit of fiesta, however, she had draped a shawl across her broad shoulders.

Halfway down the block, away from the corners, near the altar, were the dark-hued parents of Carmela. Her father Tony was plainly drunk. He carried under his arm a bottle of what we called red ink—which was his own rough homemade wine.

His short, muscular body seemed tensed for action, and he kept swinging one of his thick arms back and forth by his side in short, nervous arcs.

His wife, "Mrs. Tony" to the entire neighborhood, was, as usual, talking. Her broad bosom rose and fell in mighty surges as she talked and gesticulated.

The throngs of kids scampered noisily through the crowds, screaming with laughter, oblivious of the problems of their elders.

I wondered where Johnny was. Could his family have locked him in the house, I wondered. I got angry, just thinking of such "foreign stuff," but, remembering Johnny's fiery temper, I couldn't imagine any locked door stopping him.

NOW the band was booming a brassy *habanera*, and I watched Mr. Santise's venerable head nod with the compelling rhythm. Mrs. Santise's haughty patrician features seemed unmoved, although she had a half smile of distant good will to all.

Then my heart leaped. Johnny and Carmela, hand in hand, now stood together directly opposite his parents. They seemed to have suddenly risen from the ground. They looked unconcerned with the crowd, which gaped at them, some with hostile eyes.

The fire-eating Victor, not far from where I stood, spied them and started toward them, his beefy shoulders swinging as he walked.

I heard Mrs. Santise say softly, "Victor," and I saw him stop, turn, and look at his stately aunt. Victor shrugged sulkily, and walked away, rudely pushing anyone in his path.

Now Tony and his wife swept onto the scene. They didn't even notice their daughter or whom she was with. Father Picciotti was dogging their tracks, trying to keep up with them on his rheumatic old legs.

I don't know whether Johnny saw them coming and deliberately withdrew to spare Carmela any unpleasantness, but I saw him lead her away. They were both soon lost to sight in the crowd.

Unfortunately the pugnaciously drunk Tony spied the Santises and he stopped, grasping his wife's arm, drawing her up short.

A space cleared rapidly around the Santises and Vignalis. Spreading his legs and thrusting his stomach forward, Tony pushed his head back and stared up at the Santises with infinite scorn.

The Santises stared back at the local iceman, who for the past two months had refused to service their icebox, boasting to everyone, "If my daughter's no good for them, then neither is my ice!"

Mr. Santise spoke, as everyone strained to listen: "You would have less time for clowning in the streets if you took better care of your customers!"

Tony, slowly and all smiles, gestured to the crowd. "Listen—listen!" Then he folded his arms, worked his lips as though tasting something which had decayed, and said, "When Santises make talk, everybody must listen!"

"Take your husband home!" Mr. Santise ordered.

Tony stretched his head toward his wife, defiantly. But she gestured back with a shrug. As the crowd laughed, Tony uncorked his bottle and took a deep swallow, showing afterward that the bottle was empty by holding it by the neck upside down. Looking real ugly, he swung the empty wine bottle with menace.

But I felt nothing could happen here and now. Everyone was sprinkled with circles of colored confetti, and the lights seemed too merry to illumine trouble. Only the music held warning. The band was playing Sicilian Vespers.

A sudden cold gust of wind blew confetti, streamers and dust across the scene, which was turning into an arena, with its circled crowd, tensely watching and unwittingly encouraging Tony to some foolishness.

When the music ceased, a dead silence fell, so intense, that from one of the upper flats the wailings of a restless child could be heard distinctly.

It was Mrs. Tony, however, who signaled the beginning of the trouble. With

"We heard the Bentons had come up here to get away from people, so it was difficult for us to find them"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

startling abruptness she flung herself down in the littered gutter as though she wanted to dash her large body to pieces. In a high-pitched wail, Mrs. Tony begged the startled Santises, "Come with your stilettos! In the saint's name, put an end to my tears and my endless sorrows! You do not kill me, because I am already killed—killed with grief that you spurn the daughter of my heart—is not your son only flesh and blood? Is not my daughter flesh and blood? How long will you torture? Let us all die—it would be better!"

AT EACH of his wife's statements, Tony nodded his head with pursed-lip approval—but seemed to find nothing unusual in her position for this speech. She had now collapsed into sobs, head down to the street.

Tony looked up smartly at the Santises, his expression proud. "Well, what do you think of *that!*" he seemed to say.

Mrs. Santise was obviously quite distressed and was staring down at Mrs. Tony with real pity in her eyes. Apparently Mrs. Santise meant to help pick Mrs. Tony up, and Mr. Santise was urging her to do so, when Tony, mistaking entirely the meaning of their gestures, struck with the empty bottle.

The side of Mr. Santise's white head immediately turned red, and he dropped to his knees and then lay flat. Father Picciotti rushed to him, as Mrs. Tony rose and looked with shocked eyes, from Mr. Santise to her husband.

In the silence which followed, Father Picciotti warned, "This is enough! There will be no more trouble tonight!"

Tony had stepped back and looked down at the fallen Mr. Santise with bewilderment, and his eyes were suddenly wet with tears. He looked about him for sympathy from the crowd, the unbroken bottle still in his hand. Some returned his look fearfully, others showed open scorn.

"O my God!" he cried, in Italian.

Mrs. Santise, with a tiny handkerchief, was kneeling, wiping her husband's wound, and begged, "Please, a doctor!"

Mrs. Tony then lifted her skirt and tore a jagged strip from a white undergarment, and also knelt, trying to help Mrs. Santise. She crooned as she worked, "There, there, Mr. Santise—everything's going to be okay—you'll be all right soon." And Mr. Santise did recover consciousness, and sat up.

Two policemen, their brass buttons shining in the light, approached, and one of them at once grabbed Tony firmly by the arm. Tony whimpered, and swung an outstretched hand in a half circle, appealing for help from the crowd, which now openly jeered him.

The other cop leaned over Mr. Santise and seemed to say something comforting, after his examination, as Mrs. Santise smiled at him and Mrs. Tony raised clasped hands on high, as though offering a prayer of thankfulness.

Then the cop took his notebook out and asked Mrs. Santise, "Well, what happened? Give me the story, so's we can book this guy here."

Mrs. Santise rose to her full height and said simply and distinctly, "My husband who is old fell to the ground and cut his head. It was an attack of dizziness. There is no need for policemen. Here we are all friends."

The cop glared, disbelieving, and looked to Mr. Santise for denial. But Mr. Santise merely answered, "It was as my wife explained."

"Okay! Okay!" the cop said angrily, and scribbled a few words in his book, snapping it shut with a brusque slapping sound. "Anyone try to help this poor old fellow by calling an ambulance?"

Eager cries of "Yes! Yes!" came in reply, and its approaching whine could be heard, not far off.

Poor Tony, released by the other cop, most reluctantly shuffled toward Mrs. Santise with lowered head. When he was before her he seemed to be trying to speak, but could not. So he raised his head, threw his arms wide to the sky as though asking the angels to convey his gratitude. Then he kissed her hands.

Mrs. Tony went her husband one better by throwing herself to the ground again, this time to kiss Mrs. Santise's neatly strapped shoes. Mrs. Santise finally got Mrs. Tony back up on her feet, where she collapsed into Mrs. Santise's arms, sobbing.

THE ambulance gradually wended through the crowd, and the white-coated intern was quickly at Mr. Santise's side. In just a matter of moments he was finished. Mr. Santise was once again erect, with bandaged head, however, and the ambulance backed out.

Just then Carmela and Johnny reappeared. Both looked pale. "Don't worry, Carmela," I heard Johnny say, "nothing will keep us apart!"

"Oh, Johnny—" Carmela wailed, hopelessly.

Mrs. Tony spied them approaching and abandoned Mrs. Santise to fling herself happily at her daughter. Carmela, like a mother with a capricious child, patted her mother's back. She didn't seem to notice that her mother had torn the sleeve right out of her dress when she flung herself upon her.

Johnny went to his father, grasping his arm, asking if he were all right. His mother answered, "There was much foolishness. Now it is over," and she walked away from her husband and her son toward Carmela and her mother, still locked in embrace.

"Come, Mrs. Vignali," she said firmly, "there is no need for further tears. And you have torn Carmela's pretty dress."

Mrs. Tony withdrew as Mrs. Santise smiled warmly down at the frightened Carmela. Mrs. Santise said, "In Padua, where I was born, they taught the young ladies to make very fine, almost invisible stitches. Come up stairs with me—I will sew your sleeve back in place."

"I can fix it later, Mrs. Santise," Carmela said, respectfully.

Firmly taking Carmela's hand this time, Mrs. Santise started to walk her away, and then said, for all to hear, "My son's fiancée must not appear long in public with a torn gown—people love to make talk. We, *carissima,* shall give them no chance."

There was a shout then and someone called laughingly to the bandsmen, all draped over the railing of the bandstand, watching, "Hey! You guys get paid for keeping quiet?"

Tony and his wife threw their massive arms about each other happily and then seized on the frail Mr. Santise for some acrobatic handshakings and back poundings as everyone laughed and cheered them on.

As for me, I felt as though I had been more than spectator. I had had quite enough for one night. Pressing Johnny's hand in congratulation, I walked home, and to bed.

The wedding was really something. Carmela had six bridesmaids, and Tony must have had some money somewhere because her dress and veil have since been my standard of comparison for lovely wedding gowns, as she still remains my standard for beautiful brides.

And I got two kisses from Carmela after the wedding. One to congratulate her and the other, Carmela said, because, "If I hadn't married Johnny, I certainly would have waited for you to ask me."

Some of the fellows tried to tell me she had told them the same thing. I don't think so, because I was probably a very nice guy, when I was sixteen. THE END

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Arvey of Illinois

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

that the John Marshall Law School made him an honorary LL.B. Senator Douglas, who taught economics at the University of Chicago, says Arvey has such an incisive mind that he would have succeeded at anything.

His chief faculty has always been a savage ability to disembowel a heavy brief at one quick reading, and to come up with a persuasive point of ethics on which to hang the case. For instance, when Wake Island was captured by the Japs, the construction companies there were indemnified for their losses. Arvey spotted another claim, that of the companies' employees who lost their lives or liberties in line of duty. He has collected about $50,000,000 for the workers and their heirs.

Arvey and Edith Freeman eloped and later, on June 10, 1916, were remarried in orthodox fashion. When war came Arvey tried to enlist but was turned down for a hernia. The rejection gave him a dissatisfaction, even a sense of guilt, which he would not entirely expiate until he came under enemy gunfire more than 20 years later. As it was, he became a minuteman Liberty bond salesman, but the moralist as well as the opportunist in him kept moving him toward active politics—a bloodless but highly personalized form of public service, as Arvey learned to play the game.

His first candidate, fittingly enough, was a man who had done him a favor. More than that, as Arvey never forgot, Professor Lindsay of John Marshall Law School was the only person outside the family circle to send the newlyweds a wedding gift—a set of salt and pepper shakers which the Arveys still treasure. Lindsay was running for a municipal judgeship on the Republican ticket. Arvey went out to ring doorbells for him, and Lindsay won.

Thirty-odd years afterward there was a cleanup campaign of the Chicago bench. One of the sitting jurists slated to go was Judge Lindsay—not because he was corrupt but because he was deaf. When Boss Arvey called in Lindsay, the old man tried to make it easy for him by offering to go quietly. "I don't want you to step down," yelled Arvey. "All I want you to do is buy a hearing aid." Lindsay did so, and his job was saved.

Debut as a Prosecutor

Young Arvey's first campaign had not gone unnoticed by the Democratic chiefs. Alderman Joseph O. Kostner sought him out. Kostner was a real power in the city, having served on the commission of public works under the five-time Chicago mayor, Carter H. Harrison, Jr. The upshot was that Arvey went into the office of State's Attorney Maclay Hoyne. A year or two later, in 1919, he became assistant state's attorney for Cook County, and began going into court regularly as a prosecutor.

Like most men with a pronounced streak of humanity, Arvey disliked the work of sending people to prison or the death house. There but for the grace of God and a good mind, he believed, any kid off the Chicago streets might go. It seemed to him that prosecution of criminal cases, while a public service, was working with damaged goods instead of the raw materials.

So Arvey quit the post and set up his first law firm. His partner was Paul Holleb, his predecessor as assistant state's attorney. They had offices at 120 Central Avenue and, as usual, there were some tie-ins. Associated with the fledgling firm was Sam Epstein, son of one of the foremost rabbis in town and a shrewd man on real-estate litigation. In years to come, Epstein's knowledge of real-estate trends was to make Arvey a well-to-do landlord of industrial and office properties.

But a lot more than law was practiced by Arvey & Holleb. The big game was politics. Every night the young partners returned to the office and sat as free counselors for voting citizens of the Twenty-fourth Ward. No bones were made about the arrangement. Arvey and his partner were preparing to back their former chief, State's Attorney Hoyne, as an extraorganization candidate for mayor. The fee they extracted from the ignorant, friendless immigrants and slum dwellers who came to the office was good will. Yet the partners made it clear to their clients that nothing was more valuable in time of need than a high-up friend in Chicago politics.

A Bait From the Ward Boss

Hoyne did well in the Twenty-fourth Ward, though he lost the primary election. In no time at all Arvey had a visit from Mike Rosenberg, the none-too-saintly ward committeeman. Mike, with his still less saintly brother Moe, ran the Twenty-fourth Ward on the simple principles of pork-and-patronage. But their leadership was shaky, and there was a Presidential election looming in 1924. The story is that Mike offered Arvey a precinct captaincy if he would join the organization. When Arvey hesitated, Mike waved his arm grandiosely as if to encompass the entire ward, saying, "Jack, if you work hard, one of these days this whole place will be yours."

No truer words were ever spoken in jesting temptation. Several things would have to happen before the prophecy came true, but the man's first meeting with his big moment was fast approaching. Calvin Coolidge and his ticket carried the ward in 1924. The next year Mike died, and Moe took over. In the fullness of time, 1933 circa, Moe fell into trouble for alleged income-tax evasion. He was under indictment when he died while undergoing an appendectomy.

But meanwhile Arvey had become an alderman, as well as the law partner of Sam Epstein. Many of his early associations were bearing fruit. Judge Lindsay named him master of chancery, a very lucrative post, in the early 1930s. Joe Kostner, his first real political vehicle, had died and A. J. "Tony" Cermak became mayor. But in 1933, just as Boss Moe Rosenberg was fading out, Cermak was assassinated as he sat at the side of President-elect Franklin D. Roosevelt in an automobile at Miami. Ed Kelly was chosen mayor by the city council, and Arvey became law partner of John McInerney—the new mayor's personal lawyer for whom Arvey had clerked. In a series of almost breathless climaxes, Arvey in 1934 found himself ward committeeman of the Twenty-fourth Ward—in title and in fact the boss.

At thirty-nine, as lawyer and politician, Arvey had "arrived." It seemed for a long while that his career would level off at this plane, as a henchman of what was now the Kelly-Nash machine. Actually, in military parlance, Arvey would spend almost a decade in consolidating his gains. With a family of two boys, Erwin and Howard, and a daughter, Helen, he needed the income of a booming law practice. But his exploitation of his political position is what now begins to shape the man and his story.

The Twenty-fourth Ward, lying south and west of Chicago's center, was properly described in Arvey's youth as "one square mile of 100,000 Jews." By the time Arvey became its boss the ward was easily 90 per cent Jewish, with a minority of Catholic Poles, Italians and Irish, plus a few Negroes. Arvey did not change the

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Rosenberg system except to perfect and purify it. All of his precinct captains were ordered to join their proper lodges, churches and synagogues. This much was routine.

But Arvey, the moralist, the opportunist and the perfectionist, began to press for the ultimate in each category. He established a full-time, all-year office on West Roosevelt Road, the neighborhood's arterial highway, where everybody in need was invited to make application. Regular forms were filled out, of which the following is actual and typical: "Name and address (deleted). Eviction due tomorrow. Woman has four children. Nowheres (sic) to go. Called Mother Cabrini Housing Project to help her."

Literally everything was provided for worthy supplicants, Democrat or Republican. In its history the Twenty-fourth Ward Democratic organization has supplied wooden legs, glass eyes, sacrificial wines, apartments, maternal hospitalization, legal counsel and what not.

How was the money raised? Arvey is adept at the personal touch, and is himself generous. But the main exchequer, running upward of $20,000 a year was, and is, supplied by a Year Book and an Annual Affair. The book raises funds by solicited ads in Chicago and throughout the state. The affair is a shindig at the Chez Paree, the town's gaudiest night spot, where 600–700 people from the city's wealthier regions dine and dance on tickets sold by the ward committee.

Despite the Coolidge election, everybody knew that the ward was a Democratic stronghold and a sitting duck for as keen-eyed a marksman as Jack Arvey. Even so, the bull's-eye election results under his leadership became almost incredible. In 1923, his first election, Arvey won his alderman's seat by taking 5,558 out of 9,430 votes.

The measure of his success can be judged by comparing these figures with those of 1939 when Arvey last ran for the same seat. This time he took 20,279 out of 20,600 votes. The same upward progression shows in the vote for state and national office. In 12 years the gubernatorial majority rose from 5,445 to 19,477. In 1936, twelve years after voting for Coolidge, the ward went 26,112 for Roosevelt and 974 for Landon. Arvey did not consider it flattery when F.D.R. clapped him on the shoulder and called the Twenty-fourth "the number one ward in the entire Democratic party."

Federal Funds Aid Precinct

Similarly, Arvey believed he was voicing a fact, not a compliment, when he called Roosevelt "the great precinct captain." The New Deal brought federal patronage down to the precinct level. That suited Arvey's principles as well as his purposes. Make-work jobs and relief funds allowed him to give the sort of public service he'd always believed in. As a dispenser of government largess, he could make sure that nobody in his ward was ever neglected.

But Arvey saw to it that sweet charity also served his political purposes. He gave an annual prize—an inscribed wrist watch called the Arvey Award—to the best precinct captain. Nothing was too much trouble when it came to the complicated strategy of what politicians call "keeping 'em satisfied." This demanded more than patronage-placement. The petty but bitter jealousies of a close-packed, mixed-race population were always there to challenge his leadership.

The Poles, Italians and Negroes were sensitive minorities which had to be represented on the local tickets and in appointive positions. The Jewish majority itself factionalized into 22 synagogues, 15 Hebrew schools and a theological seminary. Finally there were the few congenital Republicans whom Arvey also regarded as part of his responsibility. More than once a Republican precinct worker would come around privately and beg to be allowed to make a creditable showing in order to keep his job. "Plenty of times, we'd let it happen that way," said an Arvey Award winner.

Perhaps it was just as well not to win unanimously, as some of Arvey's followers believed was quite possible. There was never a time when the boss did not have the logistics at his fingertips. He once asserted that there were "not more than 100" eligible voters unregistered. The labor unions, not quite believing him, made a scientific survey which showed Arvey to be substantially correct. He really "owned" his ward.

Clear proof to the title was established in the Horner-Bundesen primary gubernatorial fight of 1936. Governor Henry Horner, a close friend and an outstanding reform statesman, broke with the Kelly-Nash machine on the issue of horse racing. Horner approached Arvey for support, naming all the reasons why he should get it. It was another meeting of the man and his moment. Arvey had a popular candidate and a good chance to rise above machine politics for the sake of clean government. But he wasn't ready to do this in 1936. Organization loyalty, as he told Horner, had to come first. Religious ties and personal friendship were not so important, he said, as building a united front for the Democratic party. Horner thanked him for a frank answer.

"Jack, I know that many of my associates won't be with me in this campaign. But you're the only one with the guts and honesty to tell me straight to my face," Horner said.

But Horner kept the pressure on. A delegation of rabbis called on Arvey: "What will we tell our people if you back Bundesen against Horner?" Arvey advised them to point out that there were two Jewish sides—his and Horner's. Next came a group of 26 Horner-appointed ward jobholders. How could they back the governor and keep their jobs? Boss Arvey advised them to resign their jobs and shame the devil. All of them did. When the primary election rolled around, it was Horner against the machine's candidate, Health Commissioner Herman Bundesen, a German-born Episcopalian. Horner won the state in a close vote. But Arvey's ward went 10 to 1 in favor of Bundesen. "And that," says an Arvey lieutenant, "is what you can really call control."

Chicagoans began referring to their Democratic organization as the Kelly-Nash-Arvey machine. Addition of the junior partner did nothing to change its nature. The Chicago machine differed little in morals from the engines of Crump of Memphis, Curley of Boston, Pendergast of Kansas City or Hague of Jersey City, or Tammany Hall of New York City. Even today Arvey does not apologize for the company he kept. This included gangsters, racketeers and every type of political graftsman.

Arvey's explanation is that there was a depression on, and that machine politics is a form of emergency-dictatorship which can be justified by circumstances and results. People who needed jobs, handouts, influence and friendship were getting what they could not get from a high-plane local government. Also there was an economic revolution in progress. The blessings of health, security, equality and opportunity—mere words to a less practical moralist than Arvey—were actually being redistributed among those in need. The machine had to become all-powerful before it could become holy.

Can a man play this game and keep his own hands clean? Arvey responds to this question like the Sphinx to the riddle. He keeps a stony face and says nothing. Any number of rumors can be picked up on the Chicago political mart, but they have never lent themselves to much tracking down. It is a fact that Arvey's brother once obtained a state contract to supply office furniture while Jack was alderman and chairman of the city council's finance committee.

Arvey's law firm has always been on the books of companies which stand in, or want to, with the political powers. In fact, the firm seems to be a revolving door through which men go between public and private life. When Sam Epstein went to the bench, his partnership spot was filled by Barnet Hodes, a corporation counsel for the city for 10 years. With friends on the bench, in the council, the legislature and Congress, it is doubtful if Arvey could possibly keep politics and law practice separate.

But the riddle remains unsolved, perhaps because there is no riddle at all. "They'll never catch Jack Arvey," says one Chicago writer. "Don't bring me rumors, bring me facts and I'll print them," says a city editor. That is where the matter always has rested. Arvey was never "caught," and after a while people stopped trying.

Arvey's position within the Kelly-Nash organization could have been called "vice-president in charge of conciliation." Soon after the Horner-Bundesen primary, Arvey found out that Horner was vacationing at Miami Beach. Taking Boss Pat Nash with him, Arvey turned up for a vacation of his own. The primary quarrel was patched up so that the machine came off with only minor damages. There were other famous intra-party squabbles which he settled—one between Senator Scott Lucas and Judge Michael Igoe and an earlier one between Cermak and Igoe. Arvey was able to serve as conciliator mainly because he himself seldom carries a grudge. "He's the best forgiver-and-forgetter I ever met," says a man who knows him well. On this subject, as nearly always, Arvey has a maxim fit for the schoolbooks:

"Revenge is the bitterest tasting stuff in the world. Why the devil should I have indigestion on top of my other troubles?"

Sincerity of Ideals Doubted

But people who believed in his honesty and goodheartedness had some reservations about accepting his political idealism. His prewar talk about the higher purposes of the machine met with uh-huh skepticism around Chicago. It was undoubtedly this attitude which gave circulation to the postwar legend that Arvey "got religion" during combat service in the Pacific. Several political writers angled their stories along the line that Arvey's 1947-'48 reform tickets were born of a foxhole conversion. A few others, more worldly than the rest, say Arvey "perfumed the ticket" with reformers to reverse the Republican trend that gave us the Eightieth Congress.

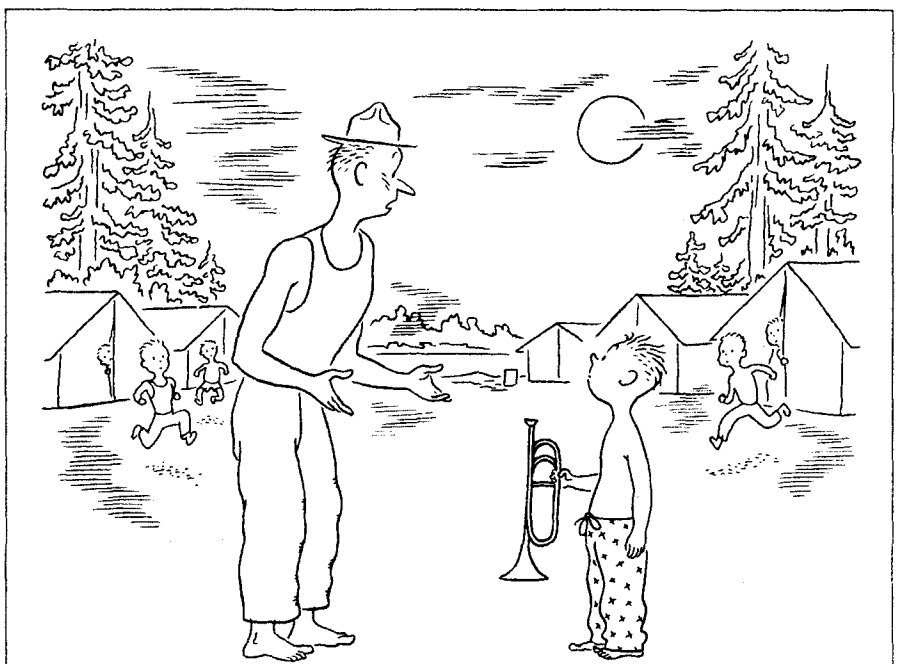
Neither estimate takes account of the full facts or of the man's natural development. For one thing, Arvey saw relatively little combat of the sort to "change" a mature man, if such experience ever does. He was judge advocate and morale officer of the 33d Division, a staff position in a not-uncomfortable headquarters, which is a very different thing from leading troops. Like many a rear-echelon man, Arvey went to the front for the satisfying adventure of being under fire. But his job was not there, and it does neither him nor the real front-liners any justice to pretend that it was. The important and creditable facts of his war service are that he has been a lieutenant colonel in the National Guard and insisted on going overseas, where he did such a bang-up job that his commanding officer, Major General P. W. Clarkson, a West Pointer, said of him:

"Jack Arvey is a real go-getter. He's tremendously liked by all the officers and men in the division. He's a born leader and, believe it or not, he has no enemies. I have grown to depend irrevocably on his judgment in many matters—some far removed from his legal field. I only hope I can keep him. He's a man I'd like to soldier with for the rest of the war."

However, far more illuminating than this or the legend of a foxhole conversion are Arvey's own words. Writing from the Pacific to a Chicago friend, he says: "The main reason I got into the Army, outside of patriotic impulses, was to get out of the field of organizational politics. If I ever re-enter, it will be as a free lance, to effectuate those social reforms which I believe are necessary to a true American way of life."

The war, then, did play a deciding part in Arvey's development, and in a manner that is well recognized by psychologists and historians. Arnold Toynbee, in his best seller, A Study of History, calls this phenomenon withdrawal-and-return. Toynbee describes this psychological experience, which many a reader has had in his own life, as follows:

"The withdrawal makes it possible for the personality to realize powers within himself which might have remained dormant if he had not been released for a time from his social toils and trammels. Such a withdrawal may be a voluntary action on his part, or it may be forced upon him by circumstances beyond his control; in either case the withdrawal is an opportunity. . . . The return is the es-



"But you're not supposed to blow mess call just any old time you get hungry"

COLLIER'S NED HILTON

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sence of the whole movement, as well as its final cause."

During this "withdrawal" period in the Pacific, Arvey wrote many other letters which unconsciously held up the mirror to his true nature. They show the whole developing pattern of his character, through the poverty environment, the wholesome father-and-mother influence, the urge to serve human beings, the opportunity presented by ward politics and by the Kelly-Nash organization and, finally, the time for contemplation and growth which Army life gave him. Only a man of creative ability and profound humanity could have written as Arvey did, with no eye to publication.

"We speak of the American standard of living. How can we take pride in that standard, when it can be applied only to a portion of our population? . . . I suppose this reads like the raving of a Socialist. But if so, I am a Socialist. Discontentment of poor and rich make for race and religious prejudice. . . . Give each man to work out his destiny, with a fair break, and he can be, and will be, a better citizen and better man before his God. . . .

"Well, you will think that the hard-hearted, soul-lacking politician, as I have been painted, has gone loony. No, my friend, if what I think is loony, then I have been loony for many years. . . . I need neither money nor fame, I crave no power, but I feel I owe it to a country and community which has been good to me, to strive for conditions, the lack of which retarded me, but, thank God, did not stop me."

The "return" which followed the "withdrawal" brought Arvey back to Chicago late in 1945. Shortly after his Army discharge a gastric resection operation for duodenal ulcers left him with half a stomach and no real will to carry on the mission he had conceived for himself. He went to California to recuperate. When he got back home in mid-1946, the Republican ground swell and many internal eruptions were rocking the Kelly-Nash machine. Its leaders came to Arvey for help. Would he accept the post of chairman of the Cook County Central Committee and take charge of the oncoming election?

Staging a Hard-to-Get Act

The man and his moment had met once more. But Arvey hesitated. His health was poor. His wife wanted him to quit politics. To that end she had moved the whole family out of its old home in the Twenty-fourth Ward and taken a lake-front apartment. Yes, but Arvey's hesitation had another cause. The hard-to-get act allowed him to state his own terms. If he came back to politics, he would have to be boss, not just of the ward but of Chicago. The bargain wasn't stated in those words, but that was what the words meant.

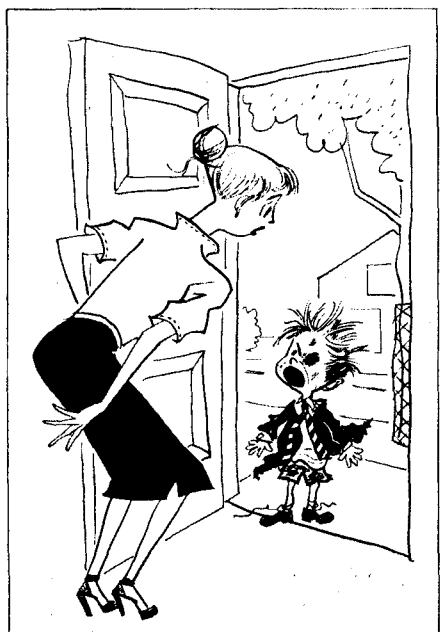
Arvey took his chairmanship on July 9, 1946, too late to do much about the 1946 elections. The ticket was still weighted with Kelly-Nash stalwarts, and the Republicans won heavily. Looking toward the mayoralty primary election in February of the following year, Arvey saw a job which made his earlier conciliation services seem no more than trial runs. Pat Nash was dead and Chicago was fed up with Ed Kelly, mayor since 1933, and his days as a winning candidate were over. Everybody in Chicago but Ed Kelly knew this. Who was going to break him the news?

Only Kelly and Arvey themselves really know what went on in their private conferences. Arvey, certainly giving his old friend and chieftain the best of it, says that he put it this way:

"Mayor, you know that if you want to run again, the whole organization will break its neck to win for you. But the people want new blood, and you need rest. I strongly recommend that you withdraw."

Whatever Arvey really told him, Kelly withdrew rather huffily. The stage was set for the "draft" of Martin Kennelly, a photogenic and sure-fire civil leader candidate whom the Republicans came near to nominating themselves. In the very nick of time, Arvey had saved the machine from the fate that eventually overtook its political counterparts in Memphis, Jersey City, Kansas City and New York. He had also begun its reconversion into a good government vehicle. In 1948, extending his bosshood beyond the city lines, he used his newly established powers to get the State Central Committee to back Paul Douglas for senator and Adlai Stevenson for governor.

But whom the gods love, they chasten —Boss Arvey was due for a mild comeuppance. He had been almost dangerously successful in hand-picking the city



"I was a perfect little gentleman like you told me to be. Got any more silly suggestions?"

COLLIER'S AL ROSS

and state tickets. He believed that "name" candidates were the answer to Democratic organizational needs. The biggest name on the political horizon was General Dwight (Ike) Eisenhower. Every poll proved that, though they did not show anything of Ike's political beliefs. The general successfully dodged nomination by the Republicans where his sentiments, if any, seemed to lie.

Meanwhile, Arvey collected some of Ike's speeches and talked with some of his officer friends. Nothing he found convinced Arvey that Ike was *not* a Democrat, which was about as far as the research could go. Also, by comparing earlier polls and making spot checks of his own, Arvey concluded that Mr. Truman probably could not win in Illinois, that he would certainly trail the peerless Douglas-Stevenson combination.

Arvey began to come out by degrees for an Eisenhower nomination. First he merely said that the Democrats were not obligated to nominate Mr. Truman. Then he spoke of an "open" convention. Finally, on the train to Philadelphia, he came out for Ike. He was so sure of the general's acceptance that he collaborated on a nomination speech that was to answer all the objections to dumping Truman. The speech was never made, for the general irrevocably withdrew his name. But according to Erwin "Bud" Arvey, the boss's elder son, only Jack Arvey, and one other man know how close Eisenhower came to accepting—and why he didn't.

With the Militant Liberals

Possibly, as Arvey now admits, it all turned out for the best. He was among the militant liberals at the convention who put over the civil rights plan, isolated the Dixiecrats and proclaimed what was to be called the Fair Deal. Five minutes after Mr. Truman's nomination, Leslie Biffle and Howard McGrath, the top Administration political managers, led Arvey to the President.

"I know when you're for a man, you're for him all the way," said Mr. Truman. "I know I can count on you to go all out for me in Illinois."

"Mr. President," said Arvey with more confidence than he felt, "we're going to win for you in Illinois—and I hope you come to Chicago so we can demonstrate to you and the nation just how tough we're going to be."

It wasn't until Mr. Truman did come there for a campaign speech that Arvey realized the little fighter from Missouri had a chance to win. The crowd reaction proved that. But Arvey was right about one thing. Mr. Truman ran far behind the Illinois Democratic ticket. He finished about 33,000 votes ahead of Dewey. But Douglas won by 407,000 and Stevenson by 572,000, the greatest plurality ever polled by an Illinois candidate.

Perhaps because of his miscue on Eisenhower, Arvey disclaims any ambition to become a national influence. He still gets phone calls and some patronage from the White House, but his main attention is fixed on Chicago and Illinois, where he gets many more phone calls and much more patronage from the mayor and the governor. The thing he treasures most is the fame and gratitude which have come to him in his home town.

Not long ago Bishop Bernard J. Shiel presented him with the Catholic Youth Organization's Medal of Champions. The citation read in part: "Some of his enemies have termed him a political boss; we believe he is a political leader, a distinction with a considerable difference." None of the dozens of tributes and testimonials since Election Day have given him more pleasure than those words. "I want to be remembered as the man who helped to give the city and state the best deal they ever had," he says.

Is that all? In his Morrison Hotel office suite, headquarters of the Cook County Central Committee, hang huge portraits of the late Boss Nash and ex-Mayor Ed Kelly. Also on the wall is a framed column by Ed Leahy of the Chicago Daily News, titled "Hail the Precinct Captain." These are the trappings of Arvey's local traditions, the reminder of his machine beginnings.

But Arvey has shown himself capable of growth beyond that of a precinct captain, even that of a machine boss. The country is still a long way from having the things which Jack Arvey believes in. Perhaps his retirement from the national scene and absorption in local affairs is another phase of the "withdrawal-and-return" pattern. People in the know are already saying that he has a Presidential candidate in Governor Adlai Stevenson. If so, the country, like Illinois, may see something of this new-style boss who plays practical politics to give the people clean government. THE END

Next Week

MY PAL, DREW PEARSON
By Robert S. Allen

Tune up your engine with a Casite Treatment. A pint through the air intake quickly frees sticky valves and rings, gives old-time zip and power.

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Amusement Park

By STANLEY and
JANICE BERENSTAIN
Verse By MARGARET FISHBACK

What *made* me embark on this roller coaster?
Oh, to be home in my snug four-poster!
But here I am, like a haggard hen—
I've done it before and I'll do it again.
A ride on the Whip and the Rocket, too,
Will knock the breath out of me and you,
And while we're still unable to feel,
We'll go for a spin on the Ferris wheel.
The minute I get aboard I'll rue it . . .
Now *is* there a law that makes me do it?

The Whirling Barrel's another spinner
That massacres all desire for dinner.
Now—aim at the bull's-eye, or shoot at a duck,
Win a prize horror—and call it luck!
No matter what happens to our digestion,
Of course there isn't the slightest question
That this comes under the head of fun.
But secretly, when the day is done,
I find myself a bit in the dark
Why this should be called an *Amusement* Park.

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Ethel's Magic Doggerel

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

day and standing guard duties, all hands, at the end of a week, were exhausted and short-tempered.

And all this effort was for nothing! As fast as we lightened the ship and reduced her draft the river dropped an equal amount.

I wrote Ethel the details of our going on the reef. My correspondence got out even though none had come in. On the seventh day, the mail plane came.

"Captain," I said, "request permission to get my mail. A letter from Ethel might shine a good influence on this mess. I know it'll help my morale."

The captain, gaunt and irritable, was too tired to reply. He just got red in the face. But he hadn't said no, so I took the motorboat and went for the mail.

WHEN the plane pilot shook his head, I knew that extreme measures had to be taken. This was a sign of further hard luck. A very bad omen. There are certain things which are bound to happen. There's no explaining them—but they're true.

For example, I was positive I'd marry Ethel the moment I set eyes on her. You know what I mean?

Receiving no mail for two straight weeks scared me. Something terrible would happen soon.

As I started back to the ship, the misfortune I prophesied began to come. The Japs gave Chungking the worst air raid of the year; some of the bombs nearly hit the Truk, missing it by about ten yards. Part of the stern was blasted in.

In the next few days the men became sick. What with little sleep, prolonged excitement and overwork, one man after another was struck down. Many of them had boils or rashes. A rat bit me while I was standing watch on the supplies and I got a mysterious fever.

According to the local inhabitants, the big river drop would come on Thursday —only five days away. Then she'd go down two or three feet a day and the Truk would be lost. The captain had to lighten the ship more, and quickly. He ordered us to remove the guns, the armor plate, and the engines. If these desperate moves failed, he'd wreck his ship and probably get a court-martial. The court-martial was the least of his worries, however. To millions of Chinese the U.S.S. Truk was symbolical of United States power and majesty. For her to be high on the rocks, perhaps sixty feet in the air, rusting and breaking up, would reflect badly on America.

If only the captain had listened and not moved the ship on the day I didn't receive mail! And now that I hadn't got any for two weeks, things looked worse than ever.

The connection between no mail for me and the ship getting in a jam was evident to everyone—the local Chinese as well as the crew. Since Ethel's letters stopped coming, everything had gone askew, the ship had run on the reef, the river had started to drop, almost all hands were ill, and the Jap bombings became more intense.

My friend, Mr. Sing of the Chungking Machine Shop, explained that that was the way Fate worked, that there was always an omen—to give you a chance to do what was right. Coolies and stevedores up and down the south bank freely discussed the association between the mail situation and the ship's bad luck. Passing Chinese constantly hollered to the ship, "Has his mail come yet?" and when told no, walked off shaking their heads.

I went to the captain.

"Sir, I'd like to send a radio message home."

"Is it about those letters?"

"Yes, sir. I want to find out if they've been mailed."

"Mister Lederer," said the old man, "I'm about to lose my ship, my men are ill, and the Japs are pounding hell out of us every day—and you spread damfool superstitions about your wife's correspondence. The answer is NO! You can't send that message."

"But, Captain, what can we lose—"

"No," he said, walking away.

The radioman from the embassy, who had overheard the captain, sauntered up.

"Mr. Lederer, what would you have sent to your wife in that message?"

"Something like 'Have received no mail in two and a half weeks. Are you ill? Love. Bill.' "

"Thanks," he said, "I'll see what I can do about getting the ship off the rocks."

Later that day he returned with a piece of yellow paper. "If," he said craftily, "you had sent your message, here's the answer I expect you'd get back."

I read it: BILL DARLING HAVE WRITTEN YOU EVERY DAY X LETTERS PROBABLY HELD UP IN HONG KONG X MAIL FROM YOU ARRIVING OKAY X

"Well," I said, "this needs brainwork. Let's see now, *if* there were a radio available to me and *if* I could get permission to use it, I'd probably send a message to Joe Ching, the mailman in Hong Kong."

"I always like to see how an officer's mind works," said the radioman. "I'd be interested to hear what you'd send to Joe Ching. How would an officer solve this problem?"

"Joe Ching," I dictated, "Care of Chinese National Aviation Corporation, Hong Kong. My mail being held up in Hong Kong. Please check and send up on next plane. Bill Lederer."

"Thank you, sir," said the radioman, "for the information."

That was Tuesday, the worst day the ship had had to date. We had secured some water-filled barges on either side of the Truk. By pumping them out the skipper had hoped to float the ship. It looked like a sure solution except for one thing. The barges leaked and it required a lot of Chinese to assist in the operation, and there weren't any; they went into shelters during air raids. The Japs bombed Chungking all day.

ON SUNDAY our river pilot shook his head. "Big drop comes in four or five hours. River'll fall maybe three feet this afternoon."

All hands tried manning the pumps on the barge, but there weren't enough of us to do the trick. The barges leaked faster than we could pump. Without the aid of a Chinese crew we couldn't empty the barges fast enough to raise the Truk. Even before sunrise, the air-raid signal was up and we couldn't get workmen to help even for a few minutes.

At ten, during a lull in the raid, the embassy radioman streaked out of his dugout down to the riverbank, hopped into a sampan and ferried himself out.

"If," he said, "your message had gone out to Joe Ching last night, maybe his answer would have looked like this." He handed me a message paper.

It read: FOUND YOUR MAIL TWENTY ONE LETTERS HAVE PUT ON PLANE HOPE THEY BRING GOOD JOSS ALL HONG KONG TALKING ABOUT HOW LACK OF LETTERS PUT TRUK ON THE ROCKS. . . .

We went into the wardroom for something to eat during the lull. Everything was cold because there was no cooking range. It had been landed to lighten ship. I felt sorry for the old man. For two weeks he had had almost no sleep. His action in trying to get the Truk off the reef had been magnificent. Everything

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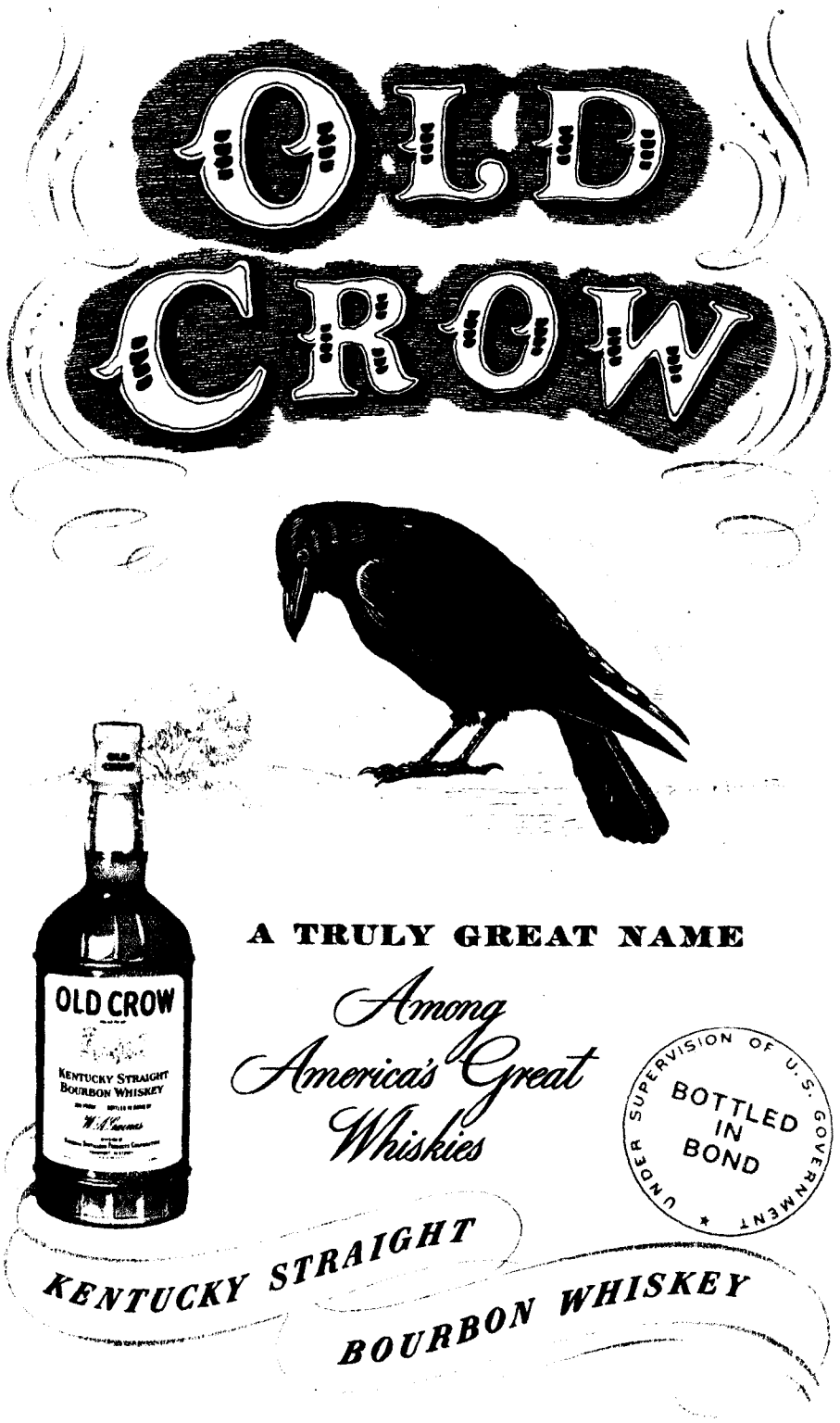

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which ingenuity and energy could contrive had been tried. But the combination of air raids, sickness and river drop had been too much. Forces beyond his control had frustrated every effort.

The skipper had lost about twenty pounds—and he was a slender man to start with. The skin on his face was taut, his eyes bloodshot, and the flesh under his jaw was pinched. Usually a man of great self-control, he now began to snap at everyone.

During our snack time, there came a grinding noise from under the ship and she lurched a few degrees to starboard. We rushed out to look at our water marker and—the major calamity had at last come—the rapid fall of the river had started.

Groaning, the old man shook his head. The river pilot, the one who had put us on the reef, slowly walked to the pilothouse sobbing.

The emergency air-raid flag shot up in Chungking. Far away on the other side of the river, a million people, like little black ants, made for their dugouts. The hum of a plane motor came from the distance—a single plane—it came closer. It was a DC-3.

There was only one DC-3 which came into Chungking—the CNAC transport—the mail plane!

The old man read my thoughts. "The ship is dying—and you want to go to the airport to get your letters. Is that right?"

"Yes, sir," I said, looking down at the deck. The ship lurched a few more degrees to starboard.

"Get the hell off here!" he said. "I don't give a damn what you do!"

I went to the airport. The pilot waited for me, my precious letters in hand. Twenty-one of them.

"You're lucky," the pilot told me. "I nearly didn't make it. Just passed through the worst storm I've ever seen. Got blown off course—"

"Thanks a lot," I said, rushing back to the boat and tearing open my letters en route.

ON THE way to the ship I read two of the letters. Ethel told me about her job, about the new dresses she had bought, about the bowling tournament at the Y.M.C.A.—all those little newsy items which make a wife's letters interesting. Happiness—for the first time in three weeks—overflowed from me. Now I knew that somehow we'd get the Truk off the rocks. With mail we couldn't fail.

At the end of her last letter was a special instruction.

"Once when," wrote Ethel, *"we were sailing off of Zamboanga we ran our boat on a reef. We were many miles from home. After trying all ordinary measures, our Moro boatman said he'd get us off by magic. We were in such desperate straits that we didn't laugh at him, and Dad said for him to go ahead.*

"The Moro boatman wrapped the entrails of a fish around his forefinger and, pointing his finger at the sun, sang a chant. He repeated this for about ten minutes. Suddenly an enormous wave came, lifting us off the reef.

"Of course, Bill, this was all poppycock and the wave was a coincidence—but why not at least try it?

"He chanted the words in Moro; I've translated them here as best I can, although I'm not much of a poet. But let me warn you—the magic words must not be spoken until you're ready to use them. If spoken early, they lose their power."

Under this advice she wrote the translation of the chant. It looked like a Mother Goose rhyme, but I dared not even think about it for fear it would lose its magic.

I was now about halfway back to the Truk and we passed a cormorant fisherman, sending his cormorants out between air raids. I bought a fish from him—scarce item in Chungking; in fact I paid fifteen dollars for what looked like a six-inch carp.

Meeting the fisherman was a good sign. We were getting the breaks at last. I knew we were going to get off the rocks. But upon coming close to the ship, matters appeared grim again. The river had dropped a few more inches and the weight of the barges placed a terrific pressure on the ship. The captain had ordered the lines cut. The men were hacking away.

Going aboard the ship, I'm afraid I let my enthusiasm bubble over. "Captain," I nearly screamed, "I'm going to get us off. We'll be off in ten minutes."

The ship listed more.

"Hurry," ordered the old man, "cut those damned barges loose." Then turning to me. "What did you say?"

"We'll be off in ten minutes, sir."

He brightened a bit. "Did you locate some pumps and metal barges?"

"No, sir, something better," I said, waving my letters. "I've got a magic formula."

What the captain shouted at me would have sounded better from a Marine top kick drilling recruits. After a few minutes of scolding he calmed down. He looked so disappointed, and beaten, I felt embarrassed.

"Lederer," he said quietly, "I'm sick, I've lost my ship, and the Japs will probably blast us out of the water in a couple of hours—and you come here with mumbo jumbo. But I've tried everything else and everything else has failed. The way I feel now I'd stick my head in the Yangtze mud if it might possibly help!"

"Yes, sir," I said, my heart beating a mile a minute and a funny little punch coming into my solar plexus—the same feeling I had when I first saw Ethel.

"Okay," said the skipper, "what do we do? What's the hocus-pocus?"

So I explained to him about wrapping the fish entrails about our forefingers, pointing at the sun, and chanting. The old man actually began to laugh.

"Medieval witchcraft right in the U.S. Navy," he guffawed, his dry, cracked lips turning up with an attempted smile. "Well, let's get on with the black magic."

A score of men, both crew members and Chinese, crowded about us. Chiang, our cook, translated the proceedings for the other Chinese.

"I feel like a damn' fool," said the captain, wrapping the carp's intestine on his finger.

There wasn't enough intestine for both of us so I used the spleen and liver. We pointed our fingers at the sun.

The air-raid alarm sounded in Chungking again—the Jap planes would come in an hour. No one on the ship budged. Shawney, the most religious man in the ship, moved his lips silently. The Chinese looked on with awe.

In unison the skipper and I chanted the two-line doggerel. We chanted over and over, the same little verse.

"This is all I can stand," said the old man, after five minutes. "I just hope to God no witness remembers this at my court-martial." He flung the fish entrails into the Yangtze. He looked tired again, and bitter. "Are you satisfied now? Are you convinced that your wife's mail isn't going to get us off the rocks?"

I didn't reply.

"Answer me," ordered the skipper, "admit that this thing is a phony."

Again I didn't reply.

THE captain was about to explode when he saw something—the horizon was black with storm clouds. A cold wind roared up the river channel and began to whip up the Yangtze. The clouds got bigger and blacker until the entire sky darkened. Then it began to rain. At first only a few drops, ever increasing until it looked like a deluge from the Bible. The rain poured down in a solid mass. Visibility was reduced to zero.

No one moved. We stood there in the almost solid wall of water, paralyzed, watching the water-level marker. Within an hour the river began to rise; inch by inch it went up. The Truk lurched and began to float downstream. We were off the reef!

A few moments later the rain and wind stopped and the hot Szechwan sun came out again. The ship went wild—and everyone demanded a piece of Ethel's magic letter. A month afterward I heard that these bits of paper sold for vast amounts of money.

The power of Ethel's letters evidently still lasts—for even today, when rain is needed in Szechwan Province you'll see Chinese going down to the river idol at Lungmenhao. Wrapping fish entrails about their fingers, they point at the sun and reverently chant this ditty.

Lane Lane Lushanlall
Liver Lize anactasall

Of course the fact that the Chinese can't pronounce R's and have a peculiar speech rhythm twists the doggerel some. The original goes like this:

Rain, rain, rush and roar,
River rise, and act as oar

But as I started to say, if you don't believe that the pen is a mighty instrument, you just don't know the letters which Ethel Lederer writes to her husband!

THE END

"What's wrong with right here?"

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Voyage of the Pagan

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

powdered milk, catsup and some small tins of cat food for the kittens.

For drinking water I had a 15-gallon airplane tank, two 10-gallon milk cans, three 10-gallon oak breakers and a lot of five-gallon jeep cans. My water supply totaled 95 gallons.

As for fuel, I had a 20-gallon built-in tank, reinforced by a dozen five-gallon cans stowed here and there all over the boat.

I had a library of 25 books, a lot of clothes and personal knickknacks, some fishing tackle, a few gifts for Mary, a bundle of charts, newspapers and magazines. My navigation instruments, which came with the boat, included a good clock, compass and sextant, which as yet I knew very little about. But I had a book that would tell me all I needed to know, once I got to sea and had time to learn navigation.

My stores had cost me $500 and were designed to last four months. If I did some fishing en route, and picked up a little island fare along the way, I could easily sail for five months. That gave me —so I rashly thought—an ample margin of safety.

Supper on my first day out was pork and beans. It has always been, and still is, my favorite. I ate it cold, just as it came from the can, and washed it down with a pot of hot tea from my efficient little primus stove.

Back up on deck after this zestful meal, I looked over the situation. At dusk Pedro Gonzales had been a blue smudge on the horizon. Now night had fallen and I could see nothing. When I listened intently, there was an ominous sound somewhere ahead, the noise of breakers pounding on rocks.

I dropped my sails and drifted, watching anxiously. Soon an outjutting of rocky shore loomed on the right, another on the left, and in front a curling line of gray surf. In a trice, almost without thinking, I had thrown out my anchor and made it fast at ten fathoms. Jagged rocks were awash practically at the forefoot.

The anchor held nicely, and after watching it for an hour, I decided to stay right where I was until daylight. Then, I was sure, my engine would get me out of this pocket.

An Ignorant Sailor Worries

I went below and stretched out in the bunk. Sleep didn't come quickly. I thought back over this full day with its many lessons, and wondered what was ahead for a sailor as ignorant as I had proved to be. It was practice I needed. I would get some of it, most certainly, in wending my way through the Pearls; more of it when I struck the open Pacific beyond the gulf. Content with that much of a plan, I drifted into a dreamless sleep.

In the morning the engine solved my immediate difficulties, and I started threading the Pearls, partly under sail and partly under power. For a week I stuck to the Pearls, back and forth, up and down, threading narrow channels, studying my charts, sailing on every conceivable angle to the wind, making enough errors to win a giveaway checker game.

I learned a lot. Every dilemma I got myself into I contrived somehow to solve. Through it all my sprightly little cutter proved herself a stanch friend. Whether on her beam ends ashore or butting clumsily into a reef, she bore herself with unaffected decorum and grace.

I bade the Pearls good-by with some uneasiness. My next stop would be Galápagos, about 1,000 miles away, with a lot of treacherous weather and tricky currents in between. I had been told in Panama that stout sailing craft had taken anywhere from seven days to eternity to make it.

Men who had sailed this tricky expanse of water had given me a lot of instructions. They had assured me that once I got to Galápagos, the rest of the voyage to Australia was all "downhill," with the trade winds as faithful and reliable servants.

Between Panama and Galápagos the weather is generally harsh. No particular type of weather is dominant. Rather, the sailor encounters every conceivable annoyance, from dead calm to sudden storms of hurricane violence. There is an old saying that these waters are "the sharpest bone a sailor can have in his throat."

Aside from cantankerous winds, there are three mighty currents to fight on this battleground—the Mexican current from the north, the equatorial current with a tropic flavor, and the cold stream called the Humboldt which is born in the antarctic and flows northward along the South American coast. A sailor facing the assault of these three varying waters is like a man being pursued by a brunette, a redhead and a blonde.

As I turned southward into all this turmoil, I felt that my week of practice in the Pearls had been valuable. And when sails failed me, I could always rely on my trusty engine.

First Taste of a Tide Rip

Several little tests of seamanship came quickly. Every day had its fitful storms and calms. I saw my first tide rip—so violent that the upset seas actually jumped aboard the Pagan, but ran harmlessly out of the self-bailing cockpit. Under the keel two contrary currents had met—the redhead and the blonde were tearing out each other's hair.

Periods of dead calm were more terrifying than squalls. But I knew how to handle them. I could drop sail and start my engine, then lie comfortably in a breeze of my own making, and fish. The sport was good and sometimes I had appetizing meals, fresh from the ocean, three or four times a day. Such fish as I didn't want for myself were food for the kittens, whose appetite for the catch was insatiable.

The morning of the fifth day out was like any other. The Pagan had been deep-reefed all night. To make the most of the day, I had risen early and hoisted full sail. But it was useless, the wind fell off to a dead calm under a leaden overhead. I cranked up my talkative engine and ran her for two hours before I came upon a light breeze. It was southwest as usual.

Along toward noon I found a new interest. A great blunt-nosed shark was lazing alongside the Pagan. He inspected me with tiny pig's eyes, and edged in to thwack the bilge strakes with a ponderous body. Sharks often do this, apparently to scratch themselves. I had heard about it from old sailors, and twice in the Pearls I had been awakened at night by that sinister thump, which sends an odd sort of shiver through a boat's timbers.

The shark now using Pagan for a scratching board was a whopper. He had the swagger of a village bully; he was half the length of Pagan, and had teeth the size of my fingers.

When I saw those staggered twisted teeth I wanted them for souvenirs.

I brought my heavy sport reel and pole on deck and attached my largest steel hook. I baited it with the remaining half of a fat yellow jackfish I had caught at breakfasttime for Flotsam and Jetsam.

When the shark came near, I dangled the half-eaten fish before him, then whisked it away before he could get a good look. This simple bit of classroom psychology whetted his appetite and angered him. The next time I dropped it, he arrogantly swept it into his jagged mouth.

I heaved back with all my strength. The hook was unmistakably lodged in his bold jaw. With the burn of the cold steel, he tensed for an instant, then started slashing about, rolling the water, splashing huge waves against the planking, and finally making off to beamward at full speed. The reel hummed. At sixty yards he turned on the hook and flailed the surface, gleaming like chrome silver as he twisted in a mountain of foam.

I braced against the lashed tiller for a ringside view of the most fascinating struggle I had ever seen.

Fighting the Steel Hook

The shark was phenomenally supple. Trying to shake loose the big steel hook he bent himself violently from U shape to S shape. One moment he was astern, then off the bow, then back again behind, or spinning great full circles, far abeam and close aboard—followed all the time by his pilot fish.

He tried for safety in the depths. I saw him nearly 100 feet down in the limpid water; then he went deeper, and I couldn't see him at all. His most spectacular effort came a full 30 minutes after he had been hooked. He had fought the line to its very end, dead astern. Then, with dorsal fin cleaving the surface, he sped in fury full around the boat, again and yet again, threshing mightily as he went.

Spray shot above him like the fountains of Versailles, and a long wake rolled a circling curve far back behind. He ended his circular run, then sped off toward the quarter in a straight line, apparently intending to wrench his head off at the end of the line. But just before he reached the limit, he thrust himself clear out of the water, and twisting on his back, sent a shiver from head to tail that was a sort of climax to all that had gone before. Then he quit. He struggled only pettily as I towed him to the rail.

My plan was to lift him aboard and get the trophies I wanted—the two uneven rows of two-inch teeth and the great jawbone. Flotsam and Jetsam approved of my plan. They were fidgeting and mewing eagerly for a feast.

I had never caught anything big before, and my library contained no book on "How to Land a Fish." I tried to lift him by direct pull, but that was no use. He weighed hundreds of pounds. I fastened the main halyard to the gaff-hook fitted in his gill and with desperate heaves dragged him inch by inch over the transom, into the cockpit.

What a monster! A good name for him would be "Samson." His head lay in the cockpit and his tail hung over the stern. He stirred faintly. I took my hatchet and buried it in his spine to end his tremors.

The big body quivered violently. Flotsam and Jetsam scurried to the bow.

The quivers became more vigorous. Suddenly there was a spasm that was more than just a quiver. I saw my tiller go flying into the sea, splintered loose at the rudder post.

All hell broke loose. The great shark came completely to life, threw his weight around in wild assault. With great sweeps of his tail and butts of his head, he thrashed about. I was kicked in the shanks and almost knocked overboard.

As I recovered myself, I saw Samson's

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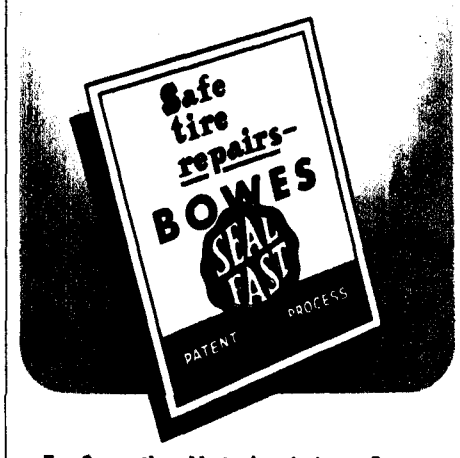

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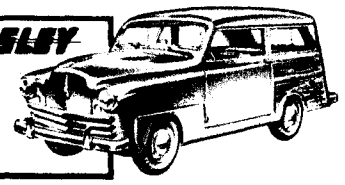

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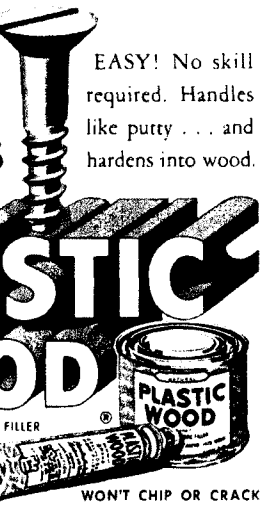

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great tail pounding up and down like a sledge hammer, splintering, slamming, erasing. The gas tank hatch disintegrated and the brazed copper tank went flat, spilling its dangerous load into the bilge. The cockpit coaming rumbled, shattered and flew overboard, almost taking me along with it.

The hatchway sliding door of the cabin broke into splinters. The bottom of the cockpit was giving way. Pagan was bouncing as though mauled by blows from a great fist. I clung to the rail, horror-stricken. My precious boat was being destroyed right before my eyes.

Engine Wrecked by Shark

I darted in as close as I dared, grabbed my hatchet and chopped away at the heaving spine. But even as I buried the blade there was more violence. The partition between cockpit and engine compartment screamed and split away. The front end of the shark crashed into the engine compartment and the shark lay head down on the motor.

I struck again and again with all my strength. I opened great gashes in his head and back. I notched a big hole in his stomach, then in his lower jaw. I cut one eye completely out and opened a gaping wound from gill to dorsal fin. Still he lashed like a ship. The engine was wrecked—spark plugs down and wiring torn away. Now he was lying on the propeller shaft and his throbbing weight had bent it out of line.

Any minute now he might get against the ribbing and smash the hull open. My hatchet blows were weaker; I was physically spent.

Suddenly it didn't matter; he gaped at the mouth and lay still. I leaned back exhausted and watched him, hoping he wouldn't move again. Everything around me was smashed and coated red with Samson's blood. I was covered with it.

It took me endless hours to clear up the mess, and many days to replace in some haphazard way the splintered and broken partitions, hatches and fittings. Thinking back, I still don't know how I was able to put Humpty Dumpty together again. Only a few of the proper tools were aboard, and while I have always been dextrous with my hands, I am by no means a cabinetmaker. Yet, somehow, I managed to patch up everything except the engine, which was hopelessly smashed. An air-force mechanic, with a well-equipped shop at his elbow, would have considered rebuilding that engine a major repair job. Pagan was never quite the same again.

I should have turned back to Panama with my disabled boat. But I had spent most of my money, and $25 was all the cash left. I had no way of financing repairs. The only thing was to carry on, and do the best I could with sails alone.

Life had suddenly become difficult. My pleasant plans for a peaceful trip across the Pacific were now soberingly complicated.

But for the next two or three days the winds were co-operative and I made good progress southward toward Galápagos.

July arrived. One morning I came on deck as usual and gazed around the horizon, sniffing the wind. Off to starboard was something that made me look again. It was a dense curtain of cloudlike air, arm-shaped and bent, reaching from sea to clouds, and marching ponderously over the water.

It was a tropical waterspout. How many times I had listened to old-timers in the Merchant Marine talking about this strange phenomenon. Quite a few of the forecastle authorities claimed to have sailed straight into waterspouts, but their testimony of what happened to them was conflicting.

Some said spouts would suck solid water into the clouds, and it was like

"I know right where it is, lady. Made it there last week and the guy gives me a lousy buck tip!"

COLLIER'S — HANK KETCHAM

sailing through a gigantic geyser. Others said the inside was just a nightmare of ghastly hurricanes. Still others insisted that the base of the spout was a whirlpool, whose funnel would suck any ship under.

My private opinion had always been that waterspouts were only large short-lived whirlwinds, like the little eddies of dust that rise on country roads and city streets.

I decided to test my theory. I tossed Flotsam and Jetsam below, dogged the ports and slid the hatches shut. I had the boat deep-reefed and everything tight. Crouching at the tiller, I steered her straight into the oncoming towering dark wall of whining air. Lashing the tiller I ran to the mast and clung to it.

Closer and closer we came together. Pagan was swallowed in a cold wet fog and whirring wind. The decks tilted; volleys of spray swept over them. The rigging howled.

Suddenly it was pitch-dark. I was inside the waterspout. The air I breathed was cold and so loaded with moisture that I seemed to be drinking it rather than breathing it. Pagan's gunwales were under, and she pitched violently in a choppy seaway.

But there was no solid trunk of water being sucked up from the sea; no whirlpool to gulp me and my boat down into its watery throat. There were violent winds in the high dark column of air at the center, but they were no stronger than 30 knots or so, and the spinning column of center air was not more than 100 feet wide. We were out of it as quickly as we had entered.

Mystery of the Sea Solved

In a jiffy or two, I was in bright free air, and the high dark wall of singing wind was running away behind me. For me, another mystery of the sea was solved. I shook out the reefs in the mainsail, hoisted all sail and went below to celebrate with a big can of pork and beans.

During the latter days of June I had been concentrating on learning navigation. By dint of much book study and experiment with my instruments, I had learned to use the sextant to get my position from the sun. On the day of the waterspout, I pin-pointed myself at one degree south latitude and 85 west longitude. I was roughly 300 miles from Galápagos. The equator was behind me. My logbook had its first really optimistic entry: "12:15 P.M. Turned finally west. I can smell the southeast trade winds."

Mostly the days were peaceful and the winds helpful. But once in a while, to show the sea's caprice, there were little squalls.

I am not likely to forget a noonday when the cats and I were idly sun-bathing on the deck. They were playing cat games with a wooden box I had set out to dry. They were both inside the box, sniffing at the bottom corners, when a sudden gust of wind caught the boat and heeled it over. The box, cats and all, tumbled into the sea. I heaved a life jacket overboard to help mark the spot, then put Pagan about and began searching for them. It seemed like a hopeless quest. A small object on the surface of the sea is well hidden at 25 yards.

I zigzagged the area for hours, finding nothing. Grasping the mast with one hand, I swept every billow with my glasses and searched the crests both upwind and down-wind. Nothing.

The Life Jacket Appears

At long last I reluctantly gave up and mournfully turned back to my former course. Just as I did, my life jacket popped into view on the crest of a wave a few yards ahead. But no wooden box anywhere near by.

A moment later everything was all right. For as the life jacket came nearer, I saw the kittens sitting on top of it. Somehow they had managed to transfer themselves from the box to the more buoyant jacket.

The look they gave me, as I scooped them in, was ample reward for all my trouble. Three hours they had been on that pulsating, frothy floor, and it had left them wringing wet and bedraggled, shivering helplessly.

I took them below, dried them off, fed them a little hot milk and tucked them in warm wool blankets to sleep off their misadventure.

The tables were turned before many days had passed. It was dusk, at the end of a mild, peaceful afternoon. As night drew on, there came a sudden gale, strong enough to require pulling down sail immediately. By the time the mainsail was reefed and double-reefed, the storm was down around my ears in earnest. Pagan was pitching savagely; it was time to hazard the bowsprit and douse the jib.

Staying atop a heaving bowsprit in a gale is like balancing on a rolling barrel. Every time the sprit goes down, you are past your knees in swirling water. About every fourth time you come up with water in your pockets. You cling like grim death to the topmast stay and work at the sail with your free hand. You hold tight and work fast—but not too fast. It doesn't pay to get careless. And that's exactly what I did.

I had been out on the bowsprit several times, and I was approaching the jaunty stage. But sailboats are marvelous devices for impressing the need of constant vigilance. Pagan, in her own impersonal way, heeled over, pitched full down and then came up, tossing her

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bowsprit at the sky. I was caught napping. My foot slipped, my handhold gave way, and I dropped straight into the reaching dark waves.

It was lucky for me that swimming is one of my major accomplishments. In the water I am like a fish, with almost automatic reactions.

This time I swept instantly to the surface. A series of seas clouted me, knocking me sternward somewhere behind the transom. The boomkin was a bare foot out of reach. I knew I must get hold of it or the next heavy roller would sweep me down-wind, and my fiercest swimming would never enable me to regain the boat.

Sea water blinded and stifled me. It was a desperate moment and the chances were 1,000 to 1 against me. Just then my hand struck something and I grabbed. At first I thought it was the rudder's edge, but it was a pair of pants I had hung overboard to wash in the wake. I pulled myself by them up to the rail and clung to it a moment while I rested.

The sea gave tremendous pulls. It was angry at being thwarted. Now it impressed me anew with its limitless power. In my years of merchant service I had never quite realized its infinite strength. From the decks of great steel freighters, I was on the sea but not of it. I was cradled between sturdy bulkheads. I just saw the surface of the water from on high, and hardly ever got close enough to feel salt spray on my lips.

As I trailed in Pagan's spumy wake, there was a grim resolve in the back of my mind always to have some sort of line dragging from the stern, a life line to grab if I fell over again. After I got aboard I immediately carried out the plan, and was never afterward without this simple security device.

My experience impressed on me the folly I had committed by sailing without a companion. I had just escaped the greatest danger for the lone sailor. But next time I might not be so lucky.

There were no more painful incidents for a few days. Galápagos drew nearer and nearer. I spent long hours composing a letter to Mary, which I could mail there, along with a copy of my log.

The postal facilities at Galápagos are famous among seafaring men. A snug harbor on the island of Floreana is known as Post Office Bay. It achieved its world-wide reputation in the days of the old whaling ships. Outward bound to their hunting waters, they dropped off letters to the folks at home, at the same time loaded fresh water and fruits from the trees along the shore, and trapped one or more of the great tortoises *(galápagos)* for fresh meat.

Post Office in a Barrel

When another ship happened in on the way home, she obligingly picked up the mail found staked on the beach in an old box. Today a barrel stands there. Occasionally a ship stops and cleans it out, depositing the letters at Panama or San Diego.

I arrived at Post Office Bay on July 23d, and rowed ashore immediately. A little way along the beach was the famous white barrel. I carefully put my bulky letter inside, attaching a five-dollar bill with a rubber, with instructions to send it by air mail. Five dollars from my small remaining fund was a lot, but I wanted Mary to get that letter as soon as possible.

Fortunately for both of us, the letter was taken from its famous receptacle soon after I left Galápagos. Bearing a stamp of Ecuador and a postmark dated August 25th, it reached Sydney on September 23d. Thus Mary learned that I had come safely as far as Galápagos, with only 6,800 miles more to go—and that I expected to be in Sydney by the end of September.

At least, that's what I thought when I mailed the letter.

Next week John Caldwell's real adventure, Voyage of the Pagan, brings him to perilous grips with a hurricane.

BUTCH

"Instead of rubbing it in, how about putting a little distance between us and the cops, huh, Butch?"

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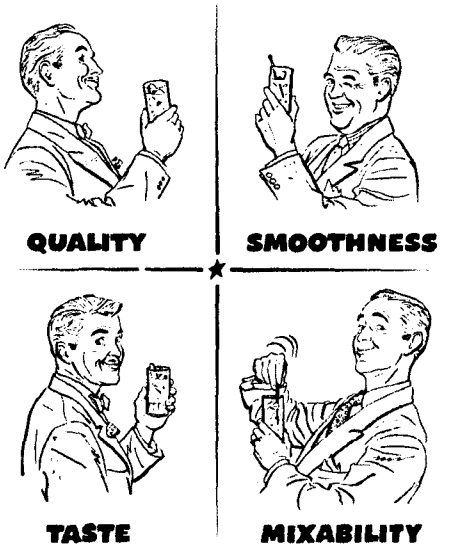

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HARRY DEVLIN

AID AND COMFORT TO THE KLAN?

BEFORE RENDERING an opinion in an important case, the United States Supreme Court usually deliberates a good long time over the facts. This department has done the same thing before commenting on the high court's decision in the case of the Rev. Arthur W. Terminiello, a bush-league rabble rouser who called himself "the Father Coughlin of the South."

Probably a good many readers have forgotten both the case and the decision. But we are sure that they haven't been forgotten by the Kluxers, the Christian Frontiers and all the rest of the bigoted, hate-peddling subversives of both political extremes.

The basic issue was free speech. And the court, in a five-to-four decision, held that Terminiello never should have been arrested for disorderly conduct because of a speech he made three years ago.

The speech was violently anti-Semitic. Without doubt it was the spark that touched off a clash between the audience and a hostile crowd outside. The police were overcome. Pickets threw brickbats and stench bombs. But this, in the court's opinion, was not sufficient cause to curb Terminiello's right to shoot off his mouth.

In his dissent from this opinion, Justice Robert H. Jackson said that the majority "has gone far toward accepting the doctrine that civil liberty means the removal of all restraints from these crowds and that all local attempts to maintain order are impairments of the liberty of the citizen." That could not have been the majority's intent. It is fantastic to think that these able and patriotic judges set out to lend aid and comfort to the enemies of freedom. But we believe there is a real danger that the majority has done just that, in spite of good intentions.

At least it is clear that the decision hasn't settled anything. It hasn't marked the boundary between liberty and license. It has only added confusion to an issue that is already confused.

What are local authorities going to do now, when another Terminiello comes along? Where does this decision by the country's highest court leave the state laws and local ordinances against incitement to riot?

Such a situation, of course, creates a climate in which subversion thrives. It plays into the hands of the big-shot strategists of native Fascism and domestic Communism. The goal of each group is to create, through public agitation, a state of continuous turmoil that will eventually give one side an excuse to "save" the country from the other.

Local law enforcement throughout the country should be alert to this potential threat of increased agitation and violence. Vigilance and man power can head off a lot of trouble without interfering with a person's right to run down American institutions in a peaceable way.

The court majority apparently based its decision on Justice Holmes's famous test of some 30 years ago: whether the provocative words in question "are of such a nature as to create a clear and present danger that they will bring about substantive evils." But there are clear and present dangers in the world today that did not exist 30 years ago. The lingering poisons of Fascism and Communism and the persistent dangers of world Communism are all threats of "substantive evils."

It was in the atmosphere of these evils that the Supreme Court considered the Terminiello case. If a similar issue confronts the tribunal again, as it well may, let us share Justice Jackson's hope that the court will "temper its doctrinaire logic with a little practical wisdom."

They Can't Live in the P.O.

MAYBE YOU LIVE IN A TOWN that will be getting a new post office or federal building one of these fine days. For the House of Representatives has authorized the spending of $40,000,000 to acquire sites and make plans for putting up one of these buildings in every Congressional district in the country.

With that in mind we commend to your attention Frank D. Morris' Our Shameful Record in Veterans' Housing, in this issue of Collier's. If you are unlucky enough to be living in one of the cheerless, uncomfortable, dirty, dangerous "temporary" dwellings for veterans that this article describes, you won't be very happy to learn about Congress' new post-office project. For that $40,000,000 would build a lot of low-cost houses.

Senator Paul H. Douglas told Collier's readers about Congress' start on nonveteran slum clearance in Democracy Can't Live in These Houses, which appeared two weeks ago. He pointed out that if private business could put up decent low-cost houses profitably, it almost certainly would have done so. But that isn't possible. The only complete solution is to do the job with public funds—most of them from the federal treasury.

One reason why the job has been put off for so long is that a lot of congressmen have shied away from the very mention of public housing as if the subject were mined and booby-trapped. It's the beginning of the end of the free enterprise system, they moan.

How come? Government isn't competing with private business when it takes on a job that business can't touch without losing money. And far from hurting private business, a big public housing program should give it a tremendous boost.

You don't buy a vacuum sweeper when you live in a Quonset hut that can be swept with a broom. You don't buy a refrigerator or a stove when you're doubled up with your in-laws, because the in-laws already have them. But think of the new, country-wide market for all sorts of appliances and furnishings if thousands are moved out of barracks, spare bedrooms and cold-water flats into places of their own.

This, with the work that a housing program would give the building and building-supply industries, can be a healthy stimulant to the whole American business community. In spite of Congressional fears, the housing program is not a plot to kill the goose. It is a plan that promises to step up the production of golden eggs.

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Internationally-famous Sculptor, of
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The fame of Dick Wiken has spread far beyond the bounds of his native Milwaukee. In addition to his well-known works in Chicago's famous Pump Room and Soldier Field, his portrait-busts and murals may be seen in more than half the states of the Union, as well as in Europe and Latin America. Being a native Milwaukeean, Mr. Wiken is a good judge of beer. "And my favorite beer," he says, "is Blatz!"

"I was born and brought up in Milwaukee," says Mr. Wiken, "and except for 'location' trips and a hitch in the Combat Engineers during the war, I've lived here all my life. Naturally, I've tried all of Milwaukee's fine premium beers. And I think most Milwaukeeans will agree with me that our *finest* beer is Blatz." Take a tip from a connoisseur. Try Blatz Beer, today!

Mr. Wiken at work on one of a series of historical murals for the Playa de Cortez in Guaymas, one of Mexico's newest and finest hotels. "After a tough day in the studio," says Dick Wiken, "I always welcome a refreshing glass of Blatz Beer. It's Milwaukee's finest!"

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B. G. CONNER, *independent tobacco buyer of South Boston, Va., says: "I've seen the makers of Luckies buy fine tobacco at auction after auction. I've smoked Luckies myself for 18 years." Here's* more *evidence that Luckies are a* finer *cigarette!*

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